



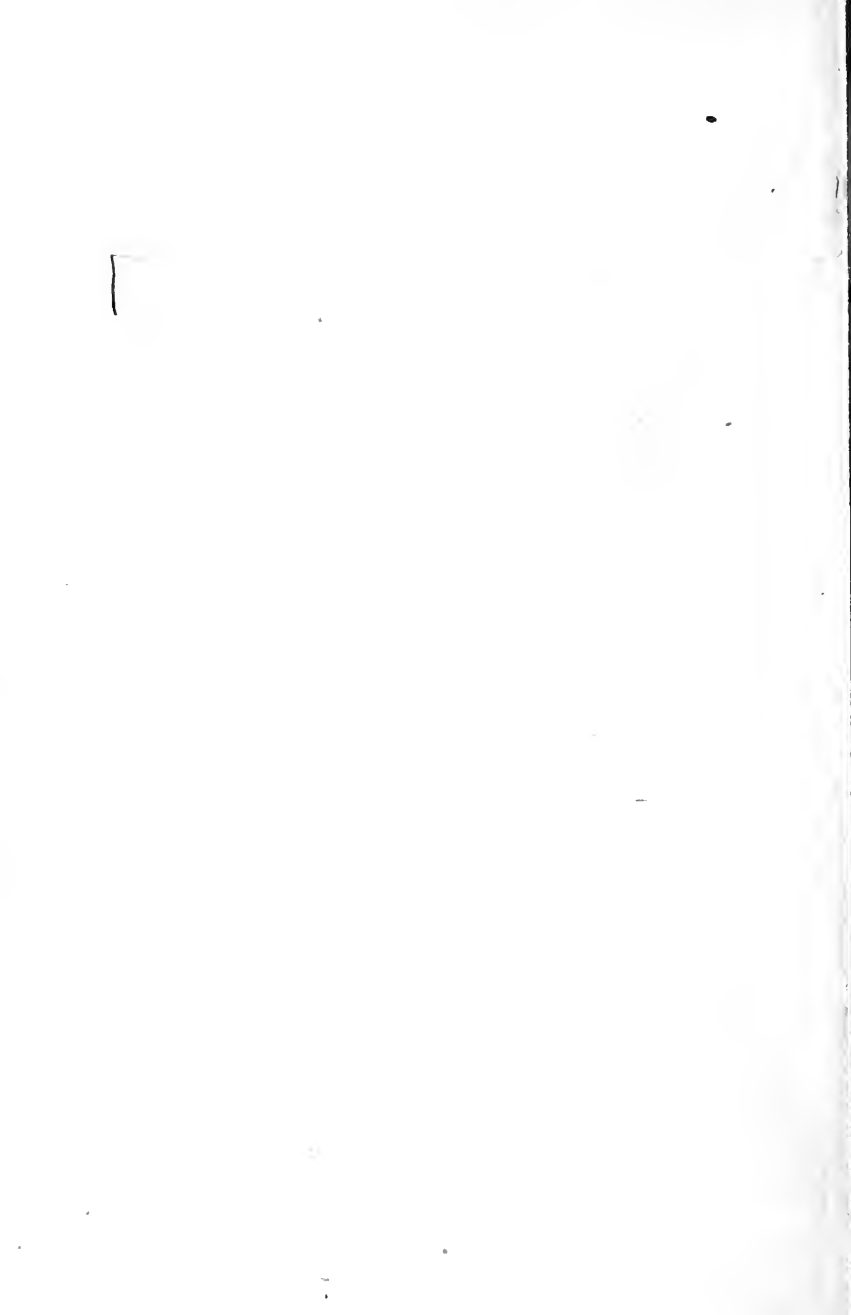
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THE
BOOK OF ELOQUENCE:

A

COLLECTION OF EXTRACTS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM THE MOST FAMOUS ORATORS AND POETS;

INTENDED AS EXERCISES FOR DECLAMATION IN COLLEGES
AND SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLES D. WARNER.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special
observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."—SHAKESPEARE.

"——— Quid facundia posset

Re patuit ———."—OVID, Met. Lib. xiii.

CONCORD, N. H.:
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1877.

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TO
SIMON C. HITCHCOCK, ESQ.,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITOR,

AS SOME LITTLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF KINDNESS SHOWN
THROUGH MANY YEARS.



PREFACE.

THE continual call in our schools for extracts suitable for declamation, and the difficulty of obtaining them, has induced the editor to prepare the present work, which he hopes will meet the demand. Of the many compilations of a similar design in print, some are utterly unfit for their intended purpose, by reason of the too great length of the selections, and nearly all having been long in use, have become irksome to the student; and it has been an especial endeavor in this work to present new and spirited extracts, and not to encumber it with those too lengthy for practical use. With the object in view of compiling a really valuable book for declamation, the usual mode has been slightly departed from; the prose being made to outbalance the poetry, and dialogues being entirely omitted, as the writings of the best dramatists,—and those alone can be used with profit,—are in every one's hands, and the introduction of the usual hackneyed colloquies of school-books would only serve to crowd out more useful matter.

Yet, in making this a *new* book, the editor has not permitted himself to lose sight of those master-pieces of eloquence, which, though familiar, never grow old, neither lose their interest by lapse of years, nor grow stale by repetition, and which should always find a place in a book of this character, until the great names of American and of European story fall unheeded on the ear, until the mention of Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill fails to quicken the pulse and brighten the eye.

It has not been thought best to insert rules for declamation, as comprehensive and approved works on elocution are accessi-

ble to every one, and the compiler of this volume would only urge the absolute necessity of a constant and persevering course of drilling and practice in declamation, if the student would attain any excellence in the great art of oratory. An often cited maxim from Horace might not untruly read,

“*Poeta nascitur, orator fit,*”

since it is only by untiring study that pre-eminence in elocution can be attained ; and, to substantiate this, we have the example of the Athenian orators, of Lord Chatham practising before his glass the gestures and the very expression which so entranced the House of Lords, and the known fact that the most eloquent men of our own time are diligent students and imitators of the best models. And it is grateful to observe that the art of oratory is every day obtaining more attention, and gradually regaining the rank and consideration it held in the early republics.

The editor takes this opportunity to thank his personal friends for their assistance in this undertaking, and to acknowledge the courtesy of those gentlemen in various parts of the Union, to whom he has had occasion to apply, and whose liberal and efficient aid will always be remembered with pleasure and with pride.

C. D. W.

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PART II.

SELECTIONS OF POETRY.

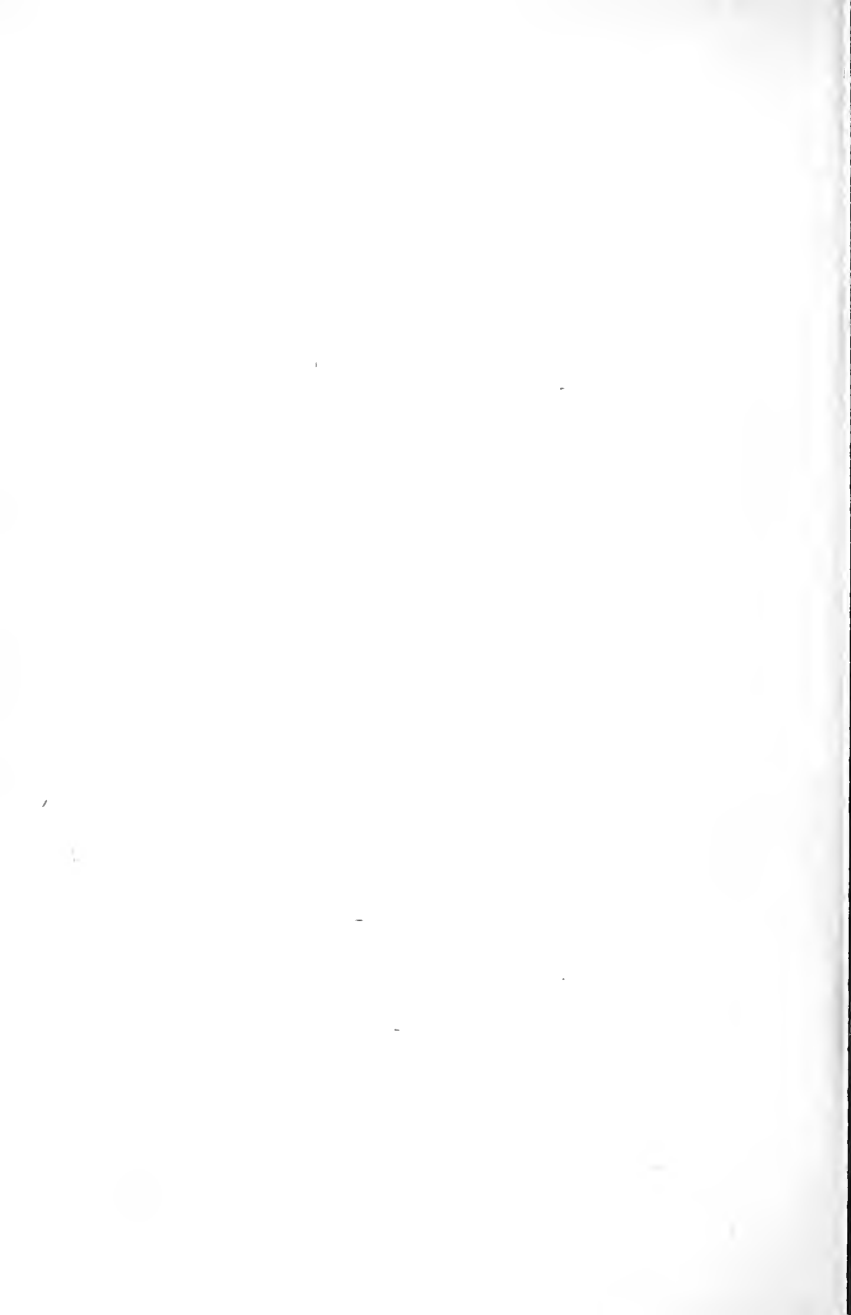
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PART I.

SELECTIONS OF PROSE



THE BOOK OF ELOQUENCE.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

I.—ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

J. Q. ADAMS.

WITH the dissolution of Roman liberty, and the decline of Roman taste, the reputation and excellency of the oratorical art fell alike into decay. Under the despotism of the Cæsars, the end of eloquence was perverted from persuasion to panegyric, and all her faculties were soon palsied by the touch of corruption, or enervated by the impotence of servitude. There succeeded the midnight of the monkish ages, when with the other liberal arts, she slumbered in the profound darkness of the cloister.

At the revival of letters in modern Europe, Eloquence together with her sister muses, awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins. In the interval her voice was gone; her favorite languages were extinct; her organs were no longer attuned to harmony, and her hearers could no longer understand her speech. The discordant jargon of feudal anarchy had banished the musical dialects, in which she had always delighted. The theatres of her former triumph were either deserted, or they were filled with the dabblers of sophistry and chicanery. She shrunk intuitively from the former, for the last object she remembered to have seen there was the head of her darling Cicero planted upon the rostrum. She ascended the tribunals of justice; there she found her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; there she beheld an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes. Her heart fainted within her. She lost all confidence in herself. Together

with all her irresistible powers, she lost proportionably the consideration of the world, until, instead of comprising the whole system of public education, she found herself excluded from the circle of science, and declared an outlaw from the realms of learning.

She was not however doomed to eternal silence. With the progress of freedom and of liberal science, in various parts of modern Europe, she obtained access to mingle in the deliberations of her parliaments. With labor and difficulty she learned their languages, and lent her aid in giving them form and polish. But she has never recovered the graces of her former beauty, nor the energies of her ancient vigor.

II.—DUTY OF AMERICA.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

NEITHER individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance, but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth. It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened, and unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have up-holden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human

happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. There other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

III.—THE ULTIMA THULE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WHEN we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; surveying the progress of man, from his cradle in the East to these limits of his wanderings; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes; we cannot but exclaim, with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country,—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

This exclamation is but the embodiment of a vision, which the ancients, from the earliest period, cherished of some favored land beyond the mountains and the seas; a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets placed it in the Islands of the Blest; the Doric bards dimly beheld it in the Hyperborean region; the mystical sage of the Academy found it in his lost Atlantis; and even the stern spirit of Seneca dreamed of the restoration of the golden age in distant worlds, hereafter to be discovered. Can we look back upon these uninspired predictions, and not feel the weight of obligations which they imply? Here must these bright fancies be turned into truth; here must these high visions be realized, in which the seers and sages of the elder world took refuge from the calamities of the days in which they lived.

There are no more continents to be revealed ; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean ; the farthest thule is reached ; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes.

IV.—OUR RELATION TO EUROPE.

HENRY CLAY.

SIR, gentlemen appear to me to forget that they stand on American soil ; that they are not in the British House of Commons, but in the Chamber of the House of Representatives of the United States ; that we have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as these things affect the interests of our own country. Gentlemen transform themselves into the Burkes, Chathams, and Pitts, of another country, and forgetting, from honest zeal, the interests of America, engage with European sensibility in the discussion of European interests. If the gentlemen ask me whether I do not view with regret and horror the concentration of such vast power in the hands of Bonaparte, I reply that I do ; I regret to see the Emperor of China holding such immense sway over the fortunes of millions of our species ; I regret to see Great Britain possessing so uncontrolled a command over all the waters of our globe. If I had the ability to distribute among the nations of Europe, their several portions of sovereignty and power, I would say, that Holland should be reinstated, and given the weight she enjoyed in the days of her De Witts. I would confine France within her natural boundaries, the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Rhine, and make her a secondary naval power only. I would abridge the British maritime power, raise Prussia and Austria to their original conditions, and preserve the integrity of the empire of Russia. But these are speculations. I look at the political transactions of Europe, with the single exception of their possible bearing upon us, as I do at the history of other countries, or other times. I do not survey them with half the interest that I do the movements in South America. Our political relation with them is much less important than it is supposed to be. I have no fears of French or English subjugation. If we are united wo

are too powerful for the mightiest nation in Europe, or all Europe combined. If we are separated and torn asunder, we shall become an easy prey to the weakest of them. In the latter dreadful contingency, our country will not be worth preserving.

V.—THE NAME OF REPUBLIC.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

THE name of REPUBLIC is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the species, and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, sublime in genius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of arts and letters. What land has ever been visited with the influence of liberty, that did not flourish like the spring? What people has ever worshipped at her altars without kindling with a loftier spirit, and putting forth more noble energies? Where has she ever acted that her deeds have not been heroic? Where has she ever spoken, that her eloquence has not been triumphant and sublime?

Is it *nothing* then to be *free*? How many nations, in the whole annals of human kind, have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are Republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as *proud* as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection, and on so grand a scale? For, can anything be more striking and sublime than the idea of an *Imperial Republic*, spreading over an extent of territory, more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years—without præfects, or proconsuls, or publicans—founded in the maxims of common sense—employing within itself no arms but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing, against a foreign foe,

all the energies of a military despotism—a Republic in which men are completely insignificant, and *principles* and *laws* exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony, such various habits and conflicting opinions; and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy, with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power!

VI.—EULOGIUM ON ANDREW JACKSON.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him—no public man of this century, ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas—no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true. Up to the last, he dared to do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time. He expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will; he executed them with an electric power, that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

History does not describe the man that equalled him in firmness of nerve. Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair, in the least degree, the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity, would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, would never have been vanquished. Andrew Jackson never

was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness ; he conquered the savage ; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle-fields of Europe ; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship ; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and escaped from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi ; his spirit rests upon our whole territory ; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of Del Norte. The fires of party spirit are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done, lives, and will live forever.

VII.—INJUSTICE TOWARD KOSSUTH.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE Emperor of Russia demands of Turkey that the noble Kossuth and his companions shall be given up. This demand is made in derision of the established law of nations. Gentlemen, there is something on earth greater than arbitrary or despotic power. The lightning has its power, and the whirlwind has its power, and the earthquake has its power. But there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake,—that is the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.

The Emperor of Russia holds himself to be bound by the law of nations, from the fact that he treats with nations—that he forms alliances—he professes in fact to live in a civilized age, and to govern an enlightened nation. I say, that if, under these circumstances, he shall perpetrate so great a violation of natural law, as to seize these Hungarians, and to execute them, he will stand as a criminal and malefactor in the view of the law. The whole world will be the tribunal to try him, and he must appear before it, and hold up his hand, and plead, and abide its judgment. The Emperor of Russia is the supreme lawgiver in his own country, and for aught I know, the executor of it also. But, thanks be to God, he is not the supreme lawgiver or executor of the national

law, and every offence against that is an offence against the rights of the civilized world; and if he breaks that law in the case of Turkey, or in any other case, the whole world has a right to call him out and demand his punishment. Our rights as a nation are held under the sanction of national law—a law which becomes more important from day to day—a law which none who profess to agree to, are at liberty to violate. Nor let him imagine, nor let any one imagine, that mere force can subdue the general sentiment of mankind. It is much more likely to extend that sentiment, and to destroy that power which he most desires to establish and secure. The bones of poor John Wickliffe were dug out of his grave seventy years after his death, and burnt, for his heresy, and his ashes were thrown upon a river in Warwickshire. Some prophet of that day said :

“ The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be.”

Gentlemen, if the blood of Kossuth is taken by an absolute, unqualified, unjustifiable violation of national law, what will it appease—what will it pacify? It will mingle with the earth—it will mix with the waters of the ocean—the whole civilized world will snuff it in the air, and it will return with awful retribution on the heads of those violators of national law and universal justice. I cannot say when, or in what form; but depend upon it, that if such an act take place, the thrones and principalities and powers must look out for the consequences.

VIII.—IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY PURSUITS.

A. H. EVERETT.

INDEPENDENCE and liberty, the great political objects of all communities, have been secured to us by our glorious ancestors. In these respects, we are only required to preserve and transmit unimpaired to our posterity the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed to us. To the present, and to the following generations, is left the easier task of enriching with arts

and letters, the proud fabric of our national glory. Our Sparta is indeed a noble one. Let us then do our best for it.

It will belong to your position to take the lead in arts and letters, as in policy, and to give the tone to the literature of the language. Let it be your care and study not to show yourselves unequal to this high calling,—to vindicate the honor of the new world in this generous and friendly competition with the old. You will perhaps be told that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Heed not the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes, forging by the light of the midnight lamp those thunderbolts of eloquence which

“Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece—
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressor. Do they say to you that study will lead you to skepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of life, your shield the breastplate of Religion.

IX.—FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

God has stamped upon our very humanity this impress of freedom. It is the unchartered prerogative of human nature. A soul ceases to be a soul, in proportion as it ceases to be free. Strip it of this, and you strip it of one of its essential and characteristic attributes. It is this that draws the footsteps of the wild Indian to his wide and boundless desert-paths, and makes him prefer them to the gay saloons and soft carpets of sumptuous palaces. It is this that makes it so difficult to bring him within the pale of artificial civilization. Our roving tribes are perishing—a sad and solemn sacrifice upon the altar of their wild freedom. They come among us, and look with childish wonder upon the perfection of our arts, and the splendor of our habitations: they submit with emui and weariness, for a few days, to our burdensome forms and restraints; and then turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes onward till they sink in the Pacific waves, rather than not be free.

It is thus that every people is attached to its country, just in proportion as it is free. No matter if that country be in the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland, amidst the snows of Tartary, or on the most barren and lonely island-shore; no matter if that country be so poor as to force away its children to other and richer lands, for employment and sustenance; yet when the songs of those free homes chance to fall upon the exile's ear, no soft and ravishing airs that wait upon the timid feastings of Asiatic opulence ever thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony as those simple tones. Sad mementos might they be of poverty and want and toil; yet it was enough that they were mementos of happy freedom.

I have seen my countrymen, and I have been with them a fellow wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lonely valleys and lakes touched

with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth—their own, own country? Doubtless, it was in part because it *is* their country! But it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful villages—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars upon the proudest mansion!

X.—TEACHINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JARED SPARKS.

HAPPY was it for America, happy for the world, that a great name, a guardian genius, presided over her destinies in war, combining more than the virtues of the Roman Fabius and the Theban Epaminondas, and compared with whom, the conquerors of the world, the Alexanders and Cæsars, are but pageants crimsoned with blood and decked with the trophies of slaughter, objects equally of the wonder and the execration of mankind. The hero of America was the conqueror only of his country's foes, and the hearts of his countrymen. To the one he was a terror, and in the other he gained an ascendancy, supreme, unrivalled, the tribute of admiring gratitude, the reward of a nation's love.

The American armies, compared with the embattled legions of the old world, were small in numbers, but the soul of a whole people centred in the bosom of those more than Spartan bands, and vibrated quickly and keenly with every incident that befell them, whether in their feats of valor, or the acuteness of their sufferings. The country itself was one

wide battle-field, in which not merely the life-blood, but the dearest interests, the sustaining hopes, of every individual, were at stake. It was not a war of pride and ambition between monarchs, in which an island or a province might be the award of success; it was a contest for personal liberty and civil rights, coming down in its principles to the very sanctuary of home and the fireside, and determining for every man the measure of responsibility he should hold over his own condition, possessions and happiness. The spectacle was grand and new, and may well be cited as the most glowing page in the annals of progressive man.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us, that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail, and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this is our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved.

XI.—THE PRESENT AGE.

W. E. CHANNING.

THE Present Age. In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended ! what infinite movements ! what joys and sorrows ! what hope and despair ! what faith and doubt ! what silent grief and loud lament ! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy ! what private and public revolutions ! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken ! what hearts have bled ! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures ! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted ! and at the same time what magnificent enterprises have been achieved ! what new provinces won to science and art ! what rights and liberties secured to nations ! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more as time rolls away ; but in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon, the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history, your Franklin ; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven, will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than its greatest men ; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on the stage where as yet the few have acted their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive ? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church, and the

world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all; I mean the soul, the immortal spirit—of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements in our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence.

XII.—STATE VETO POWER.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

I AM not surprised that, with the idea of a perfect government which the Senator from Massachusetts has formed—a government of an absolute majority, unchecked and unrestrained, operating through a representative body—that he is so much shocked with what he is pleased to call the absurdity of State veto. But let me tell him, that his scheme of a perfect government, beautiful as he conceives it to be, though often tried, has invariably failed, and has always ran, whenever tried, through the same uniform process of faction, corruption, anarchy, and despotism. He considers the representative principle as the great modern improvement in legislation, and of itself sufficient to secure liberty. I cannot regard it in the light in which he does. Instead of modern, it is of remote origin, and has existed in greater or less perfection, in every free state, from the remotest antiquity. Nor do I consider it as of itself sufficient to secure liberty, though I regard it as one of the indispensable means—the means of securing the people against the tyranny and oppression of their rulers. To secure liberty, another means is still necessary—the means of securing the different portions of society, against the injustice and oppression of each other, which can only be effected by veto, interposition, or nullification, or by whatever name the restraining or negative power of Government may be called.

The Senator seems to be enamored with his conception of a consolidated government, and avows himself to be prepared,

seeking no lead, to rush in its defence to the front rank, where the blows fall heaviest and thickest. I admire his gallantry and courage ; but I will tell him that he will find in the opposite ranks, under the flag of liberty, spirits as gallant as his own ; and that experience will teach him, that it is infinitely easier to carry on a war of legislative exaction, by bills and enactments, than to extort by sword and bayonet from the brave and the free.

We are told, in order to justify the passage of this fatal measure, that it was necessary to present the olive branch with one hand, and the sword with the other. We scorn the alternative. You have no right to present the sword ; the Constitution never put the instrument in your hands to be employed against a State ; and as to the olive branch, whether we receive it or not, will not depend on your menace, but on our own estimation of what is due to ourselves and the rest of the community, in reference to the difficult subject on which we have taken issue.

XIII.—STATE VETO POWER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I CANNOT recognize any right in a State to arrest and repeal the legislation of Congress. I could not forget the past, nor shut my eyes to the fact that the present alarming extent and threatening form of a resistance and defiance, have been consequent upon the tolerated practical nullification of the State of Georgia. The gentleman from South Carolina, has assured us that such is the fact ; attempts have been vainly made to find a distinction between the two. In principle they are identical. I regret that the gentleman from Georgia, in his endeavor to render his defence of the one, consistent with the condemnation of the other, has deemed it necessary to assail the Supreme Court of the United States—to pronounce the reasoning and argument of one of its most important decisions to be unworthy the lowest county court in any of the States ! I can assure the gentleman that the country regards it far otherwise, and that the most vigorous and gifted minds deem it one of the most powerful productions of the wonderful intellect of the revered chief of that august

tribunal. If, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, our institutions are destined to be subverted, and left in ruins by the convulsions of revolution, that decision and other kindred constitutional opinions from the same mind, will remain to after generations, splendid and enduring monuments of intellectual and moral greatness, and, like the broken columns and classic remains of Athens and Palmyra, be the wonder and admiration of successive ages. The time has arrived when the progress of nullification must be arrested, or the hopes of permanent union surrendered. The gentleman assures us that his theory would make this government a beautiful system! Beautiful as would be the proud and polished pillars which surround us, if resolved into their original rude and paltry pebbles; beautiful as the dashed mirror, from whose fragments are reflected twenty-four pigmy portraits, instead of one gigantic and noble original! The triumph of that doctrine dissolves the union. It must be so regarded by foreign nations; it is almost so even now. Already have the exultations of the oppressor, and the laments of the philanthropist, been heard beyond the Atlantic. They have looked with fear and hope, with wonder and delight, upon the brilliant and beautiful constellation in our western hemisphere, moving in majestic harmony, irradiating the earth with its mild and benignant beams. Shall these stars now be severed and scattered, and rushing from their orbits through the troubled air, singly and feebly sink into clouds of murky blackness, leaving the world in rayless night? Shall the flag of our common country, the ensign of our nation, which has waved in honor upon every sea—the guardian of our common rights—the herald of our common glory—be severed and torn into twenty-four fragments; and our ships hereafter display for their protection but a tattered rag of one of its stripes?

XIV.—VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH.

J. CLEMENS.

How stands the account of personal services? It was a Southern man who pointed out the road from bondage to independence; who led you triumphantly through the perils

of a seven years' war, and sternly refused the diadem with which a grateful soldiery would have crowned him. It was a Southern general and Southern soldiers who breasted the British bayonets at New Orleans, and added one of its brightest chapters to the history of the Republic. Southern blood has watered every plain from the St. Lawrence to the capital of the Aztecs. The memorable fields of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma were won by a Southern general. It was before the genius of a Southern leader, that the walls and towers of Monterey crumbled into dust; and two Southern regiments, struggling side by side in a glorious rivalry, snatched from the cannon's mouth the palm of victory. In the narrow gorge of Angostura, Southern valor again stemmed the tide of war, and rolled back the murderous charges of the foe. On the sands of Vera Cruz, another great name which the South has given to history and renown, added to a fame already imperishable, and wrung from the reluctant nations of the Old World, plaudits which they could not withhold. At Cerro Gordo, the story of Southern achievements was re-written in blood; and among the rocks and volcanoes of Contreras, the glorious old Palmetto State vindicated her *right* to the title of chivalrous, and silenced forever the tongues of her detractors. Sir, I mean to indulge in no disparagement of the North. She has furnished gallant men who have done their duty nobly upon the field. I would not, if I could, tear a single laurel from her brow. But I claim that the record gives to us at least an equality of the common dangers, the common sufferings, and the common triumphs, and I demand an equal participation in the rights they have established.

XV.—TIES THAT BIND THE WEST TO US.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE states and nations which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri, are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent. Before New England can look with coldness on their rising myriads, she must forget that some of her own best blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy children, with

their axes on their shoulders, have been among the pioneers in the march of humanity; that young as she is, she has become the mother of populous states. What generous mind would sacrifice to a selfish preservation of local preponderance the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert; and the language, the manners, the principles in which he has been reared, carried, with his household gods, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? Who can forget, that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen States shall wander, to the southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the fertile fields, the infant settlements of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have already become matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence.

Divisions may spring up, ill blood may burn, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is past. The deeds of the great men, to whom this country owes its origin and growth, are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and Missouri shall flow, those men, and those deeds, will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will; but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah. In all that mighty region which is drained by the Missouri and its tributary streams,—the valley coextensive, in this country, with the temperate zone,—will there be, as long as the name of America shall last, a father that will not take his children on his knee, and recount to them the events of the twenty-second of December, the nineteenth of April, the seventeenth of June, and the fourth of July?

This then is the theatre on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion; such the mass to be influenced by its energies; such the glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank Heaven for an error so animating. If this be false, may I never know the truth.

XVI.—PATRIOTIC APPEAL.

J. M'DOWELL.

GIVE us but a part of that devotion which glowed in the heart of the younger Pitt, and of our own elder Adams, who, in the midst of their agonies, forgot not the countries they had lived for, but mingled with the spasms of their dying hour a last and imploring appeal to the Parent of all Mercies that he would remember, in eternal blessings, the land of their birth : give us their devotion, give us that of the young enthusiast of Paris, who listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human right, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot, and as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again, and again, with impassioned voice—" Here, take it—take it— oh ! take it from *me*, let *me* die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish !" Give us something only of such a spirit as this—something only of such a love of country, and we are safe, forever safe : the troubles which shadow over and oppress us now, will pass away as a summer cloud. No measure of unalienable wrong, no measure of unconquerable disagreement, will be pressed upon us here. The fatal element of all our discord will be taken from amongst us. Let gentlemen be entreated to remove it as the one only and solitary obstacle to our perfect peace. Let them be adjured by the weal of this and coming ages—by our own and our children's good—by all that we love or that we look for in the progress and the glories of our land, to leave the entire subject of slavery, with every accountability it may impose, every remedy it may require, every accumulation of difficulty or pressure it may reach ; to leave it all to the interest, to the wisdom, and to the conscience of those upon whom the providence of God and the Constitution of their country have cast it. Leave it to them *now and forever*, and stop, whilst it is yet possible to stop, the furious and blind headway of that wild and mad philanthropy, which is lighting up for the nation itself the fires of the stake, and which is rushing on, stride after stride, to an intestine struggle that may bring us all under a harder, and wickeder, and more incurable slavery, than any it would extinguish.

XVII.—CALIFORNIA AND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

LET us vote upon the measures before us, beginning with the admission of California. Let us vote her in. Let us vote, after four months' talk. The people who have gone there have done honor to the American name. Starting from a thousand points, and meeting as strangers far removed from law and government, they have conducted themselves with the order, decorum and justice, which would have done honor to the oldest established and best regulated community. They have carried our institutions to the furthest verge of the land—to the coast of the Pacific, and lit it up with the lights of religion, liberty, and science—lights which will shine across the broad ocean, and illuminate the dark recesses of benighted Asia. They have completed the work of the Pilgrim Fathers. Would to God that those who landed on the Rock, and on the banks of the James river, more than two hundred years ago, and who crossed the stormy Atlantic in search of civil and religious liberty, and who did so much for both in their day and generation, could now see what has been done in our day! could look down from their celestial abodes, and see the spark which they struck from the flint now blazing with a light which fixes the gaze of the world—see the mustard seed which they planted, now towering to the skies, and spreading its branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With what rapture would they welcome the Pilgrims of California into the family circle, while we, their descendants, sit here in angry debate, repulsing our brethren, calculating the value of the Union, and threatening to rend it asunder if California is admitted.

XVIII.—THE HONOR OF WAR.

W. E. CHANNING.

THAT the idea of glory should be associated strongly with military exploits, ought not to be wondered at. From the earliest ages, ambitious sovereigns and states have sought to spread the military spirit, by loading it with rewards.

Badges, ornaments, distinctions, the most flattering and intoxicating, have been the prizes of war. The aristocracy of Europe, which commenced in barbarous ages, was founded on military talent and success; and the chief education of the young noble, was, for a long time, little more than a training for battle,—hence the strong connection between war and honor. All past ages have bequeathed us this prejudice, and the structure of society has given it a fearful force. Let us consider it with some particularity.

The idea of honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home, and hire others to fight—who sleep in their warm beds, and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth,—who sit at their well-spread board, and hire others to take their chance of starving—who nurse the slightest hurt on their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals; certainly this mass reap little honor from war; the honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life; to mangle the limbs; to gash and hew the body; to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature; to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities; to turn fruitful fields into deserts; to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence; to scourge nations with famine; to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

XIX—DANGER OF INDIAN HOSTILITIES.

FISHER AMES.

If any should maintain that the peace with the Indians would be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to procure conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask, whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the day-time your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field: you are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings; it is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid. Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans irresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that State House? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too

late to ask : Can you put the dearest interests of society at risk without guilt, and without remorse ? There is no mistake in this case ; there can be none : experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent or uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness ; it exclaims that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture ; already they seem to sigh in the Western wind ; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

XX.—NOMINAL WAR.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

BUT, sir, I shall be told, perhaps, that there is only a *nominal* war between Spain and those belligerents—that there is nothing else—a war of name ; and that Spain is unable any longer to wag a finger, to use a familiar phrase, or anything but her tongue in the contest. If that be the condition of Spain, by what arguments can king-craft and priest-craft be prevailed on to remove this nominal claim, which will, like some others, keep cold until the chapter of accidents may realize it ? Did Philip the Second ever recognize the independence of the Dutch, when that independence was more firmly established than his own ? No, sir, Spain is made of sterner stuff. Truce after truce was patched up without any such recognition—and they were the United *Provinces*, and so remained till France gave them the *comp de grace* by the true fraternal hug. What, sir, was the condition of the war between England and France a little while ago—one not having a ship at sea, except a few frigates, which she employed in burning our ships in a friendly way, so as to induce us to join in making a diversion in aid of her crusade against Moscow—from which I hope we shall take warning ; for that attempt was not only plausible, but

promised success—was quite practicable, compared to the crusade to which I have alluded—and England had not a man, at the time I speak of, after the battle of Jena, in arms on her side, on the continent of Europe—not one man; and there they stood, a complete non-conductor interposed between them, except the United States, who received the blows of both!

But, though that war was for a long time little else but a suspension of arms, from the inability of each to attack on the other's element—was it nominal—was it war like a peace, or even peace like a war, as was said of Amiens? Oh, no—old England had nailed the colors to the mast; she had determined to go down rather than give up the ship; she wisely saw no safety for her in what might be called a peace; and it was a glorious determination; and it is that spirit—it is not thews, muscle—it is not brawn, it is that spirit which gives life to every nation—that spirit which carries a man, however feeble, through conflicts with giants, compared to him in point of strength, honorably, triumphantly. Sir, I consider the late conflict between England and France—England against the congregated continent of Europe—to say nothing of any other make-weights in the scale—confident against a world in arms—as far surpassing in sublimity of example, the tenaciousness of purpose of Rome during the second Punic war, as that surpassed any of our famous Indian wars and expeditions. It is a lesson of the constancy of the human mind, which ought never to be thrown away.

XXI.—THE DIFFICULT STEP.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

SIR, I never could speak or quarrel by the book—by the card, as Touchstone tells us, was the fashion in his day. I have no gift at this special pleading—at the retort courteous and the countercheck quarrelsome, till things get to the point, where nothing is left for it but to back out or fight. We are asked, sir, by this new executive government of ours—not in the very words, but it is a great deal like it—of the son of Clinene—to give some token, some proof, that they possess legitimate claims to the confidence of the people—

which they have modestly confessed they do not possess in the same degree as their predecessors. I will answer them in the words of the father of that son, "You ask definite pledges—I give definite pledges tremblingly." But, sir, the phaeton is at the door, ambition burns to mount. Whether the Mississippi, like the Po, is to suffer a metamorphosis, not in its poplars—whether the blacks shall be turned into whites, or the whites into blacks, the slaves into masters, or the masters into slaves, or the murdered and their murderers to change color, like the mulberry-trees, belongs to men of greater sagacity than I am, to foretell. I am content to act the part of Cassandra, to lift up my voice, whether it be heeded, or heard only to be disregarded, until too late—I will cry out *obsta principiis*. Yes, sir, in this case, as in many others—the first step is all the difficulty—that taken, then they may take for their motto—"there is no retreat." I tell these gentlemen there is no retreat—it is cut off—there is no retreat, even as tedious and painful as that conducted by Xenophon. There is no Anabasis for us—and if there was, where is our Xenophon? I do not feel lightly on this occasion—far otherwise—but the heaviest heart often vents itself in light expressions. There is a mirth of sadness, as well as tears of joy. If I could talk lightly on this sad subject, I would remind gentlemen of the reply given by a wiseacre, who was sent to search the vaults of the Parliament House at the time of the gunpowder plot, and who had searched and reported that they had found fifty barrels of powder concealed under the fagots and other fuel—that he had removed twenty-five, and hoped that the other twenty-five would do no harm. The step you are about to take is the match of that powder—whether it be twenty-five or fifty barrels is quite immaterial—it is enough to blow—not the first of the Stuarts—but the last of *another dynasty*—sky-high—sky-high.

XXII.—DEATH OF J. Q. ADAMS.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

THE Thirtieth Congress assembles in this conjuncture, and the debates are solemn, earnest and bewildering. Steam and lightning, which have become docile messengers, make

the American people listeners to this high debate, and anxiety and interest, intense and universal, absorb them all. Suddenly the council is dissolved. Silence is in the capitol, and sorrow has thrown its pall over the land. What new event is this? Has some Cromwell closed the legislative chambers? or has some Caesar, returning from his distant conquests, passed the Rubicon, seized the purple, and fallen in the Senate beneath the swords of self-appointed executioners of his country's vengeance? No! Nothing of all this. What means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once indeed was eloquent, but now through age had well nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest—nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument—

“A gray haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.”

—In the very act of rising to debate he fell into the arms of conscript fathers of the republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief space. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. “THIS,” said the dying man, “THIS IS THE END OF EARTH.” He paused for a moment, and then added, “I AM CONTENT.” Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, ONE who spoke as never man spoke, said, “IT IS FINISHED.”

XXIII.—DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILLIAM H SEWARD.

He was an emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled ; whose humble state reminded him and the world, that he was born a plebeian ; and he had no heir to wait for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities upon his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight ; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch—a legitimate monarch—a monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content, he would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder-Zee—from Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him when the hour of fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him here. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and

wearisome watching, was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant, a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompons pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The marshals of Europe awaited his command. The legions of the old guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TETE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosened, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. THIS WAS THE END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

XXIV.—WHO IS BLANNERHASSETT?

WILLIAM WIRT.

Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A

philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secret mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way into their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and every avenue of the heart is open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the object of its affections. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with an ecstasy so

unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the peaceful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

XXV.—DOOM OF THE INDIANS.

JOSEPH STORY.

THERE is, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear

the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the Sachems and their tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mighty power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror, or despatch;

but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

XXVI—VIRGINIA.

H. EEDINGER.

I KNOW that it is customary with those who lack the taste to select or the ability to handle a more becoming theme, to discharge their tiny artillery at Southern character and Southern institutions; and especially does Virginia come in for a full share of the pointless arrows of these gentlemen, whose efforts constantly remind me of those very ambitious persons whose names are to be seen, inscribed by their own hands, on every edifice or monument of art, and who hope, by thus disfiguring or defiling it, they may render their own paltry memoirs as lasting as the building itself.

Now, whether Virginia has deteriorated or not, whether her palmiest days have passed by, and her energies are in the "sere and yellow leaf;" whether her present sons are dwarfs, in comparison with her elder born; whether the sceptre of intellect has departed from her, and in the race of glory and of greatness she is no longer first; whether the plucking of Northern cupidity has drained her of her wealth, or her own unbounded and unwise liberality exhausted her resources, I will not at present attempt to determine; but this I will boldly assert, and that without the fear of contradiction, that in her regard for law and order—in her love of justice, and her strict obedience to all its dictates—in the careful observ-

ance of the rights and privileges of all, manifested by her citizens, in piety, morality, and sobriety—and in her sacred observance of the plighted word of her government, the mother of States need fear no comparison with any of her progeny, or with any of her sisters.

Massachusetts is a great State, Sir,—a very great State, indeed, is Massachusetts. She could not well be anything else, sir, for she has Boston, and Bunker Hill, and the Rock of Plymouth! There the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims; and there witches and Indians and Quakers and Catholics, and other such heretics, were in the brave days of old, burned, literally, by the cord! She is unquestionably, sir, a great State, and some of her Representatives on this floor seem to know it; and in the plenitude of their merciful hearts, they pour out a deal of compassion and surplus pity upon poor old Virginia! They not unfrequently raise their sanctified eyes to Heaven, and thank the Lord they are not like that poor publican!

XXVII.—MASSACHUSETTS.

J. G. PALFREY.

WHEN the gentleman, calling up affecting reminiscences of the past, appealed to us of Massachusetts to be faithful to the obligations of patriotism, I repeat, that I trust his language fell profitably as well as pleasantly on my ear. He has reminded us of our stern but constant ancestry. I hope we shall be true to their great mission of Freedom and Right, and all the more true for having listened to his own impressive exhortation. The gentleman remembers the declaration of Hume, that "it was to the Puritans that the people of England owed its liberties." May their race never desert that work, as long as any of it is left to do! Sir, as I come of a morning to my duties here, I am apt to stop before the picture in your Rotundo, of the departure from Delft Haven of that vessel, "freighted with the best hopes of the world," and refresh myself by looking in the faces of four ancestors of my own, depicted by the limner in the group on that dismal deck—the brave and prudent leader of the company, his head and knee bowed in prayer;—his faithful partner, blending in

her mild but care-worn countenance the expression of the wife, the parent, the exile, and the saint ;—the young maiden and the youth, going out to the wide sea and the wide world, but already trained to masculine endurance and “perfect peace” by the precious faith of Christ. Not more steadfast than those forlorn wanderers were the men, who in the tapestried chambers of England’s great sway, with stout sword on thigh, and a stouter faith in the heart, and the ragged flags of Cressy, and Agincourt, and the Armada above their heads,

—“Sat with Bibles open, around the council board,
And answered a king’s missive, with a stern
‘Thus saith the Lord.’”

Sir, the spirit of that stubborn race, if somewhat softened by the change in manners and the lapse of time, is not yet extinct in their children. The gentleman is welcome, for me, to have very little respect for any who, in his language, have “made capital” of one kind or another out of human slavery. But I ask him, did the Roundhead ever flinch when battle was to be done for freedom? Sir, I live in the midst of his last bloody struggles for that cause. Humble as I am. I am honored to represent the men who till the earliest battle-fields of American Independence. As I sit in my door of a still summer evening, I hear the bells from Lexington Common. The shaft over the sacred ashes of Bunker Hill rises within three miles of my windows; I leave my home, and in an hour I stand by the ruined abutments of old Concord Bridge, and the green graves of the first two British victims in the hecatombs of the Revolution. Representing, however feebly, such a people in lineage and in office—warned by the lessons and the purest monuments of such a history—is it for me to think of helping to extend the foul cause of slavery over another foot of God’s fair earth? No, “here I stand, I can do no otherwise; may God help me.” I boast no courage; I fear I might turn out to be no better than a fearful man; but I do trust that every drop of thin blood in these old veins of mine, would be freely given to stain the scaffold, or boil and bubble at the stake, before, by any act of my doing, the slavery of my brother man should take another forward step on free American soil.

XXVIII.—THE CONSTITUTION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE can give up everything but our Constitution, which is the sun of our system. As the natural sun dispels fogs, heats the air, and vivifies and illumines the world, even so does the Constitution, in days of adversity and gloom, come out for our rescue and our enlightening. If the luminary which now sheds its light upon us, and invigorates our sphere, should sink forever in his ocean bed, clouds, cold, and perpetual death would environ us : and if we suffer our other sun, the Constitution, to be turned from us ; if we neglect or disregard its benefits ; if its beams disappear but once in the West, anarchy and chaos will have come again, and we shall grope out in darkness and despair the remainder of a miserable existence. I confess that, when I think of the Constitution, I feel a burning zeal which prompts me to pour out my whole heart. What is the Constitution ? It is the bond which binds together millions of brothers. What is its history ? who made it ? Monarchs, crowned heads, lords, or emperors ? No, it was none of these. The Constitution of the United States, the nearest approach of mortal to perfect political wisdom, was the work of men who purchased liberty with their blood, but who found that, without organization, freedom was not a blessing. They formed it, and the people, in their intelligence, adopted it. And what has been its history ? Has it trodden down any man's rights ? Has it circumscribed the liberty of the press ? Has it stopped the mouth of any man ? Has it held us up as objects of disgrace abroad ? How much the reverse ! It has given us character abroad ; and when, with Washington at its head, it went forth to the world, this young country at once became the most interesting and imposing in the circle of civilized nations. How is the Constitution of the United States regarded abroad ? Why, as the last hope of liberty among men ! Wherever you go, you find the United States held up as an example by the advocates of freedom. The mariner no more looks to his compass or takes his departure by the sun, than does the lover of liberty abroad shape his course by reference to the Constitution of the United States.

XXIX.—THE PEACE CONGRESS.

ANONYMOUS.

IF we fail, the disappointment is our own ; the world can receive no detriment from our exertions, however unsuccessful. But if we succeed,—if our efforts for ameliorating the lot of humanity are triumphant,—what a fountain of the bitterest woes will be dried ! what rivers of blood will cease to deluge and destroy the choicest of human bliss ! how will the heart of philanthropy exult, and what a smile of unmingled delight will kindle over the face of a suffering and desponding world ! That a foul stigma, which for so many ages has defaced the annals of humanity, should be wiped away—that man should cease to follow the fratricidal example of the first of sons and of murderers—that he should lay aside his cannibal ferocity, which, unlike that of the wild beast, is turned against his own race and kindred—that infancy, and age, and feminine helplessness should forever hereafter repose in safety—that our flocks should feed on the green fields in quiet, and the smoke of our cottages still curl on the peaceful breeze—that these sights should hereafter present themselves, instead of the butcheries, the havoc, and the conflagration of war, is an object well worthy the most devout and unwearied efforts of every friend of human honor and human happiness. Great God ! is such an expectation a chimera, the creature of a duped and sickly imagination ? Are the efforts which aim thus at the exaltation and blessedness of the human race, inspired alone by folly ? Is any sad and inevitable fatality thus brooding over the fate of mortals ? Must reason guide, and success forever crown schemes of human wretchedness and human destruction ; while disappointment is forever to be the bitter cup of those who thus signally endeavor to render the world better and happier ? We are unwilling to believe it ; we will not, at least, despair without an effort.

XXX.—LITERATURE PERVERTED.

ANONYMOUS.

LITERATURE has been a most powerful agent in feeding the warlike propensity, and this is undergoing a vital and happy change. In former days it was altogether calculated to arouse and foster a martial feeling. The poems, the histories, the orations, which for centuries have delighted mankind, have been replete with the praises of heroes and conquerors. These pictures and descriptions have been seized upon, amplified and issued at second hand, or assumed as a species of model for every imitator, from that day to this. A magical illusion has been attempted, and in a great degree effected. The battle-field, with its promiscuous carnage of men and horses, covered with clotted gore, and the frozen fragments of bodies,—which else had now been warm with youth, and health, and happiness, blessing and being blessed,—is represented as the field of glory. The devastation of fruitful fields, the destruction of happy homes, the cleaving down of the liberties of a free, and prosperous, and happy people, appear under the guise of a splendid conquest. The tears and execrations of a nation of widows and orphans, and childless parents—the smothered groans of an enslaved people—these sound the trump of everlasting fame for the author of such accumulated miseries; more loud and more lovely, in proportion as they are mingled more deeply with the tones of despair! And men have listened, and admired, and have been made the dupes of their imaginations.

But the scales of delusion are falling from the eyes of nations, and the literature of the age is turned, and is flowing with the general current. At the present day, he is more applauded who crowns a country with peace and plenty, than he who covers it with bones and putrefaction—he who builds, than he who burns, a city—he who has founded a wise system of laws, than he who has overturned it—he, in short, whose fame is associated with the happiness of his race, than he who has wantonly hurled the firebrand of destruction into the home of that happiness, though the smoke and glare of its conflagration should reach the heavens, and the crash of its ruins shake the earth to its centre. When we reflect upon the influence exerted by a ballad, or a tale, shall we hesitate to hope the most blessed results from this change in the literature of the present age?

XXXI.—CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA.

EDWARD EVERETT.

I KNOW it is said that it is impossible to civilize Africa. Why? Why is it impossible to civilize men in one part of the earth more than in another? Consult history. Was Italy, was Greece, the cradle of civilization? No. As far back as the lights of tradition reach, Africa was the cradle of science, while Syria, and Greece, and Italy were yet covered with darkness. As far back as we can trace the first rudiments of improvement, they come from the very head waters of the Nile, far in the interior of Africa; and there are yet to be found, in shapeless ruins, the monuments of this primeval civilization. To come down to a much later period, while the West and South of Europe were yet barbarous, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was filled with cities, academies, museums, churches, and a highly cultivated population. What has raised the Gaul, the Belgium, the Germany, the Scandinavia, the Britain of ancient geography to their present improved and improving condition? Africa is not now sunk lower than most of those countries were eighteen centuries ago; and the engines of social influence are increased a thousand-fold in numbers and efficacy. It is not eighteen hundred years since Scotland, whose metropolis has been called the Athens of modern Europe, the country of Hume, of Smith, of Robertson, of Blair, of Stewart, of Brown, of Jeffrey, of Chalmers, of Scott, of Brougham, was a wilderness, infested by painted savages. It is not a thousand years since the north of Germany, now filled with beautiful cities, learned universities, and the best educated population in the world, was a dreary, pathless forest. Am I told that the work we have in hand is too great to be done? Too great, I ask, to be done *when*? too great to be done by *whom*? Too great, I admit, to be done at once; too great to be done by this society; too great to be done by this generation, perhaps; but not too great to be done. Nothing is too great to be done, which is founded on truth and justice, and which is pursued with the meek and gentle spirit of Christian love.

XXXII.—PUBLIC DISHONESTY.

HENRY W. BEECHER.

A CORRUPT public sentiment produces dishonesty. A public sentiment in which dishonesty is not disgraceful ; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted, is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused ; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery ; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience tutored to a severer morality, our night is at hand,—our midnight not far off. Woe to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice ! Woe to a generation fed by the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their father's unrighteousness ; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association with the revered memories of father, brother, and friend !

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors ; and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods ; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the Commonwealth ; then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend, before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments ?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and run-away cashier - its duel and defaulter ; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful

and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage ; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years ; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness ;—in evil he was ripe and rotten ; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past ; evil when by himself, and viler among men ; corrupting to the young ;—to domestic fidelity, a recreant ; to common honor, a traitor ; to honesty, an outlaw ; to religion, a hypocrite ;—base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful ; and yet this wretch could go where he would ; enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him ; hate him, and assist him ; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves, cannot breed honest men.

We have not yet emerged from a period in which debts were insecure ; the debtor legally protected against the rights of the creditor ; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect ; and lowered to a dishonest inefficiency ; and when thus diminished, not collected ; the citizens resisting their own officers ; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors ; the laws of property paralyzed ; bankrupt laws built up ; and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them, lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench, to despoil its dignity, and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty ; and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

XXXIII.—WORLD-WIDE FAME OF WASHINGTON.

ASHER ROBBINS.

It is the peculiar good fortune of this country to have given birth to a citizen, whose name everywhere produces a sentiment of regard for his country itself. In other countries whenever and wherever this is spoken of to be praised, and with the highest praise, it is called the country of Washington. I believe there is no people, civilized or savage, in any place, however remote, where the name of Washington has not been

heard, and where it is not respected with the fondest admiration. We are told that the Arab of the desert talks of Washington in his tent, and that his name is familiar to the wandering Scythian. He seems, indeed, to be the delight of human kind, as their beau ideal of human nature. No American, in any part of the world, but has found the regard for himself increased by his connection with Washington, as his fellow-countryman; and who has not felt a pride, and had occasion to exult, in the fortunate connection?

Half a century and more has now passed away since he came upon the stage, and his fame first broke upon the world; for it broke like the blaze of day from the rising sun—almost as sudden, and seemingly as universal. The eventful period since that era, has teemed with great men, who have crossed the scene and passed off. Some of them have arrested great attention—very great. Still Washington retains his preeminent place in the minds of men—still his peerless name is cherished by them in the same freshness of delight as in the morn of its glory. History will keep her record of his fame; but history is not necessary to perpetuate it. In regions where history is not read, where letters are unknown, it lives, and will go down from age to age, in all future time, in their traditionary lore. Who would exchange this fame, the common inheritance of our country, for the fame of any individual, which any country of any time can boast?—I would not; with my sentiments, I could not.

XXXIV.—ON THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE ARMY FROM MEXICO.

EDWARD A. HANNEGAN.

WE are engaged in war with an obstinate enemy, and during its continuance I feel bound by the highest sense of duty to contribute, by every means in my power, to the success of my country's arms, and the humiliation and overthrow of the enemy. I stop not to ask the approval of easists when my heart bids me to know only my own country in the contest; and I fervently trust that God may forever crown her eagle banner with victory, whenever and wherever her sons may unfurl it in battle, beneath the broad vault of

Heaven. Never may its glorious folds, dimmed and discolored with the blood of its soldiers, trail in the dust. I should deplore an unjust or an aggressive war as much as any man; I would leave no proper means untried for an accommodation; to secure peace I would yield everything but honor; but while war lasted I would strain every sinew, exert every nerve of the nation to impress the enemy and the world with the terror of our arms. Sir, the hunters-up of conscience cases may approve it or not: I am well assured that this course it is my duty to adopt and pursue. I would not, while the gloomy cloud of war hangs over the land, say to the enemy, "Go on! you are right—we are wrong! The God of justice is on your side, and His avenging hand will yet deliver to your toils our soldiers bound hand and foot, so that you may flesh your swords in their bosoms!" Sir, I would not say to our own brave soldiers, "March slowly—trail your arms—you are engaged in an unjust and unholy war!" No. I would not paralyze their strong arms and valiant hearts in the hour of battle! I would not rob them of the hope of Heaven! I would not shriek into the ear of the dying soldier that for him no bright-eyed angels waited above the smoke of the battle—that he must never hope for Paradise! No! but I would say to our soldiers, "Advance your standard! Wave it high in air! Let its flashing folds make music; when the battle is over, let the blaze of victory surround it, or let your lifeless bodies be piled in pyramids on the gory field! Onward in this spirit, or dream no more of the proud wife's kiss, or the mother's blessing and her prayer!" For, I must confess, I do not comprehend the forecast which proposes the withdrawal of our armies, or the prudence which declares in advance that we must attach no Mexican territory to the Union.

XXXV.—RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

THOMAS CORWIN.

SIR, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman Terminus. Alexander of whom I have spoken was a devotee of this divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god, that

he must *always* advance, and never recede. So both Republican and Imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny : and for a while it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome he was carried from his home on the Tiber to the furthest East, on the one hand, and the far West, amongst the then barbarous tribes of western Europe, on the other. But at length the time came when retributive justice had become "a destiny." The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goths, and Attila, with his Huns, answers back the battle-shout to both. The "blue-eyed nations of the North," in succession, are united, pour their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always-advancing god, Terminus. And now the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the conquering eagle of Rome. Terminus at last recedes, slowly at first, but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Whoever would know the further fate of this Roman deity, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Such will find that Rome thought as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and, no doubt, she sometimes said as you say, "I will conquer a peace." And where is she now, the Mistress of the World? The spider weaves his web in her palaces, the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law, which ordains as eternal, that cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor *anything* which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of them thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and a third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no;

far, very far from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of democracy"—Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Caesar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plain that surrounds their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity or death. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, devastation spread abroad over the land, and finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution; she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor. A mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven, in the doings of men, than mine, cannot fail in this to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved, and rolled upwards, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of his throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation who tramples in scorn upon the weak. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea took possession of his soul, he, too, becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and doubtless meditated the subjugation of Russia, he who holds the winds in his fists, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men—they fled—they froze—they

perished. And now the mighty Napoleon who had resolved on universal dominion, *he* too is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." And how is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to that! His last hour has now come, and he, the man of *destiny*, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as the beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest, that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last: and France, *she* too has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthènes. They have returned to their old eyry between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees; so shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave with insolent triumph in the halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a power, in the presence of which, the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

XXXVI.—NO NATIONAL GREATNESS WITHOUT MORALITY.

W. E. CHANNING,

WHEN we look forward to the probable growth of this country; when we think of the millions of human beings who are to spread over our present territory; of the career of improvement and glory open to this new people; of the impulse which free institutions, if prosperous, may be expected to give to philosophy, religion, science, literature, and arts; of the vast field in which the experiment is to be

made, of what the unfettered powers of man may achieve ; of the bright page of history which our fathers have filled, and of the advantages under which their toils and virtues have placed us for carrying on their work ; when we think of all this, can we help, for a moment, surrendering ourselves to bright visions of our country's glory, before which all the glories of the past are to fade away ? Is it presumption to say, that, if just to ourselves and all nations, we shall be felt through this whole continent, that we shall spread our language, institutions, and civilization, through a wider space than any nation has yet filled with a like beneficent influence ? And are we prepared to barter these hopes, this sublime moral empire, for conquests by force ? Are we prepared to sink to the level of unprincipled nations, to content ourselves with a vulgar, guilty greatness, to adopt in our youth maxims and ends which must brand our future with sordidness, oppression and shame ? This country cannot without peculiar infamy run the common race of national rapacity. Our origin, institutions, and position are peculiar, and all favor an upright, honorable course. We have not the apologies of nations hemmed in by narrow bounds, or threatened by the overshadowing power of ambitious neighbors. If we surrender ourselves to a selfish policy, we shall sin almost without temptation, and forfeit opportunities of greatness vouchsafed to no other people, for a prize below contempt.

I have alluded to the want of wisdom with which we have been accustomed to speak of our destiny as a people. We are *destined* (that is the word) to overspread North America ; and, intoxicated with the idea, it matters little to us how we accomplish our fate. To spread, to supplant others, to cover a boundless space, this seems our ambition, no matter what influence we spread with us. Why cannot we rise to noble conceptions of our destiny ? Why do we not feel, that our work as a nation is, to carry freedom, religion, science, and a nobler form of human nature over this continent ? and why do we not remember, that to diffuse these blessings we must first cherish them in our own borders ; and that whatever deeply and permanently corrupts us will make our spreading influence a curse, not a blessing, to this new world ? I am not prophet enough to read our fate. I believe, indeed, that we are to make our futurity for ourselves. I believe, that a nation's destiny lies in its character, in the principles which

govern its policy, and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens. I take my stand on God's moral and eternal law. A nation, renouncing and defying this, cannot be free, cannot be great.

XXXVII.—TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

CHARLES SULISER.

CASTING our eyes over the history of nations, with horror we discern the succession of murderous slaughters, by which their progress has been marked. Even as the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. O, let it not be in the future ages, as in those which we now contemplate ! Let the grandeur of man be discerned, not in bloody victories, or in ravenous conquests, but in the blessings which he has secured ; in the good he has accomplished ; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice ; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

As the ocean washes every shore, and, with all embracing arms, clasps every land, while, on its heaving bosom, it bears the products of various climes ; so peace surrounds, protects, and upholds all other blessings. Without it, commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, justice is arrested, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature,—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton,—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and, at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

XXXVIII.—VICISSITUDES OF 1849.

HORACE GREELEY.

THIS fatal year, '49—will it never have done with its desolations? Pestilence has stalked, and still stalks, with desolating tread over the broad earth, defacing its green sod to make room for innumerable graves—graves not alone of the weak and the wretched, but also of the mighty, the glorious, the gentle, the lovely, the widely and keenly deplored. And that darker scourge, despotism, the dominion of brute force and blind selfishness—the lordship of the few for their own luxury and aggrandizement over the many whom they scorn, and sweat, and starve—when before has a year been so fruitful as now, of triumphs to the realm of night? Sicily betrayed and ruined—Lombardy's chains riveted—Sardinia crushed—Rome, generous, brave, ill-fated Rome, too!—she lies beneath the feet of her perfidious, perjured foes, and in her fall has dragged down the republicans of France, adjudged guilty of the crime of daring to resist the assassination of a sister republic. But this is not all, nor half. Germany, through her vast extent, has passed over to the camp of absolutism—her people still think, but dare not speak, for the bayonet is at their throats, and democracy is once more treason, since its regal enemies have recovered from their terror, and found their military tools as brainless and as heartless as ever. At last Hungary mounts the funeral pyre of freedom and the sacrifice is complete, for Venice must trail her flag directly on the tidings of Görgey's victory. She has stood out nobly, for a noble, a priceless cause—so has Hungary struggled nobly and nobly fallen. For the present, all is over, save that a few desperate, heroic patriots will yet sell their lives in fruitless casual conflicts with the minions of despotism. Nothing now remains but that the wolves should divide and devour their prey.

XXXIX.—ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

It would be well for these antagonisms who fear that all newly acquired territory may be preoccupied and monopolized, either by free labor on the one hand, or by slave labor on the

other, as the case may be, unless their favorite ideas are indulged, to remember that there are other dangers, either real or imaginary, to which it may be exposed if left to the free government of its own people. Our institutions invite the children of every clime to sit down under the wide-spreading branches of the tree of liberty, and we have no prohibitory, or even *protective* impost duties upon social manners and customs, political opinions or religious rites. It may be that the rugged Russian, allured by the gentle breezes of Mexico, may fall down from his hyperborean regions with his serfdom and his military rule, or the Turk choose to regale himself there with his pipes and mocha, his Georgian Houris—sensual delights and Mohammedan divinity; or, what is equally probable, as our Pacific possessions place us in direct communication with Asia, that the plains may be desecrated by the trundling of the car of Juggernaut, or the subjects of the celestial Emperor—the brother of the sun and moon—may hurry thither, and ruin all agricultural interests by converting it into an extensive field of hyson.

But let those who entertain them, dismiss all idle and selfish fears, regard others as wise, and as virtuous, and as capable of their own government as themselves, and all will be well. The spirit of freedom will enlarge her own boundaries and people the area, in obedience to laws stronger than the laws of Congress. The rich heritage we enjoy was won by the common blood and treasure of the North and South, the East and the West, and was defended and vindicated by the same, in the second war of independence; and in the present war with a reckless and semi-barbarous foe, the brave sons of every section of the Union have fought and fallen side by side; the parched sands of Mexico have drunk together the best blood of New York and South Carolina. These recollections should renew and strengthen the ties which unite the members of the confederacy, and cause them to spurn all attempts at provoking sectional jealousies and irritations, calculated to disturb the harmony and shake the stability of the Union. In the language of Mr. Jefferson, they who indulge “this treason against human hope will signalize their epoch in future history as the counterpart of the model of their predecessors.”

XL.—ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY.

J. W. MILLER.

IN consulting the history of nations, it will be found there is an epoch in the existence of each, when a temptation presents itself, which resisted or yielded to, marks the future character of the nation for good or for evil. That temptation is now presented to this republic—it is Mexico. It is a broad and a rich land—a land of silver and gold—a land without a government to protect it, and without a people capable of defending it, and it lies before us an easy tempting prey. There is none to stay our hand, or to resist the gratification of our ambition. The mystery of her origin, the story of her former conquest, play upon our fancy and excite our heroic passions. Already has the tempter carried us to the pinnacle of the temple and points out the rich treasures of the city beneath. We now stand upon the high mountain—at our feet lie twenty states, with their cities and towns, their temples of religion, and palaces of state. The tempter whispers in our ear, all these shall be yours if you will fall down and worship the god conquest. History stands ready with her pen of steel to record our determination. Shall we bow down to the evil spirit, and fall as other nations have fallen, or shall we maintain our virtue and rise to god-like courage and say, “Get thee behind me, Satan.” The temptation is mighty—the power to resist only divine. I know of no nation, in ancient or modern times that would resist so easy, yet so rich, an acquisition to its dominions. To say nothing of the heathen world, not one of the powers of modern Europe would withstand the temptation. England would not, as she has shown by her conquests in the East. France would not, as she is now proving by her attempts upon Algeria. As to Russia, Prussia, Austria, let the partition of Poland answer. There, too, is old Spain, once the proudest and mightiest of them all, she has also had her temptation. It was this same Mexico which now fascinates us. Allured by its mines of silver and gold, which now entice us—excited by the spirit of propaganda, which now inspires us, she too yielded to the tempter, and for a while she went on from conquering to conquer, until in her turn, she was made to lick the dust beneath the chariot wheels of that false deity she had worshipped, when that chariot rolled in triumph over the fair fields

of Arragon and Castile. No, sir, I can find no example of this high standard of national virtue and forbearance. If we resist this temptation, we shall set an example to the world. Ours the wisdom, ours the virtue, ours the glory, of forbearing to seize upon the territory of a weak and defenceless neighbor, when we had the opportunity and the excuse of doing so. We have already, in our short history, set one great example to the nations of the earth. We have laid the foundation of a mighty empire, deep and strong, upon a principle new and startling to the old world. We have established self-government, and bound in strong and happy union, twenty millions of freemen, who acknowledge no government, but that of their own choice. Let us now establish another principle of national action, equally new and startling. Let us declare that while we admit the oppressed of every land, to a free participation of the blessings of our self-government, no cause of war, no excuse, no temptation will induce us to conquer a nation by war, for the purpose of subjugating its territory and people to our dominion.

XLI.—THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

J. MANCY.

THE interposition of Divine Providence was eminently conspicuous, in the first general Congress; what men, what patriots, what independent, heroic spirits! chosen by the unbiassed voice of the people; chosen as all public servants ought to be, without favor and without fear; what an august assembly of sages! Rome in the height of her glory, fades before it. There never was in any age, or nation, a body of men who for general information, for the judicious use of the results of civil and political history, for eloquence and virtue; for true dignity, elevation and grandeur of soul, that could stand a comparison with the first American Congress! See what the people will do when left to themselves; to their unbiassed good sense, and to their true interests! The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall-door, and have fled thunderstruck as from an assembly of gods! Whom do I behold? a Hancock, a Jefferson, an Adams, a Henry, a Lee, a Rutledge!—Glory to their immortal spirits! On you

depend the destinies of your country ; the fate of three millions of men ; and of the countless millions of their posterity ! Shall these be slaves, or will you make a noble stand for liberty, against a power whose triumphs are already co-extensive with the earth ; whose legions trample on thrones and sceptres ; whose thunders bellow on every ocean ? How tremendous the occasion ! How vast the responsibility ! The President and all the members of this august assembly take their seats. Every countenance tells the mighty struggle within. Every tongue is silent. It is a pause in nature, that solemn, awful stillness, which precedes the earthquake and tornado ! At length Demosthenes arises ; he is only adequate to the great occasion, the Virginian Demosthenes, the mighty Henry ! What dignity ! What majesty ! Every eye fastens upon him. Firm, erect, undaunted, he rolls on the mighty torrent of his eloquence. What a picture does he draw of the horrors of servitude, and the charms of freedom ! At once he gives the full rein to all his gigantic powers, and pours his own heroic spirit into the minds of his auditors ; they become as one man ; actuated by one soul—and the universal shout is “ Liberty or Death ! ” This single speech of this illustrious man gave an impulse, which probably decided the fate of America. His eloquence seized and moved the assembled sages ; as the descending hail-storm, bursting in thunder, rending the forest, and shaking the mountains. God bestows on nations no greater gift, than great and good men, endowed with the high and commanding powers of eloquence. Such a man as Patrick Henry, may on some great occasion, when the happiness or misery of millions depends on a single decision, render more important service to a nation, than all the generations of a century.

XLII.—LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM.

DE WITT CLINTON.

IN revolutionary times great talents and great virtues, as well as great vices and great follies spring into being. The energies of our nature are put into requisition, and during the whirlwind and the tempest, innumerable evils will be perpetrated. But all the transient mischiefs of revolution are mild

when compared with the permanent calamities of arbitrary power. The one is a sweeping deluge, an awful tornado, which quickly passes away ; but the other is a volcano, continually ejecting rivers of lava—an earthquake burying whole countries in ruin. The alleged inaptitude of man for liberty is the effect of the oppressions which he has suffered ; and until a free government can shed its propitious influence over time—until perhaps, a new generation has risen up under the new order of things, with new habits and new principles, society will be in a state of agitation and mutation ; faction will be the lord of the ascendant, and frenzy and fury, denunciation and proscription, will be the order of the day. The dilemma is inevitable. Either the happiness of the many or the predominance of the few must be sacrificed. The flame of liberty and the light of knowledge emanate from the same sacred fire, and subsist on the same element ; and the seeds of instruction widely disseminated will, like the serpent's teeth, in the pagan mythology, that were sown into the earth, rise up against oppression in the shape of the iron men of Cadmus. In such a case who can hesitate to make an election ? The factions and convulsions of free governments are not so sanguinary in character, or terrific in effects, as the animosities and intestine wars of monarchies about the succession, the insurrections of the military, the proscriptions of the priesthood, and the cruelties of the administration. The spirit of a Republic is the friend, and the genius of a monarchy is the enemy of peace. The potentates of the earth have, for centuries back, maintained large standing armies, and, on the most frivolous prettexts, have created havoc and desolation. And when we compare the world as it is under arbitrary power, with the world as it was under free republics, what an awful contrast does it exhibit ! What a solemn lesson does it inculcate ! The ministers of famine and pestilence, of death and destruction, have formed the van and brought up the rear of despotic authority. The monuments of the arts, the fabrics of genius and skill, and the sublime erections of piety and science, have been prostrated in the dust ; the places where Demosthenes and Cicero spoke, where Homer and Virgil sang, and where Plato and Aristotle taught, are now exhibited as mementoes of the perishable nature of human glory. The forum of Rome is converted into a market for cattle ; the sacred fountain of Castalia is surrounded, not by the muses and graces, but by the semi-barbarous girls of Albania ;

the laurel groves, and the deified heights of Parnassus, are the asylum of banditti ; Babylon can only be traced by its bricks ; the sands of the desert have overwhelmed the splendid city of Palmyra, and are daily encroaching on the fertile territories of the Nile ; and the malaria has driven man from the fairest portions of Italy, and pursued him to the very gates of the Eternal City.

XLIII.—RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION.

J. MANSY.

WE are called upon as citizens and as men, by the highest motives of duty, interest and happiness, to resist the innovations attempted on our government ; to cultivate in ourselves and others the genuine sentiments of liberty, patriotism and virtue. After a long series of peace, prosperity and happiness, you are threatened with all the horrors and cruelties of war. The tempest thickens around you, and the thunder already begins to roar. A nation hardened in the science of human butchery ; accustomed to victory and plunder ; exonerated from all those restraints by which civilized nations are governed, lifts over your heads the iron sceptre of despotic power. To terrify you into an unmanly submission, she holds up to your view Venice, shorn of her glory ; Holland, robbed, degraded and debased ; Switzerland, with her desolated fields, smoking villages and lofty cliffs, reeking in blood amidst the clouds. In the full prospect of this mighty group, this thickening battalion of horrors, call up all your courage ; fly back to the consecrated altar of your liberty, and while your souls kindle at the hallowed fire, invigorate your attachment to the birth-day of your independence ; to the government of your choice ; feel with additional weight the necessity of united wisdom, councils and exertions, and vow to the God of your fathers, that your lives and fortunes ; that everything you esteem sacred and dear ; that all your energies and resources, both of body and mind, are indissolubly bound to your sovereignty and freedom. On all sides you now behold the most energetic measures of defence. All is full of life, and ardor, and zeal. The brave youth, the flower and strength of our country, rush into the field, and

the eye of immortal WASHINGTON lightens along their embattled ranks. Approach these hallowed shores, ye butchers, who have slaughtered half Europe—you will find every defile a THERMOPYLÆ, and every plain a MARATHON! We already behold our fleet whitening the clouds with its canvass, and sweeping the ocean with its thunder. The Gallic flag drops to American valor, and our intrepid sailors sing victory in the midst of the tempest. Fellow-citizens, it is not by tribute, it is not by submission—it is by resolution, it is by courage, that we are to save our country. Let our efforts and our wisdom concentrate in the common cause, and show to the world, that we are worthy that freedom which was won by the valor and blood of our fathers. Let our government, our religion and our liberty, fostered by our care, and protected by our exertions, descend through the long range of succeeding ages, till all the pride and presumption of human arrangements, shall bow to the empire of universal love, and the glory of all sublunary grandeur be forever extinguished.

XLIV.—DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

DEMOCRACY must finally triumph in human reason, because its foundations are deep in the human heart. The great mass, whose souls are bound by a strong fraternal sympathy, once relieved from ancient prejudices, will stand forth as its moveless champions. It fastens the affections of men, as the shield of their present liberties and the ground of their future hopes. They perceive in it a saving faith, a redeeming truth, a regulating power. It is the only creed which does justice to man, or that can bind the entire race in chains of brotherhood and love. Nothing sinks so deep into the hearts of the multitude, for nothing else is so identified with their moral and social good. Though the high and mighty of the earth may deride its simple truths, these are willing to die in their defence. Those truths are blended too closely with all for which it is worthy to live and glorious to perish, to be relinquished without a struggle or a pang. They are too firmly allied to the imperishable hopes, the deathless

aspirations, the onward triumphant march of humanity, ever to be deserted. The fortunes of individuals may change—empires be born and blotted out—kings rise and fall—wealth, honor, distinction, fade as the dying pageant of a dream—but Democracy must live. While man lasts, it must live. Its origin is among the necessary relations of things, and it can only cease to be when eternal truth is no more.

Democracy, in its true sense, is the last best revelation of human thought—I speak, of course, of that true and genuine Democracy which breathes the air and lives in the light of Christianity—whose essence is justice, and whose object is human progress. I have no sympathy with much that usurps the name, like that fierce and turbulent spirit of ancient Greece, which was only the monstrous misgrowth of faction and fraud, or that Democracy whose only distinction is the slave-like observance of party usages—the dumb repetition of party creeds; and still less for that wild, reckless spirit of mobism which triumphs with remorseless and fiendish exultation, over all lawful authority, all constituted restraint. The object of our worship is far different from these; the offering is made to a spirit which asserts a virtuous freedom of act and thought—which insists on the rights of men—demands the equal diffusion of every social advantage, asks the impartial participation of every gift of God—sympathises with the down-trodden—rejoices in their elevation—and proclaims to the world the sovereignty, not of the people barely, but of immutable justice and truth.

No other doctrine exerts a mightier power over the weal or woe of the whole human race. In times which are gone, it has been the moving spring of revolutions—has aroused the ferocious energies of oppressed nations—has sounded into the ears of despots and dynasties the fearful moanings of coming storms—has crimsoned fields of blood—has numbered troops of martyrs—has accelerated the downfall of emperors—has moved the foundations of mighty thrones. Even now millions of imprisoned spirits await its march with anxious solicitude and hope. It must go forth, like a bright angel of God, to unbar the prison door, to succor the needy, heal the sick, relieve the distressed, and pour a flood of light and love into the darkened intellects and dreary hearts of the sons of men.

XLV.—OBLIGATION OF TREATIES.

FISHER AMES.

Will any man affirm, the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation ; but this engagement is nothing to this House ! Such a man is not to be reasoned with—such a doctrine is a coat of mail, that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the King of Great Britain and the President are mutually bound by the treaty ; but the two nations are free ?

This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonored and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor, reasoning is sometimes useless, and vain. I feel the decision in my pulse : if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart. It is not easy to deny, it is impossible to doubt, that a treaty imposes an obligation on the American nation. It would be childish to consider the President and Senate obliged, and the nation and House free. What is the obligation ? perfect or imperfect ? If perfect, the debate is brought to a conclusion. If imperfect, how large a part of our faith is pawned ? Is half our honor put at risk, and is that half too cheap to be redeemed ? How long has this hair-splitting subdivision of good faith been discovered, and why has it escaped the researches of writers on the law of nations ? Should we add a new chapter to that law ; or insert this doctrine as a supplement to, or more properly a repeal of the ten commandments ?

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a Republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless ; can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the States of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty,

after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or, rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him: he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

XLVI.—THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtue, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proof of its utility and its blessings, and although our country has stretched out, wider and wider, and our population stretched farther and farther, they have not overturned its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, in my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him

as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—liberty first, and union afterwards—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

XLVII.—NO EXTENSION OF FREEDOM BY FORCE.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

SIR, our institutions are telling their own story by the blessings they impart to us, and indoctrinating the people everywhere with the principles of freedom upon which they are founded. Ancient prejudices are yielding to their mighty influence. Heretofore revered, and apparently permanent systems of government, are falling beneath it. Our glorious mother, free as she has ever comparatively been, is getting to be freer. It has blotted out the corruptions of her political

franchise. It has broken her religious intolerance. It has greatly elevated the individual character of her subjects. It has immeasurably weakened the power of her nobles, and by weakening in one sense has vastly strengthened the authority of her crown, by forcing it to rest for all its power and glory upon the breasts of its people. To Ireland too—impulsive Ireland—the land of genius, of eloquence, and of valor, it is rapidly carrying the blessings of a restored freedom and happiness. In France, all of political liberty which belongs to her, is to be traced to it; and even now it is to be seen cheering, animating, and guiding the classic land of Italy, making the very streets of Rome itself to ring with shouts of joy and gratitude for its presence. Sir, such a spirit suffers no inactivity, and needs no incentive. It admits of neither enlargement nor restraint. Upon its own elastic and never-tiring wing, it is now soaring over the civilized world, everywhere leaving its magic and abiding charm. I say, then, try not, seek not to aid it. Bring no physical force to succor it. Such an adjunct would serve only to corrupt and paralyze its efforts. Leave it to itself, and, sooner or later, man will be free.

XLVIII.—DISUNION AND WAR INSEPARABLE.

HENRY CLAY.

MR. PRESIDENT, I have said what I solemnly believe—that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms. Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the commonwealth of England, and the revolution of France—none, none of them raged with such violence, or was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities as will that war which shall follow that disastrous event—if that event ever happen—of dissolution.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating wars would follow—not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration—an exterminating war would fol-

low, until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot, and solve the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it? Look at history—consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern; look at human nature—look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested—and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people?—that the final result will be the extinction of this last glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, to cherish hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you lightly contemplate the consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amidst dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen? I conjure gentlemen—whether from the South or the North, by all they hold dear in the world—by all their love of liberty—by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties which they owe to themselves—by all these considerations I implore them to pause—solemnly to pause—at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken in the yawning abyss below, which will inevitably lead to certain and irretrievable destruction. And, finally, I implore, as the best blessing which heaven can bestow upon me upon earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

XLIX.—THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.

HENRY CLAY.

WHAT patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging? Is it to appease the wrath, and to heal the wounded pride of the chief magistrate? If he really be the hero

that his friends represent him, he must despise all mean condescension, all grovelling sycophancy, all self-degradation, and self-abasement. He would reject with scorn and contempt, as unworthy of his fame, your black scratches, and your baby lines in the fair records of his country. Black lines ! Black lines ! Sir, I hope the secretary of the Senate will preserve the pen with which he may inscribe them, and present it to that senator of the majority whom he may select, as a proud trophy, to be transmitted to his descendants. And hereafter, when we shall lose the forms of our free institutions, all that now remain to us, some future American monarch, in gratitude to those by whose means he has been enabled, upon the ruins of civil liberty, to erect a throne, and to commemorate especially this expunging resolution, may institute a new order of knighthood, and confer on it the appropriate name of THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK LINES.

But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in future exertions ? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done—that foul deed, like the blood-stained hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you, and like other skilful executioners, do it quickly. And when you have perpetrated it, go home to the people, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burned at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defence of the constitution, and bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforth, no matter what daring or outrageous act any president may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases, snatch from its lawful custody the public purse, command a military detachment to enter the hall of the capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom ; but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to raise its opposing voice ; that it must wait until a house of representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partisans of the president, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, and, if the people do

not pour out their indignation and imprecations, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen.

L.—CENSURE OF AUSTRIA.

LEWIS CASS.

I AM perfectly aware that whatever we may do or say, the immediate march of Austria will be onward in the course of despotism, with a step feebler or firmer, as resistance may appear near or remote, until she is stayed by one of those upheavings of the people, which is as sure to come as that man longs for freedom, and longs to strike the blow which shall make it his. Pride is blind, and power tenacious, and Austrian pride and power, though they may quail before the signs of the times, before barricades and fraternization, by which streets are made fortresses, and armies revolutionized—new, but mighty engines in popular warfare—will hold out in their citadel till the last extremity. But many old things are passing away, and Austrian despotism will pass away in its turn—its bulwarks will be shaken by the rushing of mighty winds, and by the voice of the world—whenever a benignant expression is not restrained by the kindred sympathies of arbitrary power. I desire not to be misunderstood. I do not mean that in all the revolutionary struggles which political contests bring on, it would be expedient for other governments to express their feelings of interest and sympathy. I think they should not, for there are obvious considerations which forbid this action, and the value of this kind of moral interposition would be diminished by its too frequent occurrence. It should be reserved for great events, marked by great crimes and oppression on the one side, and great misfortunes and exertions on the other, and circumstances which carry with them the sympathies of the world, like the partition of Poland and the subjugation of Hungary. We can offer public congratulations, as we have done, to people crowned by success in their struggles for freedom. We can offer our recognition of their independence to others, as we have done, while yet the effort was pending. Have we sympathy only for the fortunate, or is a cause less dear or sacred because it is prostrated in the dust at the feet of

power? I freely confess that I shall hail the day with pleasure, when the government reflecting the true sentiments of the people, shall express its sympathy for struggling millions, seeking that liberty which was given to them by God, but has been wrested from them by man. I do not see any danger to the true independence of nations by such a course, and indeed I am by no means certain, that the free interchange of public views in this solemn manner, would not go far toward checking the progress of oppression and the tendency to war. Why, sir, the very discussion in high places, and free places, even when discussion is followed by no act, is, I believe, a great element of retributive justice, to punish it when an atrocious deed is done, and a great element of moral power to restrain it, where such a deed is contemplated. I claim for our country no exemption from the decrees of their high tribunals, and when we are guilty of a tithe of the oppression and cruelty which have made the Austrian name a name of reproach through the world, I hope we shall receive, as we shall well merit, the condemnation of mankind.

LI.—IMPROVEMENT OF THE WEST.

A. G. HARRISON.

ALL that we ask is, to be equal with the other States of this Confederacy in freedom, sovereignty, and independence. Grant us only this, and you will see this whole country, like the giant that gathered strength in his wrestle with Hercules, every time he touched the earth, spring up with an elastic bound to new vigor and power, and the proud galaxy that adorns your stars and stripes shine forth with a rich splendor which nothing but regenerated liberty can give. Enable us to make our roads and canals, to carry on our works of internal improvement, to manage our own internal police, as our genius and necessities may require, and you will soon witness the wonderful change which the uncontrolled and plastic power of self-government can alone accomplish; the waste lands speedily sold and settled, the desert made to smile and blossom as a garden, the country improved and cultivated to its utmost limits, industry stimulated, labor rewarded with

rich returns, the people prosperous and happy, and the country rich with every blessing.

What a guarantee to the perpetuity and stability of the government, living in the hearts of its own people, and borrowing its own lustre and glory from their proud, prosperous, and independent condition. And, permit me to tell you, that deep and firm as may be the foundations of our country, still deeper will they be made by the policy which is before you. Let me beseech you to cast aside your prejudices, to throw off from your eyes the scales which have so long blinded you, and to come up to this mighty and momentous question with nothing but the holy impulses of patriotism directing your heart; and you will see inscribed upon our banners TRUTH and JUSTICE, as all for which we would appeal to you, or ask at your hands. Our strength will be yours. The glory that may surround us will radiate its effulgence to every portion of our common country, and the same destiny that awaits us and our children will be indissolubly connected with your own; and should any great event in the changes of life and the vicissitudes of the affairs of nations ever take place, to pull up the deep foundations of our government, and tear down our noble edifice, let me tell you that in the general wreck of the liberties of the country, the last spark will be found flickering on the plains of the West in the domicils of the humble tillers of the earth.

LII.—PLEA FOR THE DESCENDANTS OF JAMES RUMSEY.

EDWARD RUMSEY.

I HAVE stood upon the bank of the beautiful river which washes the broad border of my own beloved State, and contemplated the majestic steam palace in her proud career, exchanging with rapidity and cheapness the productions of different climes, conveying with comfort and expedition the travelling public, giving new life and energy to commerce, to agriculture, to national industry and enterprise: I say, sir, I have stood in musing mood upon the shore of the fair Ohio, and viewed the noble steamer moving victorious against wind and current,

“Walking the waters like a thing of life,”

and then reflected that the only son of the man who first seriously attracted the attention of the skilful and ingenious to the subject—the only son of the man who first, by actual trial, proved its practicability—the only son of the man who, in his arduous struggles to perfect and present to the world the steamboat, expended his little fortune, banished himself from his home and his country, and in spite of all obstacles, was pushing onward to success, when arrested by sudden death. When I have reflected that the only son of this man was toiling for his daily bread, smitten by his God, and neglected by his country—when I have contemplated that and this spectacle, the steamboat and the unfortunate son of its inventor, feelings, emotions, reflections, have crowded upon me, of a character which, as a patriot, a philanthropist, and a Christian, I acknowledge it was improper and sinful to entertain. To the support of that stricken one I have thought his country abounding in resources, with more hundreds of millions of public domain than she can squander in ages, might contribute something more substantial than a medal, without any extraordinary stretch of liberality. But it is not for me to solicit it even for him. I shall be gratified, deeply gratified, if the government of his country shall honor the memory of his father for all his sacrifices and all his services by the adoption of this resolution.

LIII.—THE SABBATH.

T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

MR. PRESIDENT—The Sabbath was made for man—not to be contemned and forgotten—the constitution of his nature requires just such a season. It is identified with his pursuits, and his moral tendencies. God has ordained it in infinite benevolence. The reason for its institution, as recorded in his word, was his own example. It began with creation. The first week of time was blessed with a Sabbath. The garden of Eden would not have smiled in all its loveliness, had not the light of this day shone upon it. Blot it out, and the hope of the world is extinguished. When the whirlwind raged in France, how was it, sir? They could not carry their measures of ferocity and blood, while this last

palladium of virtue remained. Desolation seemed to pause in its course, its waves almost subsided : when the spirit of evil struck this hallowed day from the calendar, and enacted a decade to the Goddess of Reason—after which the besom swept all before it.

Our own experience must satisfy us that it is essential to the welfare of our condition. Put the mind to any action of its powers—let its energies be exerted incessantly, with no season for abstraction and repose, and it would very soon sink under a task so hostile to its nature : it would wear out in such hard service. So let the pursuits of business constantly engage our speculations, and the whole year become one unvaried calculation of profit and loss, with no Sabbath to open an hour for the return of higher and nobler feelings, and the heart will become the victim of a cold and debasing selfishness, and have no greater susceptibility than the nether mill-stones. And if in matters that are lawful, such consequences would ensue, what will be the results of a constant, unbroken progression in vice ! Sir, I tremble at the prospect for my country. If this barrier against the augmenting flood of evil be prostrated, all your penalties and prisons will oppose an utterly inefficient check. Irreligion will attain to a magnitude and hardihood that will scorn the restraints of your laws. Law, sir ! of what avail can this be against the corrupted sentiment of a whole people ? Let us weigh the interesting truth—that a free people can only flourish under the control of moral causes ; and it is the Sabbath which gives vigor, and energy, and stability to these causes. The nation expects that the standard of sound principles will be raised here. Let us give it a commanding elevation. Let its tone be lofty. It is in this way we should expect to excite the enthusiasm of patriotism, or any other virtue. When we would awaken in our youth the spirit of literary emulation, we spread out to their vision a rugged path and a difficult ascent, and raise the prize of fame high above the reach of any pursuit, but an ardent, laborious, and vigorous reach of effort. If we would kindle the love of country, we do not humble her claims to a miserable posture, just above downright indifference—but we point to a devoted Leonidas, and the brightest names of the scroll, and thus urge our youth onward and upward. Let us, then, sir, be as wise and faithful in the cultivation of sound moral principles.

LIV.—INVIDIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

SIR, as a Southern man, I represent equally rent, capital, and wages, which are confounded in our estates ; and I protest against attempts to array, without cause, without a color of pretext or plausibility, the different classes of society against each other, as if, in such a country as this, there could be any natural hostility or any real distinction between them—a country in which all the rich, with hardly an exception, have been poor, and all the poor may one day be rich—a country in which banking institutions have been of immense service, precisely because they have been most needed by a people who had all their fortunes to make by good character and industrious habits. Look at that remarkable picture—remarkable not as a work of art, but as a monument of history—which you see in passing through the rotunda. Two out of five of that immortal committee were mechanics, and such men ! In the name of God, sir, why should any one study to pervert the natural good sense and kindly feelings of this moral and noble people—to infuse into their minds a sullen envy towards one another, instead of that generous emulation which everything in their situation is fitted to inspire—to breathe into them the spirit of Cain, muttering deep curses and meditating desperate revenge against his brother, because the smoke of his sacrifice has ascended to heaven before his own ! And do not they who treat our industrious classes as if they were in the same debased and wretched condition as the poor of Europe, insult them by the comparison ? Why, sir, you do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States soon becomes a capitalist, and even if he choose, a proprietor of land ; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him. How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe ? a race, among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually ; many of whom are without mor-

als, without education, without a country, without a God ! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondmen ! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison house to take them up again, heavier and more galling than before ; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun ; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers. And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity, that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors of our working-men, presume to compare them ? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

LV.—EULOGY ON YELL.

H. BEDINGER.

THE gentleman spoke of the gallant conduct of a certain heroic young officer who now has a seat in the other branch of our National Legislature, and of several other gallant men of the South, whose heroic deeds shall never die. But, sir, there was one whose name, greatly to my regret, he did not mention ; I say greatly to my regret, only because I know, that with his accustomed ability and fervent feeling, he would have done such justice to the memory of that gallant hero as it never can receive from any poor eulogy of mine. I speak, sir, of one with whom I had the honor of a personal acquaintance, between whom and myself there existed an intimacy which, to me, was always a source of pride and pleasure ; of one who, but a short time ago, stood with us upon this floor, and participated in our deliberations ; one whose manly and dignified character, whose urbane and courteous manners, and whose unquestioned integrity, assigned to him the very highest place in the estimation of all who knew him. Sir, I shall never forget his conduct and bearing when the news first reached him, of the uncalled-for, unprovoked, and

infamous outrages perpetrated by the Mexicans upon our troops and our soil. I shall never forget his gallant bearing on that occasion; his flashing eye, his indignant exclamations, and the earnest manner in which he declared his intention to take part in the vengeance which he knew his country would wreak upon those who had thus rashly dared to violate her soil and insult her flag. Sir, the first peal of the tocsin had barely reached us—the alarm of war had barely rung out in the land, when he resigned his seat upon this floor, flew to the standard of his country, and upon the glorious field of Buena Vista poured out his life's-blood in defence of her honor and her rights. Sir, I have never heard the name of that gallant man mentioned on this floor, in any of the many complimentary notices which have been taken of our army and our officers. Yet of one thing I am very certain: I do know, that so long as patriotism, so long as self-sacrificing devotion to country, shall be deemed a virtue worthy of the estimation of mankind—so long as bravery, chivalry, and noble daring shall be prized by the American people—so long shall live in their grateful recollections, so long shall flourish and grow green in their hearts, the name, the memory, and the virtues of Archibald Yell.

LVI.—GENOA IN HER BEAUTY.

CHARLES SUMNER.

LET me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Superb City of Palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in queenly pride, as she sat then,—her mural crown studded with towers—her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures—her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of time—her close streets, thronged by one hundred thousand inhabitants—at the foot of the maritime Alps, as they descend to the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea—lean

ing with her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and lemon fill with their perfume the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight ?

LVII.—BEST POLICY IN REGARD TO NATURALIZATION.

LEWIS C. LEVIN.

EACH hour will behold this tide of foreign emigration rising higher and higher, growing stronger and stronger, rushing bolder and bolder.

The past furnishes no test of the future, and the future threatens to transcend all calculations of this formidable evil. View this great subject in any light, and it still flings back upon us the reflected rays of reason, patriotism, and philanthropy. The love of our native land is an innate, holy, and irradicable passion. Distance only strengthens it—time only concentrates the feeling that causes the tear to gush from the eye of the emigrant, as old age peoples by the vivid memory the active present with the happy past. In what land do we behold the foreigner, who denies this passion of the heart ? It is nature's most holy decree, nor is it in human power to repeal the law, which is passed on the mother's breast, and confirmed by the father's voice. The best policy of the wise statesman is to model his laws on the holy ordinances of nature. If the heart of the alien is in his native land—if all his dearest thoughts and fondest affections cluster around the altar of his native gods—let us not disturb his enjoyments by placing this burden of new affections on his bosom, through the moral force of an oath of allegiance, and the onerous obligation of political duties that are against his sympathies, and call on him to renounce feelings that he can never expel from his bosom. Let us secure him the privilege at least of mourning for his native land, by withholding obligations he cannot discharge either with fidelity, ability, or pleasure. Give him time, sir, to wean himself from his early love. A long list of innumerable duties will engage all his attention during his political novitiate, in addition to those comprised in reforming the errors and prejudices of the nursery, and in creating and

forming new opinions, congenial to the vast field which lies spread before him in morals, politics, and life. A due reflection will convince every alien, when his passions are not inflamed by the insidious appeals of senseless demagogues, that his highest position is that of a moral agent in the full enjoyment of all the attributes of civil freedom, preparing the minds and hearts of his children to become faithful, intelligent, and virtuous republicans, born to a right that vindicates itself by the holy ties of omnipotent nature, and which, while God sanctions and consecrates, no man can dispute.

LVIII.—AN APPEAL FOR OREGON.

J. J. M'DOWELL.

Is the American heart dead that pulsated so nobly and patriotically in days gone by? Is there no remaining love for the graves of our ancestors, our honor, and our liberty? No, that heart is not dead, thank God! I heard the voice, the other day, on this floor, of an aged and venerable member from Massachusetts, who lived far back in the eighteenth century, asserting that the whole of Oregon was ours, and that the question ought now to be settled. Sir, my heart throbbed a warm response to that patriotic declaration, coming from one who has lived and acted with that noble band of patriots that gave birth to this Republic, imparting to it that vitality and vigor that command the love and admiration of all who can appreciate the liberality of her principles or the sublimity of her destiny. He seemed to be the only remaining one of that group of intellectual constellations that shone in times gone by, and threw a lustre upon the history of their own country and of the world, that time nor circumstances can obscure or destroy. Though the ravages of time are visible in the palsied hand that was raised in attestation of our right to Oregon, and the spray of the political Jordan he had passed, with other worthies that were no more, still was white upon his locks, yet there beat in that bosom on this question an American heart; aye, sir, it pulsates with a warmth that was imparted to it by the fire that fell upon it from the altar of liberty, at which he and the fathers of the Constitution worshipped together in days gone by. May its

genial heat be imparted to the heart of every man in this House and to the heart of the whole American people !

Sir, I fancy that I hear the people of the West responding to the sentiments uttered by that venerable man—that the mighty heart of that great giantess has begun to pulsate with a double vigor, and that I hear the echo of its throbs across the Alleghamies. Yes ! I fancy that I see gathering upon her brow a tempest of indignation, that will burst upon the devoted heads of any set of men, or party, that would defeat the consummation of the measures before the House for the full occupation of Oregon, and the protection of our citizens ; or that would surrender one foot of our territory there to satiate the cupidity of Great Britain. Her sons would prefer making the territory north of forty-nine degrees their burying-ground, rather than seal, by its surrender to by peace from England, the infamy and eternal disgrace of their country. They ask nothing but what is just, and will not submit to anything that is wrong. She offers the noble bosoms of her sons, as a living, unconquerable bulwark, to protect the country and our rights. She asks the boon at the hands of this government of rearing aloft the stars and stripes, and planting them on every hill-top and valley in Oregon—aye, sir, on the shores of the mighty Pacific, there to guard them with her noblest sons, and there to let them wave in triumph, till the glorious principles of liberty and Christianity shall have begirt the world, and consummated universal liberty, civil and religious, to man.

LIX.—ALWAYS READY BUT NEVER RASH.

H. BEDINGER.

THOSE who, like myself, have stood amid the sublime scenery at Harper's Ferry, and watched the eagle there in his favorite haunts, now perched in solitary grandeur on some tall peak or towering crag—now wheeling into the heavens with his eye upon the sun—those who have delighted to watch him thus, know something of his nature and his habits. They know he is never rash, that he makes no unnecessary noise, or idle fluttering ; that he never strikes until he is *ready*, and when he does strike, it is with the rapidity and

deadly certainty of heaven's lightning! I witnessed there, upon one occasion, sir, a scene which I wish I had the skill or ability to depict, for it was very beautiful. There was a black, lowering, and portentous cloud in the west, charged with thunder; over its dark bosom the red lightning gleamed and danced, and the voice of the thunder came forth in tones which shook the hills. An eagle came swooping on from the east, directly in the face of the cloud itself. Onward he came with the rapidity of an arrow, seemingly resolved to penetrate the dark barrier, and make his onward way in spite of all resistance. Now he plunged into the dark bosom of the cloud, as if determined to snatch the lightnings of heaven. Anon he wheeled aloft as if resolved to scale the summit; and his shriek came forth in fierce defiance of the angry thunder. But suddenly he made one majestic swoop—not backward, sir, no retreat in his nature—but directly along the very verge of the cloud, skirting this Blue Ridge, and perched himself upon one of its loftiest peaks. He paused one moment, with bowed wings and glancing eyes—the cloud blew over without even the smallest pattering of rain, the sun came out again from the cloudless heaven, the eagle sprang from his perch and pursued his course far in the dim regions of the trackless West!

So, sir, might it be with us, if we could but curb our impetuosity and imprudence; if we could but pause and ponder, and wait, for a brief period, the dark cloud now lowering upon our political horizon would pass away without difficulty of danger, and the “Eagle of America” would take its onward flight, unresisted and unopposed, to the rich regions of Oregon.

LX.—SECESSION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SECESSION! Peaceable Secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off

without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live here—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun—disappear almost unobserved, and die off? No, sir! no, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the States; but, sir, I see it as plainly as I see the sun in heaven—I see that disruption must produce such a war as I will not describe in its twofold characters.

Peaceable secession! peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation with alimony on the one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be?—an American no longer? Where is the flag of the Republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors—our fathers, and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us with prolonged lives—would rebuke and reproach us; and our children, and our grandchildren, would cry out, shame upon us! if we, of this generation, should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the Government, and the harmony of the Union, which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty States to defend itself?

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Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it—I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great Government! to dismember this great country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly, such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government! No, sir! no, sir! There will be no secession. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

LXI.—PEACEFUL CONQUESTS.

JOHN A. DIX.

IN the extension of our commercial intercourse, we have not, like our Anglo-Saxon mother, been seen hewing down with the sword, with unrelenting and remorseless determination, every obstacle which opposed itself to her progress. Our career thus far has been stained by no such companionship with evil. Our conquests have been the peaceful achievements of enterprise and industry—the one leading the way into the wilderness, the other following and completing the acquisition by the formal symbols of occupancy and possession. They have looked to no objects beyond the conversion of uninhabited wilds into abodes of civilization and freedom. Their only arms were the axe and the ploughshare. The accumulations of wealth they have brought were all extracted from the earth by the unoffending hand of labor. If, in the progress of our people westward, they shall occupy territories not our own, but to become ours by amicable arrangements with the government to which they belong, which of the nations of the earth shall venture to stand forth, in the face of the civilized world, and call on us to pause in this great work of human improvement? It is as much the interest of Europe as it is ours, that we should be permitted to follow undisturbed the path which, in the allotment of national fortunes, we seem appointed to tread. Our country has long been a refuge for those who desire a larger liberty than they enjoy under their own rulers. It is an outlet for the political disaffection of the old world—for social elements which might have become sources of agitation, but which are here silently incorporated into our system, ceasing to be principles of disturbance as they attain the greater freedom which was the object of their separation from less congenial combinations in other quarters of the globe. Nay, more; it is into the vast reservoir of the western wilderness, teeming with fruitfulness and fertility, that Europe is constantly pouring, under our protection, her human surpluses, unable to draw from her own bosom the elements of their support. She is literally going along with us in our march to prosperity and power, to share with us its triumphs and its fruits. Happily, this continent is not a legitimate theatre for the political arrangements of the sovereigns of the eastern

hemisphere. Their armies may range, undisturbed by us, over the plains of Europe, Asia, and Africa, dethroning monarchs, partitioning kingdoms, and subverting republics, as interest or caprice may dictate. But political justice demands that in one quarter of the globe self-government, freedom, the arts of peace, shall be permitted to work out, unmolested, the great purposes of human civilization.

LXII.—A STRIKING PICTURE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

At length the revolution, with all this grand civil and military preparation, came on ; and O that I could paint out in worthy colors the magnificent picture ! The incidents, the characters, are worthy of the drama. What names, what men ! Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, the Adamses, Washington, Jefferson, and all the chivalry, and all the diplomacy of Europe and America. The voice of generous disaffection sounds beneath the arches of St. Stephen's ; and the hall of Congress rings with an eloquence like that which

“Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.”

Then contemplate the romantic groups that crowd the military scene ; all the races of men, and all the degrees of civilization, brought upon the stage at once—the English veteran ; the plaided Highlander ; the hireling peasantry of Hesse Cassel and Anspach ; the gallant chevaliers of Poland ; the well-appointed legions of France, led by her polished *noblesse* ; the hardy American yeoman, his leather apron not always thrown aside ; the mounted rifleman ; the painted savage. At one moment, we hear the mighty armadas of Europe thundering in the Antilles. Anon we behold the blue-eyed Brunswickers, whose banners told, in their tattered sheets, of the victory of Minden, threading the wilderness between St. Lawrence and Albany, under an accomplished British gentleman, and capitulating to the American forces, commanded by a naturalized Virginian, who had been present at the capture of Martinico, and was shot through the body at Braddock's defeat. While the grand

drama is closed at Yorktown, with the storm of the British lines, by the emulous columns of the French and American army, the Americans, led by the heroic La Fayette, a scion of the oldest French nobility; a young New York lawyer, the gallant and lamented Hamilton, commanding the advanced guard.

LXIII.—POWER OF WEALTH PRODUCED BY LABOR.

TRISTAN BURGESS.

SIR, in this age of the world, the wealth of nations depends on their labor. There was a time, nay, for many ages, plunder was the great resource of nations. The first kingdom established on earth was sustained by the conquest and pillage of many nations; and "great Babylon, the glory of the Chaldean empire," was built and adorned by the spoil of all Asia. The exorbitant wealth of one nation, thus obtained, gave an example to the world, and awakened the ambition, and sharpened the avarice of others; until the Assyrian was conquered and plundered by the Persian, the Persian by the Macedonian, and he, at last, devoured by the Roman power. The wolf which nursed their founder seems to have given a hunger for prey, insatiable, to the whole nation. Perhaps there was not a house, nor a temple, between the Atlantic and the Euphrates, which was not plundered by some one of that nation of marauders. Sir, the tide of ages, century after century, had rolled over the last fragment of Roman power; the light of science dawned on the world, and a knowledge of letters was disseminated by the press, before men seemed to believe that our Creator had, in fact, announced to the first of our race, that "by the sweat of his face man should eat his bread all the days of his life." No one cause has done so much in changing that character from war and plunder, as that pure, meek, and quiet philosophy, which has taught all men to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them." Rebuked by this divine precept, men have sheathed the sword, and put their hand to the plough; they have mined the earth, and not for the instruments of war, but for the machines of labor. If, now, war break out, it is not for plunder; cities are not given

up to pillage ; captives are not sold for slaves ; territories do not change owners ; men return again with eagerness to the habits of peace, and do not look to the labors of the camp, but to those of the plough, the loom, and the sail, for emolument and wealth.

Wealth is power ; and the defence of every nation depends on its wealth. The wealth of a nation is its labor, its skill, its machinery, its abundant control of all the great agents of nature employed in production. What but a mighty phalanx of labor, an almost boundless power of consumption and reproduction, has defended, and now sustains England in all the athletic vigor of the most glorious days of that extraordinary nation ? With a valor truly Spartan she builds no wall against the wars of the world. The little island, accessible at a thousand points, and often within gun-shot of the embattled fleets of her enemies, has not, for more than seven hundred years, been stepped upon by a hostile foot. What has enabled her to do this ? Her untiring labor ; her unrivalled skill ; her unequalled machinery ; her exhaustless capital, and unbounded control over all the agents of production. This manufacturing nation, in the last war of Europe, exhibited a spectacle never before seen by the world. She stood alone against the embattled continent ; and, at last, with her own spindle and distaff, demolished a despotism, an iron pyramid of power, built on a base of all Europe.

LXIV.—MODERN IDOL WORSHIP.

PELEG SPRAGUE.

THE people love their Constitution, their liberties, and themselves. But they are not infallible. I should be false to all history, false to human nature, false to holy writ, if I could so flatter the people as to tell them that they were exempt from that great, besetting sin, a proneness to idolatry. It is of the nature of man to worship the work of his own hands, to bow down to idols which he has set up. Feeble, fallible mortals like themselves are canonized and deified. And oftentimes a military chieftain, having wrought real or fancied deliverance by successful battles—fervent gratitude, unbounded admiration, the best feelings of our nature, rush

toward him ; the excited imagination invests him with a glorious halo, circling around him with all the splendid perfections and dazzling attributes of heroes and patriots ; and then the strongest facts, the clearest evidence, and the most cogent reasoning, which expose his errors or ambition, excite only indignation and resentment toward their authors, as impious and sacrilegious revilers of the idol of their hearts.

Such are the delusions which have placed the iron sceptre in the hands of the Cæsars and Bonapartes of past ages, and overwhelmed or jeopardized all the free governments of the earth. So strong is this proclivity of our species, that if there were to be a government sent directly from Heaven, we may reverently fear that it would endanger its continuation. If there were one to be, did I say ? There has been : the theocracy of the Jews, whose history presents the most melancholy examples of this deadly sin. And is there not in this, our American Israel, which has been delivered from the house of bondage, guided through the wilderness, and is now in the land of promise—an idol chief to whom our incense and our homage is demanded ? Thank Heaven, there is a remnant still unsubdued and undismayed ; there are those, even here, who have not bowed, and will not bow the knee to Baal.

Sir, this delusion will vanish ; the morning will dawn upon us ; the people, the honest, the pure-minded people, will awake—awake as from a dream—and look back upon these scenes as upon the troubled visions of the night. The delusion will be dissipated.

LXV.—JUSTICE TO FRONTIER-MEN.

BAILIE PEYTON.

THE gentleman has classed these men with “plunderers and savage murderers.” These men were no “plunderers.” No, sir ; they were soldiers, true and pure ; and a soldier never stains his hands with “plunder.” The brave are always tender and humane. They “plunderers !” What temptation was there in the frowning forest of the West to invite to “plunder ?” None, sir ! none. The wild beast and the naked savage, armed with all his instruments of

death—the gun, the knife, the axe, and fagot—were the allurements held out. It was not every one whose taste would have led him to partake in such “plunder.” The harvest, sir, was often smoking cabins, murdered wives and children, scalped and mangled sires. They “murderers!” They left their firesides and patrimonial farms in Carolina and Virginia, to protect our mothers from murder, from savage torture; and, sir, the social and domestic virtues found an asylum in the forest. The strongest rampart was thrown around them—the chivalry of these men. And this reflection soothed and quieted the pang which wrung their bosoms when they stood upon the last hill which overlooked their homes, where youthful feeling clung and hovered.

What! cast an imputation upon the names of Boon, Robinson, and Spencer, and their brave compeers! Class these men with the savage, in want of honor and humanity! They were patriots, benefactors of the West, who deserved to live in marble, and not to be remembered with reproach and scorn.

Sir, if I were to ask you to point me to the most cruel, bloody, and vindictive of all the mother country's acts, which marked her war upon the colonies, what would be the answer? That she excited the savages, unkennelled the blood-hounds of the forest, who knew no mercy, who spared neither age nor sex, to war upon the American people. “In the issue which was made up before high heaven,” “whether England should rule, or America be free,” were not the savages used as instruments and allies of Great Britain, to subjugate the colonies? Was it not a part of our revolutionary struggle, to resist those savages? Where did this vindictive and unrelenting policy fall most heavily? Upon the West; and, sir, the West met it, as she has since met perils from the same quarter, and as I trust she will ever meet them, come from where they may. It was patriotic in Washington to resist the civilized armies of Great Britain, but not so in Boon to resist her gentle and persuasive instruments of savage warfare in the West! What kept back the depredations of these allies from the interior? The best of ramparts for a nation's safety—the chivalry of her frontier citizens. And, sir, shall such a race of men, who achieved so much, be branded with epithets?—have their scalps put, in their country's estimation, against an Indian's scalp—their humanity against the humanity of an Indian—their

honor against the honor of a savage—while other soldiers of the revolution have won for themselves immortal honor, and freedom for their country? No, sir, it is not just to treat them so. If any soldier of the revolution stand in patriotic merit above another, it is he who fought the solitary fight in far and distant parts. No flag—no spirit-stirring fife and drum to cheer him on—no Washington to lead him up in confidence to battle—no pay, no arms, nor ammunition furnished—no clothes nor meat—his name upon no roll—he fights from high impulse and love of country, not for pay; or “plunder;” and, if he falls, no stone to tell the spot—no book is written about him; but if a monument at all, it is left by the hand of a hunter, carved in the bark of the tree that shades his grave. And if he lives, and is old and poor, a wanderer from house to house, there is no pension for him. No, sir, no pension. Why? His name is not enrolled in a book!

LXVI.—NORTHERN LABORERS.

CHARLES NAYLOR.

I AM a Northern laborer. Aye, sir, it has been my lot to have inherited, as my only patronage, at the early age of nine years, nothing but naked orphanage, and utter destitution; houseless and homeless, fatherless and penniless, I was obliged, from that day forward to earn my daily bread by my daily labor. And now, sir—now, sir, when I take my seat in this hall as a free representative of a free people, am I to be sneered at as a Northern laborer, and degraded into a comparison with the poor, oppressed, and suffering negro slave? Is such the genius and spirit of our institutions? If it be, then did our fathers fight, and bleed, and struggle, and die in vain!

But, sir, the gentleman has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Preach insurrection to *me*! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is *their* history. The renown of your country is *their* renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the

deeds and doings of Northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the thunderer, wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove, calmed the troubled ocean, became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world—whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence; prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions; and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt till the last moment of recorded time? Who, sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer; a Yankee tallow chandler's son; a printer's runaway boy! And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army, yes, an army of Northern laborers, and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders—who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith—the gallant General Greene; who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer, in the battles of our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the glorious achievements of Northern laborers. Where are Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers. Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these.

LXVII.—DISCUSSION OF WEBSTER AND HAYNE.

WM. C. JOHNSON.

It was a conflict, in my apprehension, more sublime than the warring of contending elements. It was a conflict of mind, whose mind met and subdued mind. The occurrence

to which I allude formed a new epoch in the history of this nation, and presented a spectacle of the highest sublimity. I do not use the word "sublimity" in the august sense of the bookmen ; of old ocean, when the elements fret its vast bosom into fearful terror ; of the grand prairie on fire, which forces the heavens to reflect its lurid light, and fills the mind with an idea of immensity of flame ; of the pale and blue mountain crag, which lifts its aspiring head to the heavens, as if to defy the terror of the lightning and the thunders ; nor of the wide and headlong cataract, which precipitates itself from the fearful height above to the abyss below, dashes its angry waves into foam, and hangs its spray and its rainbow in the heavens as a trophy of its awful power and sublimity. I have seen all this ; but there is a sublime spectacle which has struck me with more peculiar force, and one which reminds me more of the influence and power of Daniel Webster's great speech on that memorable occasion. It is the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, or the silent meeting of the Ohio with the Mississippi. There is no awful terror there which astonishes reflection ; no dreadful noise that subdues the senses ; but you see the meeting of mighty waters ; you see a vast river swallowing up, without commotion, vast rivers ; you see that great mother of waters flowing on in sudden and silent grandeur, as if it received no aid, as if it were unconscious that there were other streams. You are not amazed at its breadth, nor its depth, but you are awed at its quiet, sublime silence, and power. Your mind is not alarmed or astonished, but forced to reflect. It is thrown into a new and endless world of meditation. You behold a stream which has flown on from the beginning of the world, and will roll on through all time, which defies the control of all human power, and is the same, unchanged and unchangeable. Such was the moral power of the speech to which I allude—its calm and unostentatious power, its moral sublimity, which bore down all resistance, and forced its influence through all the channels of human thought. The doctrine of State supremacy had spread from town to town, from county to county, and from state to state. It rolled on like mighty waters, overleaping their banks from South to North, as each aspiring wave strove to overreach its predecessor in the anxious progress.

It was then that the reproach of being a Northern man was thrown upon Daniel Webster ; he was accused—no matter

how wrongfully, he was still accused—with having been an accessory of the Hartford Convention, which was charged with having had a design of a dissolution of the Union: in the same breath he was called a consoladitionist, and a federalist, and an opposer of the war. Under such a cloud of prejudice he rose in his senate place, and by a mighty effort of mind, such as history furnishes but one parallel to, in its influence upon a nation, and that the master effort of the great Cicero, he dashed back the angry waters to their fountains, to flow on in future in their usual and well-defined courses. It was a victory more glorious than any won on the battle-field—a victory without carnage. It was the triumph of intellect controlling intellect, and staying physical hostilities by the moral force of reason and the sublime eloquence of wisdom.

LXVIII.—ON THE PLATFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

FINALLY, the honorable member declares that he shall now march off, under the banner of State Rights! March off from whom? March off from what? We have been contending for great principles. We have been struggling to maintain the liberty, and to restore the prosperity of the country; we have made these struggles here, in the national councils, with the old flag, the true American flag, the Eagle, and the Stars and Stripes, waving over the chamber in which we sit. He now tells us, however, that he marches off under the State Rights banner! Let him go. I remain. I am where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution—a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country—I shall ever be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that Constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who formed it. Yes, sir, I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on us—as if I could see their venerable forms bending down to behold us, from the abodes above. I would act, too, sir, as if that long line of posterity were also viewing us, whose eye is hereafter to scrutinize our conduct.

Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors, and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former, to transmit it to the latter, and feeling that if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country, no local policy, or local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the Constitution and the Union. I move off, under no banner not known to the whole American people, and to their Constitution and laws. No, sir, these walls, these columns

“Fly

From their firm base as soon as I.”

I came into public life, sir, in the service of the United States. On that broad altar my earliest, and all my public vows, have been made. I propose to serve no other master. So far as depends on any agency of mine, they shall continue United States; united in interest and in affection; united in everything in regard to which the Constitution has decreed their Union; united in war, for the common defence, the common renown and the common glory; and united, compacted, knit firmly together in peace, for the common prosperity and happiness of ourselves and our children.

LXIX —IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

HENRY CLAY.

SIR, government has done too much in granting those paper protections. I can never think of them without being shocked. They resemble the passes which the master grants to his negro slave — “Let the bearer, Mungo, pass and repass without molestation.” What do they imply? That Great Britain has a right to seize all who are not provided with them. From their very nature, they must be liable to abuse on both sides. If Great Britain desires a mark, by which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an ear-mark. The colors that float from his mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen. There is no safety for us, and the gentlemen have shown it, but in the rule, that all who sail under the flag (not being enemies) are protected by the flag. It is impossible that this country should ever abandon the

gallant tars, who have won for us such splendid trophies. Let me suppose that the genius of Columbia should visit one of them in his oppressor's prison, and attempt to reconcile him to his forlorn and wretched condition. She would say to him, in the language of gentlemen on the other side : "Great Britain intends you no harm ; she did not mean to impress you, but one of her own subjects ; having taken you by mistake, I will remonstrate, and try to prevail upon her, by peaceable means, to release you ; but I cannot, my son, fight for you " If he did not consider this mere mockery, the poor tar would address her judgment, and say : " You owe me, my country, protection : I owe you, in return, obedience. I am no British subject ; I am a native of old Massachusetts, where lived my aged father, my wife, my children. I have faithfully discharged my duty. Will you refuse to do yours ? " Appealing to her passions he would continue : " I lost this eye in fighting under Truxton, with the Insurgente ; I got this scar before Tripoli ; I broke this leg on board the Const tution, when the Guerriere struck."

I will not imagine the dreadful catastrophe to which he would be driven by an abandonment of him to his oppressor. It will not be, it cannot be, that his country will refuse him protection.

LXX.—THE ISSUE.

ANONYMOUS.

HERE is the issue, clear as daylight. How will it be decided ? Here is the end. Either the present Congress, at the next session, will abolish this law, or confirm it. In the former case, the South will be compelled to secede from the Union. She is driven into a corner where there is no escape. She knows it—she feels it—she declares it, and she will do it—she has no other course. Men of the North, will you sustain the course of your representatives in the last session of Congress ? If you will, the Union is safe ; if not, it is gone ; and, be it remembered, now the issue is with you, and on your heads will fall the consequences. And when the final question is decided, and the Union is broken up, what will be the upshot of it on you, your families, your interests ? Stop long enough to ask yourselves this question. The South will

not war upon you—she will leave you. And where are your markets, your manufactures, your commerce, your agriculture, your rents, your investments, your domestic relations? Have you measured the extent of the evil to yourselves and your children? Above all, have you calculated the consequences to mankind of the final failure of the only successful attempt ever made on earth to establish on a permanent basis the fair fabric of republican institutions? Why did you send up your lamentations over the fall of Hungarian freedom, or the destruction of the republic of Rome? And yet, what was all this compared with the final extinction of the republic of Washington? Look at the portraits of your ancestors, and answer the question.

LXXI.—THE MARRIAGE BROKEN OFF.

THOMAS H BENTON.

WHEN his committee was formed, and himself safely installed at the head of it, conqueror and pacificator, the Senator appeared to be the happiest of mankind. We all remember that figure. It seemed to ache with pleasure. It was too great for continence. It burst forth. In the fulness of his joy, and the overflowing of his heart, he entered upon that series of congratulations which seemed to me to be rather premature, and in disregard of the sage maxim, which admonishes the traveller never to *hal-loo* till he is out of the woods. I thought so then. I was forcibly reminded of it on Saturday last, when I saw that Senator, after a vain effort to compose his friends, and even reminding them of what they were "threatened" with this day—*inuen*do, this poor speech of mine—gather up his beaver and quit the chamber, in a way that seemed to say, "the Lord have mercy on you all, for I have done with you!" But the Senator was happy that night—supremely so. All his plans had succeeded—committee of thirteen appointed—he himself its chairman—all power put into their hands—their own hands untied, and the hands of the Senate tied—and the parties just ready to be bound together, forever. It was an ecstatic moment for the Senator, something like that of the heroic Pirithous when he surveyed the preparations for the nuptial feast—saw the

company all present, the lapithæ on couches, the centaurs on their haunches—heard the *Io hymen* beginning to resound, and saw the beauteous Hippodami, about as beauteous I suppose as California, come “glittering like a star,” and take her stand on his left hand. It was a happy moment for Pirithous, and in the fulness of his feelings he might have given vent to his joy, congratulations to all the company present, to all the lapithæ and to all the centaurs, to all mankind, and to all horsekind, on the auspicious event. But, oh ! the deceitfulness of human felicity ! In an instant the scene was changed ! the feast a fight—the wedding festival a mortal combat—the table itself supplying the implements of war !

“ At first a medley flight
Of bowls and jars supply the fight :
Once implements of feasts, but now of fate.”

You know how it ended. The fight broke up the feast. The wedding was postponed. And so may it be with this attempted conjunction of California with the many ill-suited spouses which the committee of thirteen have provided for her.

LXXII.—AMERICA'S INFLUENCE ABROAD.

J. M'DOWELL.

BUT the range and horrors of such a catastrophe do not terminate with ourselves—they extend also to other lands than our own, whose hopes, interests and freedom are deeply complicated with ours. Indeed, our whole position as a people, the unparalleled physical and moral capabilities into which we have been wrought up for our own welfare and for auspicious action upon the welfare of others, is, itself, hardly less than a miracle in human story ; and in the whole course of that story has never, in any other case, been realized so providentially or responsibly before. From the Empire of Nebuchadnezzar to that of Napoleon, how immense the distance, how stupendous the revolutions that have intervened, how intense the fiery contests which have burned over continents and ages, changing their theatre and their instruments, and leaving upon the whole surface of the globe

scarce a spot unstained by their desolating and bloody track ; and yet no national offspring has sprung from them all so fitted as our own United America, to redeem for the world the agonies they have cost it.

Cast off, then, your national bonds, rearrange the separated States into any new combinations that you please, violently or peaceably, and your vast strength of influence and of power, foreign and domestic, is gone ; your lofty mission of deliverance and liberty to the nations is gone ; the example, which fell, like the shadow of St. Peter, with healing and hope upon the despairing and the diseased, is gone ; that master spirit which was bringing the whole world into communion with itself, rousing and regenerating its millions, and bearing all things onward for good by the resistless energy and might of its own beneficent and profound progression—that spirit, too, will be gone.

State after State will sink under conflicts with each other, and all will be swayed by the law of the sword, until some American Maximin, or American Alexander, conquering all, shall again consolidate all, and stamp his foot upon the bold and the free heart, which throbs at this hour with so strong a sense of human liberty, and so rich a hope of renovating the governments and people of the world.

LXXIII.—THE EXTENT OF THE UNION.

J. W. HOUSTON.

I HAVE adverted, Mr. Chairman, to the rapid growth and expansion of our country. What has it been, sir ? Contemplate its feeble, gloomy, and doubtful condition, when only a few years ago it was struggling for a national existence, thirteen poor and sparsely settled colonies occupying a narrow strip of country along the eastern seaboard ; and now turn, sir, and behold you morning sun, which, rising from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, rolls over thirty prosperous and populous States—over many a rich and gorgeous city, majestic river, cloud-capped mountain, and many a wide and green and glorious plain, until he sinks at last along the margin of the western ocean to his golden bed—spanning in his flight a present empire of more than three thousand miles in extent,

and stretching, in a transverse direction, from the line of the lakes on the north to almost the line of the tropics on the south. Where, sir, will you find either in ancient or modern times, a kingdom or a power of equal magnificence and equal extent, when you take into consideration the wealth and variety of its productions, the diversity of its climate and resources, the fertility of its soil, and all that can make a nation truly great and truly powerful? It is estimated by the historian of the Decline and Fall, that the Roman Empire, in the palmyest days of her Antonines, when her imperial eagles spread in peaceful triumph from the Pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Euphrates, and when she claimed to be the sole mistress of the known and habitable world, only embraced a territorial area of about one million six hundred thousand square miles—less than one half the present territory of the United States, which is now computed to contain three millions three hundred thousand square miles. Sir, when I contemplate this vast domain, this picture of more than imperial grandeur, and consider what this great Republic now is, and what it is destined to be, if this glorious Union is preserved, and then reflect that I am a citizen, not of the State of Delaware alone, not of New York, not of Massachusetts, not of Mississippi, not of Georgia merely, but of this whole country, in all its broad and glorious extent, I feel that I can realize a greater boast than the Roman of old, and am proud to know that “I, too, am an American citizen.”

LXXIV.—CLAY AND WEBSTER.

MEREDITH P. GENTRY.

WHEN the sectional controversy growing out of the acquisition of territory from Mexico began to assume a portentous and alarming aspect, Mr. Clay had withdrawn himself from the public cares, to spend the evening of his illustrious life in retirement. But the roar of civil discord and the muttering thunders of disunion penetrated the quiet shades of Ashland, and roused him from his repose as the sound of the trumpet rouses the war-horse. Ashland lost its charms. Retirement and quiet and repose could no longer solace the veteran statesman. His country was in danger—the Union was

menaced—the fair fabric of freedom, erected by sages and patriots, was threatened with demolition. He accepted a commission from Kentucky to reappear upon the theatre of public affairs, and hastened to the capitol. Again he rises in the Senate chamber, the scene of so many former triumphs. That clarion voice, which so often before “enchained the listening Senate,” again rings through its chambers and resounds through the country, striking terror to the hearts of conspirators, and imparting confidence, courage, and hope, to desponding patriots everywhere. How eloquently and persuasively he pleads for harmony and conciliation, and that spirit of mutual concession and compromise in which the Union was formed, and which alone can preserve it. With what power does he portray the advantages of the Union and the inappreciable evils that will follow its dissolution. How terrible his denunciations of those who conspire against it! Disunion stands rebuked and abashed in his presence, and cowers under his patriotic indignation.

Towering in intellectual proportions above other men, as Atlas towers above the mole-hills at its base, Mr. Webster rises to follow in the debate. He is a Northern man. He is a Senator from Massachusetts, and the favorite and most honored citizen of that State. What course will he take? What will he say? Will he forfeit his position in Massachusetts and in the Northern States generally? Dare he brave the thunders of indignation which would burst upon him? He speaks—and speaks as no man never before spoke—not for the North or the South, the East or the West, but for the country, the whole country, and nothing but the country—for the Union, and the liberty and happiness which it secures. Reckless of consequences to himself, he gave to his country, what was not meant for a state or a section—his powerful intellect and matchless oratory, and all the influence which these high gifts enabled him to wield.

WEBSTER and CLAY!—I refer to them with the most exulting pride. I am proud of them as American patriots, orators and statesmen. How gloriously they have borne themselves! If they were both to die to-day, they have achieved enough for fame. History would eternize their patriotic deeds, and remote ages would hail them great and glorious.

LXXV.—GLORY OF ARMS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

WHATEVER may be the judgment of poets, of moralists, or satirists, or even of soldiers, it is certain that the glory of arms still exercises no mean influence over the minds of men. The art of war, which has been happily termed by a French divine, the baleful art by which men learn to exterminate one another, is yet held, even among Christians, to be an honorable pursuit; and the animal courage, which it stimulates and develops, is prized as a transcendent virtue. It will be for another age, and a higher civilization, to appreciate the more exalted character of the art of benevolence—the art of extending happiness and all good influences, by word or deed, to the largest number of mankind,—which, in blessed contrast with the misery, the degradation, the wickedness of war, shall shine resplendent the true grandeur of peace. All then will be willing to join with the early poet in saying at least:—

“Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
’Tis greater glory to reform the age.”

Then shall the soul thrill with a nobler heroism than that of battle. Peaceful industry, with untold multitudes of cheerful and beneficent laborers, shall be its gladsome token. Literature, full of sympathy and comfort for the heart of man, shall appear in garments of purer glory than she has yet assumed. Science shall extend the bounds of knowledge and power, adding unimaginable strength to the hands of men, opening innumerable resources in the earth, and revealing new secrets and harmonies in the skies. Art, elevated and refined, shall lavish fresh streams of beauty and grace. Charity, in streams of milk and honey, shall diffuse itself among all the habitations of the world. Does any one ask for the signs of this approaching era?

The increasing beneficence and intelligence of our own day, the broad-spread sympathy with human suffering, the widening thoughts of men, the longings of the heart for a higher condition on earth, the unfulfilled promises of Christian Progress, are the auspicious auguries of this Happy Future. As early voyagers over untried realms of waste, we have already observed the signs of land. The green

twig and fresh red berry have floated by our bark ; the odors of the shore fan our faces ; nay, we may seem to descry the distant gleam of light, and hear from the more earnest observers, as Columbus heard, after midnight, from the mast-head of the Pinta, the joyful cry of *Land ! Land !* and lo ! a new world broke upon his early morning gaze.

LXXVI.—ON THE REMOVAL OF WASHINGTON'S REMAINS.

A. S. CLAYTON.

PHYSICAL monuments perish, but it is the grand moral association that perpetuates events to the latest age, and occasions them to endure, with increasing effect, through all future time. Among these great moral recollections associated with the character of Washington, is the place of his birth and the home of his childhood. What country so fitted for his sepulchre as Virginia, the State that gave him being ?—that State, so distinguished for every noble daring, and where Washington commenced and ended his military career—a career so signally famed for its masterly valor at the very outset, and the crowning victory of York at its close. But, sir, when you add to this, the recollection of that spot, in his native State—the one above all others, which he selected for his home—where he spent a long life—to which every day in that long life was devoted in works of taste, and around which he had thrown his great mind in the most imperishable evidences of genius and industry—that had attracted the visits of thousands from every part of the world, and those, too, of the most distinguished foreigners, at the head of whom stands the immortal La Fayette—which, in life, was open to every stranger, the curious as well as the grateful, and since his death has become the shrine of the patriot's pilgrimage—what site on earth so suited for a monument as that, thus consecrated by such undying recollections ? This, then, should be the grave of Washington. But, sir, there is another strong consideration why these remains should not be disturbed. It was the last request recorded in his will, that there he should rest, and that no pomp or show attend his funeral, nor splendid monument mark his grave. This was truly in character with his republican simplicity.

And when it is remembered that his unrivalled fame is far above the reach of artificial glories to adorn, and beyond all the efforts of marble structures and towering edifices to perpetuate, it is better secured, and more illustriously commemorated in the unostentatious manner in which, at Mount Vernon, his remains are entombed, than it would be, if they were deposited under the gaudy dome of the capitol, where, torn from the shade of his consort, they would become a mere spectacle for the "gaze of the idler," and where, I would add, all reverence for them would be lost in the same reckless levity that is witnessed every day at the pictures in the rotunda. The immeasurable distance between the greatness of his life and the simplicity of his death, and burial, forms of itself a monument of moral grandeur, that utterly contains all the splendors of art.

LXXVII.—ON THE REVOLUTIONARY PENSION BILL.

W. R. DAVIS.

SIR, the passage of this bill will be a signal, the sounding of a reveille, that will wake up from the slumber of the grave all the dead militia of the land. Not harmless ghosts and spectres, but substantial pensioners, tax receivers, and consumers of the substance of the people. I believe, however, I might be induced to vote for this bill, if it would have power and virtue to resurrect the blessed patriots who have gone before us ; if it would arouse from their slumbers the real and true men who repose on the sides of Breed's hill, on the plains of Trenton and Princeton, on the banks of the Brandywine ; of those who sleep on the gory but hallowed spots that scar the bosoms of the Southern States : of those who rest beneath the green sod of Yorktown, Guilford, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Stono, and Eutaw ; if it would bring to life and light "the buried warlike and the wise," and give back to us, at this dread crisis, their counsels, advice, example, and countenance, to warm, animate, and cheer our country's wintry state ! Yes, sir, I would give it my support, if it would cause the great Washington to burst the cerements which swathe him, and enable him to participate in the counsels of this day ; if it would call to your aid

the gallant Greene, the wise and patriotic Hancock, the Adamases, Shermans, Pinckneys, and all that host of worthies ; if it would resuscitate that brotherly feeling which once connected and made invincible the old thirteen States ; which blazed with radiance the path of honor and virtue they trod together, and gave to history one bright page of spotless devotion to human liberty.

What would such patriots feel and say, at the present state of the country ? Would not Washington again warn you against sectional legislation ? And what might we not expect from the heroic Greene—from him, “around the burning edges of whose shining buckler the whole chivalry of the South delighted to rally ?” From one so loved and cherished in life, so mourned in death by the whole South ?—from one, who chose to live and die on fields dear to him, to his and American glory ?—from one into whose lap she poured her rich treasures ? He would tell you, for well he knew, that the Hugonots of Carolina, like the Pilgrims of Plymouth rock, were a liberty-loving, but not a factions or seditious people. What, too, would the old Maryland line say to the charge of disaffection and want of patriotism made against us by the selfish and interested ? Would the Howards and Campbells of that day give the charge a moment’s credence ? Would they not remember when our banners floated, and our arms were stacked together on the bloody but victorious plains of Eutaw ?

LXXVIII.—THE MAYFLOWER.

EDWARD EVERETT

METHINKS, I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route ; and now, driven in fury before the

raging tempest, in their scarcely sea-worthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months they were all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some or all of them united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious!

LXXIX.—PHILANTHROPY.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

It is not in the field of patriotism alone that deeds have been achieved, to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men, in whom the name of patriot has merged in that of philanthropist, who, looking with an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature, to strike off one form of suffering from the catalogue of human war. Such a man was Howard. Surveying our world like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive—he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single-handed, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded wretchedness, and bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him. He knew what he had to hazard from the infections of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel, and to brook from the insolence of legalized oppression. He knew that he was devoting himself to the altar of philanthropy, and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked out his destiny, and he hasted forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity, “which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less.” Thus he commenced a new era in the history of benevolence. And hence, the name of Howard will be associated with all that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things!

Such a man is Clarkson, who, looking abroad, beheld the miseries of Africa, and, looking at home, saw his country stained with her blood. We have seen him, laying aside the vestments of the priesthood, consecrate himself to the holy purpose of rescuing a continent from rapine and murder, and of erasing this one sin from the book of his nation’s iniquities. We have seen him and his fellow philanthropists, for twenty years, never waver from their purpose. We have seen them persevere amidst neglect and obloquy, and contempt, and persecution, until the cry of the oppressed having roused the sensibilities of the nation, the “Island Empress”

rose in her might, and said to this foul traffic in human flesh,
"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

LXXX.—INDEMNITY TO THE NIAGARA SUFFERERS.

WILLIAMS.

BUT the gentleman insists that if the government is not bound to pay for such losses, we cannot claim to be independent. Sir, I have read to you, from the page of impartial history, some of the acts of pillage and cruelty perpetrated by the enemy in our Revolutionary war; were these losses ever paid? No, sir, the old Congress denied the right of the sufferers to indemnity, and invariably refused to grant any compensation whatever. Was our country, therefore, not independent? Yet the gentleman says we must either pay such losses ourselves, or compel the enemy to pay them, or we are not independent. Sir, we suffered much under the British Orders in Council. Was compensation allowed in the treaty of Ghent? We suffered sorely under the Berlin and Milan decrees. Has compensation ever, to this day, been allowed for these losses? No, sir; and it is very questionable if the nation will go to war to obtain it. Will the gentleman, therefore, maintain that the States are not, at this day, independent? Sir, the thing is not done by any government, nor can the argument be sustained by an appeal to facts. The true rule is, that government is bound to obtain such allowance, and to make such compensation, if it can be done conveniently. But would the gentleman say that, in order to get the allowance of one million, the whole nation must be plunged into war, at an expense of one hundred millions? In such cases the demand becomes a question of policy. It was a maxim (attributed, I believe, to Mr. Adams), at one time, in the mouth of every American, "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute." There is something of honor in such questions. What was the language of President Madison to Cockburn, when he commenced his ravages? Did the President say to him, "Admiral Cockburn, pray forbear; forbear, if you please; if not, we must pay our citizens for the injuries you may inflict?" No, sir; he said, "Forbear; if not we will retaliate." This, sir, is the only note for such an

ear as Cockburn's—the dread of retaliation is the only consideration which can hold such an enemy in check.

But, the gentleman relies much on the merits and sufferings of the inhabitants of the Niagara frontier. Sir, I have much regard for those inhabitants, and I am inclined to believe much of the representations in their favor, which have been given by the gentleman from New York; but still I feel great doubt whether they were sufferers to anything like the extent they would have us suppose. I do know that many who send us the most heart-rending accounts of their calamities, placed themselves voluntarily on the frontier for certain commercial purposes, and I have been very credibly informed that the frontier, generally, received more benefit than injury from being, to the extent it was, the seat of war. Sir, those people, many of them, could well afford to have their houses burnt, if they received at such a rate, the public money, which was then concentrated, and expended with the most lavish profusion on that frontier.

LXXXI.—INDEMNITY TO THE NIAGARA SUFFERERS.

JOSEPH VANCE.

LET me say to the gentleman, that in Buffalo, he might, on one day, have found a family well housed, well clothed, surrounded with every comfort of life, who, from its hospitality in throwing open its doors to the American soldier, was the next day houseless and homeless, destitute of all things; if he had chanced, eight months afterwards, to be wandering on the flats of the Ohio, he might there see a family scarcely covered by a wretched house, in squalid poverty, one day shivering with ague, and the next consumed with raging fever; if his compassion should lead him to enter and inquire into their situation, he would hear them say, our father lived in plenty and comfort, on the Niagara frontier—he saw the American soldiery ready to perish—he opened his door to take them in—and for that we are here, ruined and in wretchedness. Sir, the sufferings of the French, on their retreat from Moscow, present not too strong a picture to convey a just idea of what was endured while the whole country on the Lakes was converted into one wide cantonment. Had the gentle-

man seen an American regiment on that frontier drawn up on a frosty morning, and supporting arms while their limbs were chilled to the bone, standing, in their cotton dress, in snow two and three feet deep ; had he seen these claimants opening their houses to receive men in immediate danger of perishing (many of them did perish), and afterwards turned out of house and home for doing it, he would not, he could not, deny that something ought to be done for their relief.

The gentleman has insinuated, that the inhabitants of the frontier are actuated wholly by a principle of selfishness ; that, unless stimulated by a sense of interest, they will do nothing in their own defence, and will surrender up their property an easy prey to the enemy. But, sir, that gentleman surely did not consider the feelings of the American people when he advanced such a sentiment. If nothing had operated on their minds but selfishness, the army of the frontier could not have been kept together a single day. No, sir, not a single day. There were our soldiers, lying naked and perishing on one bank of the Niagara river, while, directly opposite, they could see the British sentry parading backward and forward in a good comfortable watchcoat, and hear him cry out, cheerfully, "all's well." They had only to cross *en masse* to the British side, to exchange a lodging on the ground, in their cotton that admitted the rain, and, when the rain was over, froze upon their bodies, for warm clothing and good quarters. Had selfishness been the ruling principle, where would have been our militia ? Where would have been your regulars ? —at their own homes, or over the British lines !

LXXXII.—SUPPRESSION OF PIRACY.

P. P. BARBOUR.

SIR, I think the strength of our measures may be ascribed to the imbecility of Spain. That weakness has produced the necessity of adopting the powerful measures in question. But, if it is said that they have been adopted with the intention of taking advantage of the weakness of Spain, I answer, blessed be God, the United States have nothing to wish, and nothing to fear. We are prepared to rejoice with our fortunate neighbors ; and, if they are unfortunate, to pity them.

Surely if, in the tide of time, any nation ever existed, calling for the compassion of mankind, that nation is Spain. O! how she is degraded—how she is sunk—a foreign bayonet supports a tottering throne, whilst her imbecile monarch is watching, with a jealous eye, the progress of everything that is patriotic or worthy. His counsels, in his native country, have been more di-astrous than the march of a desolating conqueror. His decrees are dictated by fear, cruelty, and despotism, and written in blood—at their approach, whatever is worthy, retires, as from the bond of death—in their van, amazement and flight; but behind, sorrow and solitude. In fine, the annals of Spain are like the Prophet's scroll, which was written within and without, and there was written lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Were it possible for America to desert her high career, to add an additional drop to the cup which Spain has been doomed to drink, we might well fear that we should provoke the vengeance of that God whose kind Providence has enabled us to march, with a giant's stride, to the fulfilment of our happy destinies, and whose favor is to be conciliated only by deeds of moderation and justice.

These robbers are more ferocious than the Algerine corsairs; they spare neither age nor sex, but all fall beneath their murderous hands. Out of twelve vessels, not one was suffered to survive! Can the records of any age produce anything more monstrous or barbarous than this? These are the powerful motives which have induced us to recommend the adoption of such decisive measures; it is to save our property from plunder, our citizens from being murdered, and our flag from being insulted, and that it may become an inviolable safeguard over whatever subject or whatsoever sea it may wave.

LXXXIII.—COMMUNICATION WITH MEXICO IN 1825.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

THE use of an unmolested passage between Mexico and the United States, is as necessary in a political, as in a commercial point of view. They are neighboring powers, inhabitants of the same continent, their territories are contiguous, and their settlements approximating to each other. They

are the two chief powers of the New World, and stand at the head of that *cordon* of Republics, which, stretching from pole to pole, across the two Americas, are destined to make the last stand in defence of human liberty. They have the legitimates of Europe in front, and the autocrat of all the Russias in the rear. They are republican, and Republics have become "the abhorred thing," the existence of which is not to be tolerated in the land. The time was, Mr. President, when the kingdom and the republic could exist together; when the Swiss, and the Dutch, and the Venetian republics, were the friends and allies of kings and emperors. But that day has gone by. The time has come when the monarch and the republican can no longer breathe the same atmosphere. A speck of republicanism above the political horizon, now throws all Europe into commotion. Telegraphs play, couriers fly, armies move, the Cossacks of the Don and of the Ukraine couch their lances, kings and emperors vault into their saddles; a million of bayonets turn their remorseless points against the portentous sign! We Americans (I use the word in its broadest sense), we Americans see and hear all this, yet we remain strangers to each other, form no associations, and our communications are as tardy and as difficult as they are between the inhabitants of Africa and of Asia. Even with Mexico, our nearest neighbor, we have no communication, except by a sea voyage, through a boisterous gulf, infested with pirates. The bill before you is intended to correct a part of this evil; it will make "straight the way" between the United States and Mexico; it will open an easy channel of communication between them; not for merchandise only, but for thoughts and ideas; for books and for newspapers, and for every description of travellers. It will bring together the two nations whose power and whose positions, make them responsible to the world for the preservation of the Republican system. And shall a measure of such moment be defeated by a parcel of miserable barbarians, Arabs of the desert, incapable of appreciating our policy, and placing a higher value upon the gun of a murdered hunter, than upon the preservation of all the republics in the world!

LXXXIV.—LIBERTY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

JOHN RANDOLPHE.

I WILL not detain the Senate further than to suggest, that I have heard that this great man—I have no doubt that he was a great man—a good man—there are a great many such great and good men—La Fayette was one of them—at the commencement of the French Revolution—would not hear of any parley at all with what they considered the imprescriptible rights of men ; they played the whole game, they would not hear of qualification, and we see what this desperate game has eventuated in—extremes always beget one another. This General Bolivar, called the South American Washington—as every man nowadays, who has commanded a platoon, is a Cæsar or a Hannibal, a Eumenes or Sertorius at least—so he is the South American Washington. I remember, sir, that when the old Earl of Bedford was consoled with by a hypocrite, who wished in fact to wound his feelings, on the murder of his son Lord Russell, he indignantly replied that he would not exchange his dead son for the living son of any man on earth. So I, Mr. President, would not give our dead Washington for any living Washington, or any Washington that is likely to live in your time or in mine ; whatever may be the blessings reserved for mankind in the womb of time. I do know, the world knows, that the principle of the American Revolution, and the principle that is now at work in the peninsula of South America and in Guatemala and New Spain, are principles as opposite as light and darkness—principles as opposite as a manly and rational liberty is opposed to the frantic orgies of the French Bacchanals of the Revolution, as opposite as a manly and rational piety is opposed to that politico-religious fanaticism, which, I am sorry to see, is not at work only in the peninsula of South America and New Spain, but has pervaded, or is pervading, all this country, and has insinuated itself wherever it can, to the disturbance of the public peace, the loosening of the keystone of this Constitution, and the undermining the foundation on which the arch of our Union rests. No, sir, they are as different as light and darkness—as common sense and practice differ from the visionary theories of moon-struck innuities.

LXXXV.—LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces,

pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

LXXXVI.—DEFENCE OF POETS.

CALEB LYON.

It has been truly said by one who had studied the world and drank deeply at the fountains of human knowledge, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws." All national lyrics are illustrations of the deep-seated veneration that poetry wedded to music awakes in the souls of mankind. The gentleman seems to have forgotten that David, the man after God's own heart, was a poet, and his psalms rise with grateful odor on every Sabbath, from a million of shrines in thanksgiving throughout Christian lands; that Solomon was a poet, whose compositions are models of beauty, and whose proverbs are axioms of wisdom. Homer was a poet, and his *Iliad*, composed five

hundred years before the histories of Herodotus were written, contributed largely to mould the public mind of Greece. Euripides was a poet, and his glorious works shed an imperishable halo over his once happy and beautiful, but now fallen and desolate country. Virgil was a poet, the immortalizer of rural life; and Hesperides, Tempe's Valley, and Arcadia linger with those who read him. And Shakspeare, whose works—a bible of the mind—are an unfailing source of human knowledge. In the words of Jonson, "He was not for a day, but for all time."

Poets have ever been the great civilizers of mankind. Poets have ever been the pioneers in human freedom. To prince and peasant, in cottage and hall, their songs have brought social happiness or sweetest consolation. As memorials of the past, venerated; as prophecies of the future, revered; they count the tears, they tell the sorrows, they number the joys, they cherish the remembrances, and they soothe the passions of the great brotherhood of the world. They breathe the matins over our cradles, the *Te Deums* of our manhood, and the vespers of our graves. Where song sleeps, patriotism fades away, nationality declines; but where it wakes, like the strains of Memnon of old, it tells of the sunrise of a nation's glory.

LXXXVII.—THE MILITIA GENERAL AND HIS FORCES.

THOMAS CORWIN.

Now the gentleman, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes through which we know, from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade-day!—The day, for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion; umbrellas, hoe and axe handles, and other deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches,

"Far off his coming shines;"

his plume, white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts! Like the great Suwarow, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress; hence his epanettes may be on his shoulders, back or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable house, the steed which heroes bestride on such occasions? No, I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hind limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, "sickle hams"—her height just fourteen hands, "all told;" yes, sir, there you see his "steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;" that is, his "war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder." We have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx, but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times, that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle hams, would literally frighten off the battle-field an hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade-day. The general thus mounted and equipped is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving orders to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war which no sagacity could foresee or prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the scene! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for, as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with an energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey,

that great leveller of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's Halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade-day. But, alas, for this short-lived race of ours, all things will have an end, and so is it even with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight ; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, when "the hamlet is still," the curtain of night drops upon the scene ;

" And glory, like the Phoenix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires !"

LXXXVIII.—WHO IS INDEPENDENT ?

H. B. RHETT.

SIR, independence is a very imposing word—a stirring word, when appealing to that innate pride which, while it is the chief symbol of our fall, has also been the chief cause of glory and fame to our aspiring race. Yet, after all, who is independent in life ? Who desires to be independent ? What would existence be, without that mutual dependence which weaves for us the golden bonds of affection, and takes away half the weariness of life's pilgrimage ? From whence arise all our sympathies, but from our capacity to serve and bless ? And to take from us the ability to receive and impart good, to be mutually dependent, is to pass over us the shade of moral annihilation. The same principles apply to nations, who are really neither beasts nor demons, but aggregates of human beings—brethren of the same human family. If uncontrolled by force, nations no more than individuals can be degraded by mutual intercourse. On the contrary, its inevitable tendency is to elevate them in the scale of social and moral excellence. What is foreign commerce but an exchange of equivalent productions ? And in this exchange,

the one party is no more dependent than the other. Both are dependent ; or, if you please, both are independent ; inasmuch as they give full equivalent for what they receive.

If, at home, we subject and oppress the many for the aggrandizement and benefit of the few, it is but consistent that we should deal with other nations on no better principles. Sir, this is the policy that has made England great ; but is it worthy of our imitation ? Mark her attitude in the world. Nations in all quarters of the globe in military bondage to her—pushing her conquests along the Hinimalaya Mountains—massacring the Chinese to protect her manufacture of opium—looking with avidity to central America and the West Indies, and seeking to exclude our commerce from the African seas, by claiming the right of search over our merchantmen, for the same unhallowed purposes of monopoly ; and on every border of our Union—in the East, in the West, in the South, on the ocean—we are assailed and insulted by her arrogant pretensions. Great she unquestionably is ; and I, too, who look back to her as my father land with reverence, and not without affection, may be dazzled by her bright ascendancy. Great, she unquestionably is ; but she is also the greatest robber and oppressor that now controls the destinies of men. And where has all her greatness, and her glory, placed her people ? Hear the tale which every wind, sweeping across the Atlantic, brings of their appalling condition. Bowed down with taxes, they work for life, and thank God for even so gracious a privilege. The barrack and the factory stand together ; whilst famine, and its fierce attendant, crime, fill her poor-houses and prisons. Day and night, the unceasing moan arises for bread ; and should nature rebel, and the people rise, the dragoon's sabre settles the right.

It is not by following England, and the great nations of the old world—leprosed all over and festering in the abuse of ages—that we are to build up American prosperity and greatness. Our institutions are based on far different principles from theirs. We affect not power, but right ; we aim not to be great, but to be happy and free. We must not look back, but forward, and press on under the guidance of the great principle of Christian morality, on which our institutions are based, to the mighty destiny which awaits us.

LXXXIX.—CONDITION OF INSOLVENT DEBTORS.

HENRY CLAY.

AND when is it that we are called upon to retrace our steps, and to subvert the whole system of beneficent measures adopted at the extra session, by beginning with the repeal of the bankrupt law, and ending with that of the law for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands? Three days only before the commencement of the operation of the bankrupt law! Should the work of destruction be accomplished they will not be days of grace and mercy, but of cruelty and inhumanity. Yes, the Senate, which has twice, after an interval of sufficient length to insure the fullest consideration, deliberately pronounced its judgment in favor of this law, is now asked to reverse that judgment, to undo its own work, to deprive creditors of the great benefits which are secured to them, to let loose the rigors of the law upon honest debtors, and to replunge them in hopeless despair.

Their condition resembles that of innocent and unfortunate men, long and unjustly incarcerated within the dark walls of a jail. Its door is half open; they are rushing towards it, pale, emaciated, and exhausted; the light of heaven has once more beamed upon their haggard faces, and once more they begin to breathe the cold pure air of an uncontaminated atmosphere. At this instant of time, the Senate is called upon to drive them back to their gloomy and loathsome cells, and to fling back that door upon its grating hinges. And I am invited to unite in this work of inhumanity and cruelty. I have not the heart to do it. I have not the hand to do it. I cannot, I will not do it.

XC.—REMEMBRANCE OF WRONGS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

WE are above all this. Let the highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and poisonous hatred, set on fire of hell, alive if he can; let the North American Indian have

his, and hand it down from father to son, by heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet ; let such a country as Poland, cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die, let her "remember the wrongs of days long past ;" let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness or sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them ; but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy," shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace ? No, sir ; no, sir ; a thousand times no ! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for on so many more than classical fields of revolutionary glory ? For what was so much good blood more lately shed at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days ?" And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor ? For my country I deny it. We are born to happier feelings. We look on England as we look on France. We look on them, from our new world, not unrenowned, yet a new world still ; and the blood mounts to our cheeks ; our eyes swim ; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory ; their trophies will not let us sleep ; but there is no hatred at all ; no hatred ; all for honor, nothing for hate ! We have—we can have—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

XCI.—MILITARY CHARACTER OF GEN. TAYLOR.

H. W. HILLIARD.

WE are at a loss whether to admire most his faithful discharge of every duty—his genius and courage in battle, or the humanity which impelled him when the battle was over

to minister to suffering. The eagles of his country have never known defeat when borne by him. There was a self-reliance about him—a consciousness of strength—a determination to drive his enemy before him, which made an army under his command invincible. Cromwell was accustomed to ride down at the head of his Ironsides, against the most formidable hosts, and dash against them like a living avalanche, which nothing could resist; and, like him, Taylor, with his stony will, his iron purpose, and his unflinching courage, has, at the head of a few well-trained American troops, driven before him powerful enemies. Perhaps in the history of the world the power of a single will was never more triumphantly exhibited than it was at Buena Vista. Taylor had been advised to fall back for safety on Monterey—stripped of some of his best troops—far advanced in the enemies' country, with an army numbering only about four thousand, and but one third of them regulars—with no reserved force to support him—with the intelligence brought in that Santa Anna, at the head of twenty thousand men, was marching against him; then he took his position in a gorge of the Sierra Madre, and determined to meet the shock of battle. He would neither retreat nor resign; he would fight. There flashed forth a great spirit; the battle came; the odds were fearful; but who could doubt the result when American troops stood in that modern Thermopylæ, and in the presence of such a leader? It was in vain that Mexican artillery played upon their ranks, or Mexican infantry bore down with the bayonet, or Mexican lancers charged. The spirit of the great leader pervaded the men who fought with him, and a single glance of his eye could reanimate a wavering column. Like Napoleon at the Danube, he held his men under fire because he was exposed to it himself; and like him, wherever he rode along the lines mounted on a white charger, a conspicuous mark for balls, men would stand and be shot down; but they would not give way. Of Taylor on that day it may be said, as it has been said of Launès at Montebello, "he was the rock of that battle-field, around which men stood with a tenacity which nothing could move. If he had fallen, in five minutes that battle would have been a rout." That battle closed Gen. Taylor's military career, and that battle alone gives him a title to immortality.

XCII.—EULOGIUM ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

I CALL upon any one who hears me, to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for reasons best known to himself, to strike the South, through one, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold, I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our firesides; and if God give me strength, will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provoke war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemies' territory and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty—I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to a performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house"—on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal, for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union (and I say it not in any boastful spirit, that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement

of the revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made ; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord has ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution ? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle : but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the cause of their brethren with generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry ; they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that revolution. The whole State, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The “ plains of Carolina ” drank up the most precious blood of her citizens—black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children ! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

XCH.—SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I elaim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair, from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she

needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill ; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia ; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it ; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, on the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

XCIV.—REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

WHEN I took occasion, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the government in relation to public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from my thought, than that I should be compelled again to throw myself upon the indulgence of the Senate. Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts. Sir, I questioned no man's opinions—I impeached no man's motives—I charged no party, or state, or section of country, with hostility to any other ; but ventured, I thought, in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great question of public policy. Such was my course. The gentleman from Missouri, it is true, had charged upon the Eastern States an early and continued hostility towards the West, and referred to a number of historical facts and docu-

ments in support of that charge. Now, sir, how have these different arguments been met? The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon the cause, came into this chamber to vindicate New England, and instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which he had preferred, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges, and losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor, in part, to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered him from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe—I am bound to believe—he has some object in view he has not ventured to disclose. Why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is over-matched by that Senator? And does he hope for a more easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered coalition come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eyeballs" of the gentleman, and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest which it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri! The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South, to repel any attack which may be made on it from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can; and if he win the victory, let him wear his honors; I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

XCV.—REJOINDER TO MR. HAYNE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions that it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious if I could have thrust myself forward, to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kindlier, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval, between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of the debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible, that in this respect, I possess some advantage over the honorable member: attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But, the gentleman inquires, why he was made the object of such a reply? Why was he singled out? If an attack had been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill; I found a responsible endorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member, was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me, whether I had turned upon him in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an over-

match, if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, "*ex gratiâ modestus*," had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withheld from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question, forbid me that I thus interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put, as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself, in debate here. It seems to me that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body. Matches and over-matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere, than here, and fitted for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate: a senate of equals: of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man. I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from expressing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as a matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely

than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptance. But, sir, if it be imagined, that by this mutual quotation and commendation ; if it be supposed, that by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part ; to one the attack, to another the cry of onset : or, if it be thought, that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here ; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all of these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper ; but if provoked, as I trust I shall never allow myself to be, into crimination and re-crimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find, that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give ; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own, and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

XCVL.—FINAL TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.

DEM. REVIEW.

THE naked right of a people to change their government none but the sturdiest adherents of unrelenting despotism will deny. But in the practical determination of a change, parties will inevitably arise ; they will arrange themselves under the operation of necessary influences and principles springing from the diversity of human nature. The interests fostered by established systems, through the natural instinct of selfishness, will speedily form themselves into conservative bands. Their dependants, through all the ramifications of society, will hasten to swell the same ranks ; while the naturally timid, dubious as to the virtue of their fellow-men, averse to change, conjuring up dismal prospects of future anarchy and misrule, will enlist under the same banners. So there will be gathered the wealth and fashion which

draws its existence from old customs and laws—the privilege which subsists on ancient error—and the talent which, accustomed to profound veneration, never travels beyond a beaten track. They will be met, on the other hand, by the untutored yet unsophisticated mass, and those bold, independent men of genius who intuitively seize the right, and labor with fearless self-denying energy for human progress. The contest will be intense, as the interests and principles involved are great. As it embraces the great doctrines of science, the first truths of government, the welfare of nations, and the destinies of a race, a long warfare will infringe on the civilities of life, will break the restraints of law, will estrange friends, will throw the sword into families, and give rein to the wildest excesses of passion. Yet it is not difficult to tell where victory will perch. The rights and happiness of the many will prevail. Democracy must finally reign. There is in man an eternal principle of progress which no power on earth may resist. Every custom, law, science, or religion, which obstructs its course, will fall as leaves before the wind. Already it has done much, but will do more. The despotism of force, the absolutism of religion, the feudalism of wealth, it has laid on the crimson field; while the principle, alive, unwounded, vigorous, is still battling against nobility and privilege with unrelaxing strength. It is contending for the extinction of tyranny, for the abolition of prerogative, for the reform of abuse, for the amelioration of government, for the destruction of monopoly, for the establishment of justice, for the elevation of the masses, for the progress of humanity, and for the dignity and worth of the individual man. In this great work it has a mighty and efficient aid—Christianity, self-purified and self-invigorated, is its natural ally—Christianity struck the first blow at the vitals of unjust power. The annunciations of its lofty Teacher embodied truths after which the nations in their dim twilight had long struggled in vain. These potent doctrines were the inherent dignity, the natural equality, the spiritual rights, the glorious hopes, of man. They addressed the individual apart from social rank or position. Piercing the thick obscurity which ages of darkness have gathered—removing the obstructions of heaped-up falsehood and fraud—they speak to oppressed, down-trodden man. They speak to him in a voice of infinite power; they touch the chords of sensibility, and expand his soul to free, generous action; they

awaken hope ; they administer consolation ; they cherish the sense of personal worth ; they strengthen faith in truth ; they reveal the highest excellence ; they demand unceasing progress ; they worship the soul as of higher importance than all outward worlds.

The movement of man, then, must be onward. The virtue of earth, and the holiness of Heaven, are pledged to his support. May God hasten the day of his complete final success ! Then will the downcast look up, then will the earth be glad, then will a broad shout of rejoicing break through the concave of heaven, and be echoed back from the thrones on high.

XCVII.—AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

J. C. ISACKS.

Is not this power in the hands of Congress *liable* to abuse ? I put it to the members of this House to answer me that question, from what we know of ourselves ; from what we have seen and believe with respect to others ; from the circumstances which surround us ; from the motives which may actuate ; the influence which may be exerted upon us ; our proneness to temptation ; our love of power ; and a thousand other considerations, which the mind, honestly in search of truth, cannot help but find. Are we prepared to say that this power is not liable to abuse here ? No, sir, we cannot, we know that it may be—that it can be abused ; then send it away—part with it at once—give it up to its rightful owners—take off the broad reproach of suspicion which rests upon us—restore the Representatives of the People to what they were chosen for, and what the Constitution intended them to be—legislators, and nothing but legislators. Let us resume the dignity of our stations and the importance of our characters. Gentlemen speak of the confidence which should be felt and maintained for Congress—the dignity of its members. I hope it will so decide this question, as to entitle it to a nation's confidence, and by preserving its purity, secure, unshaken, that confidence. As to the rest, God preserve its members from the dignity of office brokers and President makers. We want no Warwicks, with their vassals, here—no king-makers, that would disgrace the name of Nevil !

Gentlemen attempt to divert our attention from the defects in the Constitution, by expressing a reverence for its framers approaching to idolatry. Sir, to those who shared in the struggle for independence, and laid the deep foundations of our Government, I claim an equal participation in rendering the full tribute of regard which is due to mortal man. They gave us the charter of our liberty; *they* could not, *Heaven* did not give us a charter of exemption from the weakness and the wickedness of human nature. No, sir, in the days of our Fathers, the golden age of pristine purity—when, according to one gentleman on this floor, “the political little finger” of our statesmen could almost work miracles; and, according to another, the palest star in that firmament outshone the whole galaxy of these degenerate times—even then our country produced an Arnold! And who was Arnold? Some obscure, degraded, scape-gallows felon? No, sir, no; he was found in front of the foremost rank of patriots, with a wreath of glory on his brow, which the rough hand of time could not tear away—this man became a traitor!

XCVIII.—MISSION TO PANAMA.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

WE are told that the country is deluded and deceived by cabalistic words. Cabalistic words! If we express an emotion of pleasure at the results of this great action of the spirit of political liberty; if we rejoice at the birth of new Republican nations, and express our joy by the common terms of regard and sympathy; if we feel and signify high gratification that, throughout this whole continent, men are now likely to be blessed by free and popular institutions; and if in the uttering of these sentiments, we happen to speak of sister Republics, of the great American family of Nations, or of the political systems and forms of government of this hemisphere; then, indeed, it seems, we deal in senseless jargon, or impose upon the judgment and feeling of the community by cabalistic words! Sir, what is meant by this? Is it intended that the people of the United States ought to be totally indifferent to the fortunes of these new neighbors? Is no change, in the lights in which we are to view them, to be wrought, by

their having thrown off foreign dominion, established independence, and instituted on our very borders, Republican governments, essentially after our own example? If it be a weakness to feel a strong interest in the success of these great revolutions, I confess myself guilty of that weakness. If it be weak to feel that I am an American, to think that recent events have not only opened new modes of intercourse, but have created also new grounds of regard and sympathy between ourselves and our neighbors; if it be weak to feel that the South, in her present state, is somewhat more emphatically part of America than when she lay obscure, oppressed, and unknown, under the grinding bondage of a foreign power; if it be weak to rejoice, when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression, to erect themselves, and enjoy the proper happiness of their intelligent nature; if this be weak, it is a weakness from which I claim no exemption.

A day of solemn retribution now visits the overproud monarchy of Spain. The prediction is fulfilled. The spirit of Montezuma and of the Incas might now well say,

"Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave; thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice has made."

We cannot be so blind, we cannot so shut up our senses, and smother our faculties, as not to see that, in the progress and establishment of South American liberty, our own example has been among the most stimulating causes. That great light—a light which can never be hid—the light of our own glorious Revolution, has shone on the path of the South American Patriots, from the beginning of their course. In their emergencies, they have looked to our experience. In their political institutions, they have followed our models. In their deliberations, they have invoked the presiding Spirit of our own Liberty. They have looked steadily, in every adversity, to the GREAT NORTHERN LIGHT. In the hour of bloody conflict, they have remembered the fields which have been consecrated by the blood of our fathers; and when they have fallen, they have wished only to be remembered with them, as men who had acted their parts bravely, for the cause of Liberty in the Western World.

XCIX.—OUR DUTY TO REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

PELEG SPRAGUE.

You talk of erecting statues and marble memorials of the Father of his country. It is well. But could his spirit now be heard within these walls, would it not tell you, that, to answer his fervent prayers, and verify his confident predictions of your gratitude to his companions in arms, would be a sweeter incense, a more grateful homage to his memory, than the most splendid mausoleum? You gave hundred: of thousands of dollars to La Fayette. It was well; and the whole country resounded, Amen. But is not the citizen soldier, who fought by his side, who devoted everything to your service, and has been deprived of his promised reward, equally entitled, I will not say, to your liberality, but to your justice?

Sir, the present provision for the soldiers of the Revolution is not sufficient. Instead of presuming every man to be upright and true until the contrary appears, every applicant seems to be presupposed to be false and perjured. Instead of bestowing these hard-earned awards with alacrity, they appear to have been refused, or yielded with reluctance; and to send away the war-worn veteran, bowed down with the infirmities of age, empty from your door, seems to have been deemed an act of merit. So rigid has been the construction and application of the existing law, that cases most strictly within its provisions, of meritorious service and abject poverty, have been excluded from its benefits. Yet gentlemen tell us that the law, so administered, is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this wide extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier who gave you all, and see him descend in neglect and poverty to the tomb! The time is short. A few years, and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy: for, how can the ingenuous mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone forever! In what bitterness of soul shall we look back upon the infatuation which shall have cast aside an opportunity which can

never return, to give peace to our conscience. We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honors to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It cannot warm the hearts which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in our public Gazettes, a pompous display of honors to the memory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to linger out his latter days in unregarded penury ?

“How proud we can press to the fun’ral array
Of him whom we shunn’d in his sickness and sorrow ;
And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow.”

C.—THE ZERO LINE OF VALOR.

DAVID BARTON.

I SHOULD like to see this question in mathematics figured out in the rule of three, and the quotient fairly stated. If the low war mark or zero line of the Senator's valor, when peace is in all our borders, and not a war speck in the sky, that I can see, be equal to that of Palafox in the passes of the Pyrenees, guarding his native Spain against the invading legions of Napoleon Bonaparte ; or of Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, at the Straits of Thermopylæ, guarding Sparta and all Greece against the million of myrmidons of Xerxes, the king of Persia and of kings ; what would be the spring-flood height, or boiling degree of his rage, if placed in the Pine-spur-gap of our own Alleghanies, with his naked war-knife drawn, to guard the magnificent valley of the Mississippi against the invasive Yankees ; and upon lifting up his eyes and looking over the plains below, towards the north-east, he should behold the universal Yankee nation, armed *cap-a-pie*, with drums beating and banners flying, coming to invade us, and lay our valley under one sheet of fire, from the Lake of the Woods to the Balize, and from the sources of the Missouri to the aforesaid Pine-spur-gap ! and to carry away into captivity the brightest portion of our mulatto beauties ! Figures cannot count it. Poets cannot sing it. Homer did his best in Achilles' wrath

about the loss of his sweetheart, and while chasing Hector around the walls of Troy; and that barely came up to the zero line of the Senator's valor! And Cervantes is dead! Apropos! Cervantes was the man for this sort of valor! It all rushes on the mind "like a flood of coming light!" All is not right in the capital! There is more occasion, now, for Dr. Cutbush or Dr. Cutscull, than for any military hero to guard us against the Yankees! These mental illusions have afflicted the frail sons of Adam in other countries, and in climates better than our own! My honorable friend, Don Quixotte de la Mancha, a countryman of Palafox, had a long spell of them! On one occasion he attacked, as he supposed, an army of steel-clad knights, which turned out to be a flock of harmless merinoes! Then a funeral procession, and wounded a friar! Again, a windmill and a fulling-mill, imagining them colossal, enchanted giants, more terrible than Æsop's buffalo bull! But why recount his freaks, when all these honorable Senators have read Cervantes? and they who hope for missions to Spain, South America, or Mexico, have, doubtless, read him in the original!

CL—EFFECT OF STEADINESS OF PURSUIT.

ASHER ROBBINS.

THE most interesting instance of the efficacy of this steadiness of pursuit was given by the city of Athens; the most interesting, because the object was most so. From the earliest times, Athens aspired to literature and the elegant arts. By a steady pursuit of the policy adopted with a view to this end, the city of Athens became such a monument of the arts, that even her imperfect and dilapidated remains are at this day the wonder of the world. What splendors, then, must she have emitted in the day of her splendor! When, in her freshness, she met the morning sun, and reflected back a rival glory! When she was full of the masterpieces of genius in every art—creations, that were said to have exalted in the human mind the ideas of the divinities themselves! The fervid eloquence of Demosthenes failed, unequal to the task, to do justice to those immortal splendors, when employed, as it occasionally was, for that purpose, in his addresses to the

Athenian people. It was by the steady pursuit of the same policy, that their literary works of every kind came to be equally the masterpieces of human genius ; and being more diffused, and less impaired by the injuries of time, than the other monuments of the arts, they were, and still are, the wonder of the world, that, after it, the Athenians themselves could never surpass them ; whilst others have never been able to equal them. Now, what has been the effect ? Literature and arts have gathered around that city a charm that was, and is felt by all mankind ; which no distance, no time, can dispel. No scholar, of any age or clime, but has made (in fancy, at least) a pilgrimage to its shore ; there to call around him the shades of the mighty dead, whose minds still live, and delight and astonish in their immortal works. It is emphatically the city of the heart, where the affections delight to dwell ; the green spot of the earth where the fancy loves to linger. How poor is brute force—even the most magnificent, even the Roman—compared to the empire of mind, to which all other minds pay their voluntary homage ! Her literature and her arts acquired to Athens this empire, which her remains still preserve, and always will preserve. In contemplating the phenomenon of her literary achievements, a great and profound writer could not forbear saying, “ that it seemed a providential event, in honor of human nature, to show to what perfection the species might ascend.” Call it providential if you please—as every event is, in some sense, providential—but it was the effect of artificial causes, as much so as the military power of the Romans ; it was the effect of a policy, early adopted, and always after steadily pursued.

CH.—THE TERRITORIES.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

MR. CHAIRMAN, I see in the territorial possessions of this Union the seats of new States, the cradles of new Commonwealths, the nurseries, it may be, of new Republican Empires. I see, in them, the future abodes of our brethren, our children, and our children's children, for a thousand generations. I see, growing up within their borders, institutions upon which the character and condition of a vast multitude of the

American family, and of the human race, in all time to come, are to depend. I feel, that for the original shaping and moulding of these institutions, you and I and each one of us, who occupy these seats, are in part responsible. And I cannot omit to ask myself what shall I do, that I may deserve the gratitude and the blessing, and not the condemnation and the curse, of that posterity whose welfare is thus in some degree committed to my care?

As I pursue this inquiry, sir, I look back instinctively to the day, now more than two hundred years ago, when the Atlantic coast was the scene of events like those now in progress upon the Pacific;—when incited, not, indeed, by the love of gold, but by a devotion to that which is better than gold, and whose price is above rubies, the forefathers of New England were planting their colony upon that rock-bound shore. I look back to the day when slavery existed nowhere upon the American continent, and before that first Dutch ship, “built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,” had made its way to Jamestown, with a cargo of human beings in bondage. I reflect how much our fathers would have exulted, could they have arrested the progress of that ill-starred vessel, and of all other kindred employment. I recall the original language of the Declaration of Independence itself, as first drafted by Thomas Jefferson, assigning it as one of the moving causes for throwing off our allegiance to the British monarch, that “he had waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery into another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither.”

I remember, too, that whatever material advantages may have since been derived from slave labor in the cultivation of a crop which was then unknown to our country, that the moral character and social influence of the institution are still precisely what they were described to be, by those who understood them best, in the early days of the Republic. And I see, too—as no man can help seeing—that almost all the internal dangers and domestic dissensions which cast a doubt upon the perpetuity of our glorious Union, have been, and still are, the direct or indirect consequences of the existence of this institution. And thus seeing, thus remembering, thus reflecting, how can I do otherwise than resolve, that it

shall be by no vote of mine, that slavery shall be established in any territory where it does not already exist !

CIII.—TRIUMPH OF PIETY OVER ARMS.

JOSEPH STORY.

TIME was, when the exploits of war, the heroes of many battles, the conquerors of millions, the men who waded through slaughter to thrones, the kings whose footsteps were darkened with blood, and the sceptered oppressors of the earth, were alone deemed worthy themes for the poet and the orator, for the songs of the minstrel, and the hosannas of the multitude. Time was, when feats of arms, and tournaments, and crusades, and the high array of chivalry, and the pride of royal banners waving for victory, engrossed all minds. Time was, when the ministers of the altar sat down by the side of the tyrant, and numbered his victims, and stimulated his persecutions, and screened the instruments of his crimes—and there was praise, and glory, and revelry, for these things. Murder and rapine, burning cities and desolated plains, if so be they were the bidding of royal or baronial feuds, led on by the courtier or the clan, were matters of public boast, the delights of courts, and the treasured pleasure of the fireside tales. But these times have passed away. Christianity has resumed her meek and holy reign. The Puritans have not lived in vain. The simple piety of the Pilgrims of New England casts into shade this false glitter, which dazzled and betrayed men into the worship of their destroyers.

CIV.—DANGER OF FACTION.

WILLIAM GASTON.

I WOULD not depress your buoyant spirits with gloomy anticipations, but I should be wanting in frankness, if I did not state my conviction that you will be called to the performance of other duties unusually grave and important. Perils surround you and are imminent, which will require clear heads, pure intentions, and stout hearts, to discern and to

overcome. There is no side on which danger may not make its approach; but from the wickedness and madness of factions it is most menacing. Time was, indeed, when factions contended amongst us with virulence and fury; but they were, or affected to be, at issue on questions of principle; now, Americans band together under the names of men, and wear the livery, and put on the badges of their leaders. Then, the individuals of the different parties were found side by side, dispersed throughout the various districts of our confederated Republic; but now, the parties that distract the land, are almost identified with our geographical distinctions. Now, there has come a period, foreseen and dreaded by our Washington, by him "who, more than any other individual, founded this our wide-spreading Empire, and gave to our Western World independence and freedom"—by him, who, with a father's warning voice, bade us beware of "parties founded on geographical discriminations." As yet, the sentiment so deeply planted in the hearts of our honest yeomanry, that union is strength, has not been uprooted. As yet, they acknowledge the truth, and feel the force of the homely, but excellent aphorism, "United we stand, divided we fall." As yet, they take pride in the name of "the United States"—in recollection of the fields that were won, the blood which was poured forth, and the glory which was gained in the common cause, and under the common banner of a united country. May God, in his mercy, forbid that I, or you, my friends, should live to see the day, when these sentiments and feelings shall be extinct! Whenever that day comes, then is the hour at hand, when this glorious Republic, this, at once, national and confederated Republic, which, for half a century, has presented to the eyes, the hopes, and the gratitude of man, a more brilliant and lovely image than Plato, or More, or Harrington, ever feigned or fancied, shall be like a tale that is told, like a vision that hath passed away.

CV.—EVIL OF DUELLING.

LYMAN BEECHER.

If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created, and is yearly multiplying, might all stand before you, could you witness their tears, or listen to their details

of anguish? Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands, and their children, and lift up their voice, and implore your aid to arrest an evil which had made them desolate, could you disregard their cry? Before their eyes could you approach the poll, and patronize by your votes the destroyers of their peace? Had you beheld a dying father conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family, had you heard their piercing shrieks, and witnessed their frantic agony; would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbor—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son, laid low by his hand, been brought to your door pale in death, and weltering in blood—would you then think the crime a small one? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster? And what would you think of your neighbors, if, regardless of your agony, they should reward him? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplying every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbor of somebody. Every year, and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breathless at the feet of his parents; and every year you are patronizing by your votes the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking, the sorrows of your neighbors. Beware—I admonish you to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feelings for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer for whom you vote, or by the hand of some one whom his example has trained for the work of blood.

CVI.—PURITAN AND SPARTAN HEROISM.

RUFUS CHOATE.

IF one were called on to select the more glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hun-

dred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphyctionic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act still speaks to the tears and praise of all the world. Yet I agree with a late brilliant writer, in his speculation on the probable feelings of that devoted band, left alone awaiting, till day should break, the approach of a certain death, in that solitary defile. Their enthusiasm and their rigid and Spartan spirit, which had made all ties subservient to obedience to the law, all excitement tame to that of battle, all pleasure dull to the anticipation of glory, probably made the hours preceding death the most enviable of their lives. They might have exulted in the same elevated fanaticism, which distinguished afterwards the followers of Mahomet, and saw that opening paradise in immortality below, which the Musulman beheld in anticipation above! Judge if it were not so; judge, if a more decorative and conspicuous stage was ever erected for the transaction of a deed of fame. Every eye in Greece, every eye throughout the world of civilization, throughout even the uncivilized and barbaric East, was felt to be turned directly upon the playing of that brief part. There passed round that narrow circle in the tent, the stern, warning image of Sparta, pointing to their shields, and saying, "*With these to-morrow, or upon them.*" Consider, too, that the one concentrated and comprehensive sentiment, graven on their souls as by fire and by steel, by all the influences of their whole life, by the mothers' lips, by the fathers' example, by the law, by venerated religious rites, by public opinion, strong enough to change the moral quality of things, by the whole fashion and nature of Spartan culture, was this; seek first, seek last, seek always, the glory of conquering or falling in a "well fought field." Judge, if, that night as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading hosts, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and of the mother of heroes,—judge if, watching them in the gate-way of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and

when, at a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life, was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong on that brief revelry of glory !

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that greatest crisis of Greece. And yet, do you not think that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims, its brief sunshine, the nights of storm, slow waning ; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying ; its destitutions ; its contrast with all their former experience in life ; its utter insulation and loneliness ; its death-beds and burials ; its memories ; its apprehensions ; its hopes ; the counsels of the prudent ; the prayers of the pious ; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burthen, and asserting its unvanquished nature, went up like a bird of dawn to the skies,—do ye not think that whoso could describe them, calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism ? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, “ melancholy, yea, dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy ; ” a scene, even better fitted, to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more !

CVII.—APPEAL IN BEHALF OF GREECE.

HENRY CLAY.

THERE is reason to apprehend, that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country—one which may call into action all our vigor, courage and resources. Is it wise or prudent, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression—to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission ? If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them

to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample ; and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen, ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend the last cent in the defence of the country, its liberty, and its institutions ? Sir, are these, if united, to be conquered by all Europe combined ? All the perils to which we can possibly be exposed, are much less in reality, than the imagination is disposed to paint them. No, sir, no united nation, that resolves to be free, can be conquered. And has it come to this ? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece ? That we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties ?

Sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. Mr. Chairman, what appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit ?—" In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible miseries of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms in her glorious cause, while temples and senate-houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy ; in the year of our Lord and Saviour—that Saviour of Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected !" Go home, if you can ; go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down ; meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your

own sentiments ; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose ; that the spectres of cineters, and crows, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you ; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity ! I cannot bring myself to believe, that such will be the feeling of a majority of the committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to this resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

CVIII.—ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WERE it only an act of rare adventure, were it a trait in foreign or ancient history, we should fix upon the achievements of our fathers as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other feeling than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing, it must gain, in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and the settlements of the tribes of man. A continent, for the first time, effectually explored ; a vast ocean, traversed by men, women, and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest portions of the Old World ; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundation so perilously laid by this feeble band—point me to the record, or to the tradition of anything that can enter into competition with it ! It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say that there is nothing in the accounts of Phœnician, of Grecian, or of Roman colonization, that can stand in the comparison.

Accomplishing all they projected,—what they projected was the least part of what has come to pass. Did they propose to themselves a refuge, beyond the sea, from the religious and the political tyranny of Europe ? They achieved not that alone, but they have opened a wide asylum to all the victims of oppression throughout the world. We our-

selves have seen the statesmen, the generals, the kings of the elder world flying for protection to our shores. Did they look for a retired spot, inoffensive for its obscurity, and safe in its remoteness, where the little church of Leyden might enjoy freedom of conscience? Behold the mighty regions, over which, in peaceful conquest,—*victoria sine clade*,—they have borne the banner of the cross! Did they seek, under the common franchise of a trading charter, to prosecute a frugal commerce, in reimbursement of the expenses of their humble establishment? The fleets and navies of their descendants are on the farthest ocean; and the wealth of the Indies is now wafted, with every tide, to the coasts where, with hook and line, they painfully gathered up their frugal earnings. In short, did they, in their brightest and most sanguine moments, contemplate a thrifty, loyal, and prosperous colony, portioned off, like a younger son of the imperial household, to an humble and dutiful distance? Behold the spectacle of an independent and powerful Republic, founded on the shores where some of those are but lately deceased who saw the first born of the Pilgrims!

And shall we stop here? Is the tale now told? Is the contrast now complete? Are our destinies all fulfilled? Why, friends, we are in the very morning of our days; our numbers are but a unit; our national resources but a pittance; our hopeful achievements in the political, the social, and the intellectual nature, are but the rudiments of what the children of the Pilgrims must yet attain. I dare adventure the prediction, that he who, two centuries hence, shall stand where I stand, and look on our present condition, will sketch a contrast far more astonishing; and will speak of our times as the day of small things, in stronger and juster language than any in which we can depict the poverty and wants of our fathers.

CIX.—DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO AMERICA.

GRIMKE.

WE cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection, too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithful-

ness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, our country? I come not here to speak the dialect, or to give the counsels of the patriot statesman: but I come, a patriot scholar, to vindicate the rights, and to plead for the interests of American Literature. And be assured, that we cannot, as patriot scholars, think too highly of that country, or sacrifice too much for her. And let us never forget, let us rather remember with a religious awe, that the union of these States is indispensable to our Literature, as it is to our national independence and our civil liberties, to our prosperity, happiness, and improvement. If, indeed, we desire to behold a Literature like that, which has sculptured with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe: if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp, the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities: if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge and ambition, those lions, that now sleep harmless in their den: if we desire, that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle; that the very mountain tops should become the altars for the sacrifice of brothers: if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements, to an incredible extent, of the Literature of the old world—should be the elements of our Literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its frag-

ments over all our land. But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest Literature the world has ever seen, such a Literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind ; a Literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose tears " would not stain an angel's cheek ;" then let us cling to the union of these States, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. On her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God ; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American Literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that Union, her garden of paradise.

CX.—DEATH OF HAMILTON.

ELIPHALET NOTT.

" How are the mighty fallen ?" And, regardless as we are of vulgar deaths, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us ? A short time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever, fallen. His intercourse with the living world has now ended ; and those, who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence ; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport ! From the darkness which rests upon his tomb, there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen, that those gaudy objects, which men pursue, are only phantoms. In this light, how dimly shines the splendor of victory ; how humble appears the majesty of grandeur ! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst ; and we see again that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced ; the sad and solemn procession has moved ; the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of

HAMILTON, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues. Just tributes of respect ! And to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they ? How vain ! how unavailing !

Approach, and behold, while I lift from the sepulchre its covering ! Ye admirers of his greatness ; ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale ! How silent ! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements ; no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence ! Amazing change ! a shroud ! a coffin ! a narrow, subterraneous cabin ! This is all that now remains of Hamilton ! And is this all that remains of him ? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect !

CXI.—INVECTIVE OF HUNGARY.

A. W. BUEL.

THE spirit of popular freedom in Europe, during the late struggle of Hungary, asked us a solemn question. The Executive was called upon to say yea or nay. Hungary listened with anxious hopes. She was impatient for the response, and the eloquence of truth, of a righteous cause, burst forth in every word she uttered. But it has been all in vain, and now, in tones of eloquent and burning reproof, she thus turns to her Russian invader.

You seek to encompass the earth with your ambition. The world exclaims against you, and reproachfully calls you sovereign of a barbarian horde. Asia speaks out : Your neighborhood has only served to bring upon my borders bloody and protracted wars. Says Persia : For a century you have desolated my remote frontiers and provinces, with the horrors of a cruel warfare. Circassia asks : When will you cease to massacre my people, and grant me that liberty and independence which my victorious arms deserve ? England reproves : I see you in the swift-coming future advancing to the banks of the Indus, and about to bring war upon my dominions in the East. Turkey adds : You have converted my cities into forts, and for centuries obliged me to watch your threatened descent upon my fair capital. France sends

her legions to Italy, as she sees her influence about to be felt upon the banks of the Tiber. Poland yet cries beneath her fetters : When will you unbar the prison-door ? Europe chides : Upon the partition of Poland you claimed the lion's share, and claimed it too at the peace of Vienna.

And now, you offer Siberia in exchange for fair Hungary. Yet, I was at peace with you. I sought freedom from Austrian tyranny, and you interfered to crown my misfortunes with your cruelties. You warred against my national existence. You drove my once happy people to flee for refuge to the mountains ; to abandon their hearths ; to forsake their altars ; to poison their waters, lest they might quench your thirst ; to destroy their bread, lest they might feed you ; to fire their own dwellings, lest they might shelter you. The work of destruction, which they had not time to complete, you finished. You wantonly desolated their wheat-fields ; you tortured their patriot clergy, and inflicted even upon female patriotism, your proverbial cruelties. And now, from the unchanging snows of Siberia, may be heard the wails of unseen Poland, as she rises from her cenotaph, ejaculates the woes and sufferings you have in store for my children, and with a warning voice whispers, " fight on ! — fight on ! "

Such is the first invective of Hungary against her mediating oppressor. From this she now turns and appeals to the world. To us especially does she thus appeal for sympathy. " You were oppressed ; so were we. You declared and fought for independence, and triumphed upon the field of battle ; so did we. You have had the experience of nearly three generations, and will you now by silence and inactivity, manifest before the world a trembling distrust in the justice and wisdom of your principles ? In the days of your weakness the world sent you a Montgomery, a Kosciusko, and a La Fayette ; and now, in the days of your pride and strength, fear not to make some just return."

CXII.—THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Four years ago, California, a Mexican province, scarcely inhabited, and quite unexplored, was unknown even to our

usually immoderate desires, except by a harbor capacious and tranquil, which only statesmen then foresaw would be useful in the Oriental commerce of a far distant, if not merely chimerical, future.

A year ago, California was a mere military dependency of our own, and we were celebrating with unanimity and enthusiasm its acquisition, with its newly discovered, but yet untold and untouched mineral wealth, as the most auspicious of many and unparalleled achievements.

To-day, California is a State, more populous than the least, and richer than several of the greatest of our thirty States. This same California, thus rich and populous, is here asking admission into the Union, and finds us debating the dissolution of the Union itself.

No wonder if we are perplexed with ever-changing embarrassments! no wonder if we are appalled by ever-increasing responsibilities! no wonder if we are bewildered by the ever-augmenting magnitude and rapidity of national vicissitudes!

Shall California be received? For myself, upon my individual judgment and conscience, I answer, yes. For myself, as an instructed representative of one of the States—of that one even of the States which is soonest and longest to be pressed in commercial and political rivalry, by the new Commonwealth—I answer, yes; let California come in. Every new State, whether she come from the East or from the West—every new State, coming from whatever part of the continent she may—is always welcome. But California, that comes from the clime where the West dies away into the rising East—California, which bounds at once the empire and the continent—California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold—is doubly welcome.

CXIII.—UNDIVIDED ALLEGIANCE.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

I HAVE heard somewhat here—and almost for the first time in my life—of divided allegiance—of allegiance to the South and to the Union—of allegiance to the States severally and to the Union. Sir, if sympathies with State emulation and

pride of achievement could be allowed to raise up another sovereign to divide the allegiance of a citizen of the United States, I might recognize the claims of the State to which, by birth and gratitude, I belong—to the State of Hamilton and Jay, of Schuyler, of the Clintons, and of Fulton—the State which, with less than two hundred miles of natural navigation connected with the ocean, has, by her own enterprise secured to herself the commerce of the continent, and is steadily advancing to the command of the commerce of the world. But for all this, I know only one country and one sovereign—the United States of America, and the American people. And such as my allegiance is, is the loyalty of every other citizen of the United States. As I speak, he will speak when his time arrives. He knows no other country and no other sovereign. He has life, liberty, property, and precious affections, and hopes for himself and his posterity, treasured up in the ark of the Union. He knows as well, and feels as strongly as I do, that this Government is his own Government; that he is a part of it; that it was established for him, and that it is maintained by him; that it is the only truly wise, just, free, and equal Government that has ever existed; that no other Government could be so wise, just, free, and equal; and that it is safer and more beneficent than any which time or change could bring into its place.

You may tell me, sir, that although all this may be true, yet the trial of faction has not yet been made. Sir, if the trial of faction has not been made, it has not been because faction has not always existed, and has not always menaced a trial, but because faction could find no fulcrum on which to place the lever to subvert the Union, as it can find no fulcrum now; and in this is my confidence. I would not rashly provoke the trial, but I will not suffer a fear which I have not, to make me compromise one sentiment—one principle of truth or justice—to avert a danger that all experience teaches me is purely chimerical. Let, then, those who distrust the Union, make compromises to save it. I shall not impeach their wisdom, as I certainly cannot their patriotism; but indulging no such apprehensions myself, I shall vote for the admission of California directly, without conditions, without qualifications, and without compromise.

For the vindication of that vote, I look not to the verdict of the passing hour, disturbed as the public mind now is by conflicting interests and passions, but to that period, happily

not far distant, when the vast regions over which we are now legislating shall have received its destined inhabitants.

While looking forward to that day, its countless generations seem to me to be rising up, and passing in dim and shadowy review before us; and a voice comes forth from their serried ranks, saying, "Waste your treasures and your armies, if you will; raze your fortifications to the ground; sink your navies into the sea; transmit to us even a dishonoured name, if you must; but the soil you hold in trust for us, give it to us free. You found it free, and conquered it to extend a better and surer freedom over it. Whatever choice you have made for yourselves, let us have no partial freedom; let us all be free; let the reversion of your broad domain descend to us unencumbered, and free from the calamities and sorrows of human bondage."

CXIV.—MEANS OF HEALTH.

HORACE MANN.

SEE how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth. There is not a mood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the death-bed, for which the wonderful alchemy of nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures; or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What textures for clothing—from the gossamer thread which the silk-worm weaves, to silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla cannot penetrate! As the materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quinceys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine, belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun! Nakedness, and famine, and pestilence are not inexorable ordinances of nature. Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance *out on exhibition*. The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanness and intemperance. Famine is only a proof of individual misconduct, or of national misgovernment. In the woes of Ireland, God is proclaiming the wickedness of England, in tones as clear and articulate as those in which He spoke from Sinai; and it needs no Hebraist to translate the thunder.

And if famine needs not to be, then other forms of destitution and misery need not to be. But amid the exuberance of this country, our dangers spring from abundance rather than from scarcity. Young men, especially young men in our cities, walk in the midst of allurements for the appetite. Hence, health is imperiled; and so indispensable an element is health in all forms of human welfare, that whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the greatest guaranties of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue. Health, strength, longevity, depend upon immutable laws. There is no chance about them. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily, our parents, and secondarily, ourselves, are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one quarter part of the race die before completing the age of one year,—die before completing one seventieth part of the term of existence allotted to them by the Psalmist;—I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things, than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses.

CXV.—BRIEF AUTHORITY.

JAMES A. BAYARD.

It has been stated as the reproach, sir, of the bill of the last session, that it was made by a party at the moment when they were sensible that their power was expiring and passing into other hands. It is enough for me that the full and legitimate power existed. The remnant was plenary and efficient. And it was our duty to employ it according to our judgments and consciences, for the good of the country. We thought the bill a salutary measure, and there was no obligation upon us to leave it as a work for our successors. Nay, sir, I have no hesitation in avowing, that I had no confidence in the persons who were to follow us. And I was the more anxious, while we had the means, to accomplish a work which I believed they would not do, and which I sincerely thought would contribute to the safety of the nation, by giving strength and support to the constitution, through the storm to which it was likely to be exposed. The fears which

I then felt have not been dispelled, but multiplied by what I have since seen. I know nothing which is to be allowed to stand. I observe the institutions of governments falling around me ; and where the work of destruction is to end God only knows. We discharged our consciences in establishing a judicial system which now exists, and it will be for those who hold the power of the government to answer for the abolition of it, which they at present meditate. We are told that our law was against the sense of the nation. Let me tell those gentlemen they are deceived when they call themselves the nation. They are only a dominant party, and though the sun of federalism should never rise again, they will shortly find men, better or worse than themselves, thrusting them out of their places. I know it is the cant of those in power, however they may have acquired it, to call themselves the nation. We have recently witnessed an example of it abroad. How rapidly did the nation change in France ! At one time Brissot called himself the nation ; then Robespierre ; afterwards Tallien and Barras ; and, finally, Bonaparte. But their dreams were soon dissipated, and they awoke in succession upon the scaffold or in banishment. Let not these gentlemen flatter themselves that heaven has reserved to them a peculiar destiny. What has happened to others in this country, they must be liable to. Let them not exult too highly in the enjoyment of a little brief and fleeting authority. It was ours yesterday ; it is theirs to-day ; but to-morrow it may belong to others.

CXVI.—THE GROUND OF TREATY.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

LET me ask on what ground you mean to treat. Do you expect to persuade ? Do you hope to intimidate ? If to persuade, what are your means of persuasion ? Every gentleman admits the importance of this country. Think you the first consul, whose capacious mind embraces the globe, is alone ignorant of its value ? Is he a child whom you may win by a rattle, to comply with your wishes ? Will you, like a nurse, sing to him a lullaby ? If you have no hope from fondling attentions and soothing sounds, what have you

to offer in exchange? Have you anything to give which he will take? He wants power: you have no power. He wants dominion: you have no dominion; at least none that you can grant. He wants influence in Europe: and have you any influence in Europe? What, in the name of heaven, are the means by which you would render this negotiation successful? Is it by some secret spell? Have you any magic power? Will you draw a circle and conjure up devils to assist you? Or as you rely on the charms of those beautiful girls with whom, the gentleman near me says, the French grenadiers are to marry? If so, why do you not send an embassy of women?

Gentlemen talk of the principles of our government, as if they could obtain for us the desired boon. But what will these principles avail? When you inquire as to the force of France, Austria, or Russia, do you ask whether they have a *habeas corpus* act, or a trial by jury? Do you estimate their power, discuss their interior police? No. The question is: How many battalions have they? What train of artillery can they bring into the field? How many ships can they send to sea? These are the important circumstances which command respect and facilitate negotiations. Can you display these powerful motives? Alas! alas! To all these questions you answer by one poor word—confidence—confidence—confidence; yea, verily, we have confidence. We have faith and hope; aye, and we have charity too. Well—go to market with these Christian virtues, and what will you get for them? Just nothing. Yet in the face of reason and experience you have confidence; but in whom? Why, in our worthy president. But he cannot make the treaty alone. There must be two parties to a bargain. I ask, if you have confidence also in the first consul? But whither, in the name of heaven, does this confidence lead, and to what does it tend? The time is precious. We waste, and have already wasted, moments which will never return.

CXVII—FOURTH OF JULY, 1851.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

ON the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Providence—and yet not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers and overcome them; it has had enemies, and it has conquered them; it has had detractors, and it has abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed, with profound admiration. This anniversary animates and gladdens, and unites all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all in all, nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather, and all noxious exhalations in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him—every man's port and bearing become somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations. If Washington were now amongst us—and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days—patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen—and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us—“Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous—you are happy—you are grate-

ful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty as you love it—cherish its securities as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood, Be true to God, your country, and your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all succeeding generations honor you as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity.

CXVIII.—ASPIRATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

R. M. T. HUNTER.

THE sense of national honor beats high in the American heart, and its every pulse vibrates at the mere suspicion of a stain upon its reputation. But that same heart is warmed with generous impulses and noble emotions. If you would moderate its lust of empire and its spirit of acquisition, appeal to its magnanimity towards a feeble and prostrate foe—appeal to it in the name of the highest aspirations which can animate the human heart, the desire for moral excellence, the love of liberty, and the noble ambition to take the post of honor among nations, and lead the advance of civilization. If our people are once awakened to a true conception of the real nature and grandeur of their destiny, the first and greatest step, in my opinion, is taken for its accomplishment. If my imagination were tasked to select the highest blessing for my countrymen, I should say, may they be true to themselves and faithful to their mission. I can conceive of nothing of which it is possible for human effort to obtain, greater than the destiny which we may reasonably hope to fulfil. If war has its dreams, dazzling in splendid pageantry, peace also has its visions of a more enduring form, of a higher and purer beauty. To solve by practical demonstration the grand problem of increasing social power consistent with personal

freedom—to increase the efficiency of the human agent by enlarging individual liberty—to triumph over, not only the physical, but more difficult still, the moral difficulties which lie in the path of a man's progress, and to adorn that path with all that is rare and useful in art, and whatever is highest in civilization, are, in my opinion, the noblest achievements of which a nation is capable. These are the ends to which our ambition should be directed. If we reverse the old idea of the Deity who presides over our boundaries, let us see so far as we are concerned, that his movements are consistent with the peace of the world. The sword may be the occasional, but it is not the familiar weapon of our god Terminus. The axe and the hoe are his more appropriate emblems. Let him turn aside from the habitations of civilized man, his path is toward the wilderness, through whose silent solitudes, for more than two centuries, he has been rapidly and triumphantly advancing. Let him plunge still deeper into the forest, as the natural gravitation of the tide of population impels him onward. His progress in that direction is one of unminged beneficence to the human race. The earth smiles beneath his feet, and a new creation arises as if by enchantment at his touch. Household fires illuminate his line of march, and new-born lights, strange visitants to the night of primeval solitude, kindle on domestic altars erected to all the peaceful virtues and kindly afflictions which consecrate a hearth and endear a home. Victorious industry sacks the forest and mines the quarry, for materials for its stately cities, or spans the streams and saps the mountain to open the way for the advance of civilization still deeper into the pathless forest and neglected wild. The light of human thought pours in winged streams from sea to sea, and the lingering nomad may have but a moment's pause, to behold the flying car which comes to invade the haunts so long secured to savage life. These are the aspirations worthy of our name and race, and it is for the American people to decide whether a taste for peace or the habits of war are most consistent with such hopes. I trust that they may be guided by wisdom in their choice.

CXIX.—ELOQUENCE.

HENRY B. STANTON.

IN every enlightened age, eloquence has been a controlling element in human affairs. Eloquence is not a gift, but an art—not an inspiration, but an acquisition—not an intuition, but an attainment. Excellence in this art is attained only by unwearied practice, and the careful study of the best models. The models lie all around us. The rest is within us. Demosthenes and Cicero will be household words, in all climes, to the end of time. But, the more one studies the masters of Grecian and Roman eloquence, the more readily will he yield to the growing opinion that England, France, and America, during the last sixty or seventy years, have produced a greater number of eloquent orators than flourished in all Grecian and Roman history. As objects increase in size when seen through a mist, so men tower into giants when seen through the haze of antiquity. Without neglecting the ancient models, let us study those of our own times. From both we may catch some of that inspiration which bound the audience to the orator, and bade him play upon their emotions as the master touches the keys of his familiar instrument—which subdued them to tears or convulsed them with laughter—which bore them aloft on the wing of imagination, or blanched them with horror while narration threw the colors upon the canvass which held the judgment and the fancy captive, as reason forged the chain of argument, and poetry studded its links with the gems of illustration—which poured over the subject a flood of rare knowledge, laden with the contributions of all sciences and all ages—which gambolled in playful humor, or opened the sparkling *jet d'eau* of wit, or barbed the point of epigram, or sketched the laughing caricature, gliding from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with majesty and grace;—that inspiration which, as Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment, made Felix tremble; as Demosthenes anathematized Macedonia, made the Greeks cry out, “Lead us against Philip;” at the thrilling tones of Henry, made America ring with the shout, “Give us liberty, or give us death;” when the thunder of Danton shook the dome of the Convention, roused all Paris to demand the head of Louis; and lashed into fury or hushed into repose acres of wild peasantry, as the voice of O’Connell rose or fell.

CXX.—DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

JOHN M. MASON.

It must ever be difficult to compare the merits of Washington's characters, because he always appeared greatest in that which he last sustained. Yet if there is a preference, it must be assigned to the lieutenant-general of the armies of America. Not because the duties of that station were more arduous than those which he had often performed, but because it more fully displayed his magnanimity. While others become great by elevation, Washington becomes greater by condescension. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! Thrice favored country, which boasts of such a citizen! We gaze with astonishment: we exult that we are Americans. We augur everything great, and good, and happy. But whence this sudden horror? What means that cry of agony? Oh! 'tis the shriek of America! The fairy vision is fled: Washington is—no more!—

“How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

Daughters of America, who erst prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress grove, and water it with tears.

“How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

The death of Washington, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character

In his acts, Americans, you have seen the man. In the complicated excellence of character, he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune, let no usurping conqueror, let not Alexander or Cæsar, let not Cromwell or Bonaparte, let none among the dead or the living, appear in the same picture with Washington: or let them appear as the shade to his light.

CXXI.—ADDRESS TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANDREW JACKSON.

I HAVE urged you to look back to the means that were used to hurry you on to the position you have now assumed, and forward to the consequences it will produce. Something more is necessary. Contemplate the condition of that country of which you still form an important part. Consider its government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different States; giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of American Citizens, protecting their commerce, securing their literature and their arts, facilitating their inter-communication, defending their frontiers, and making their name respected in the remotest part of the earth! Consider the extent of its territory, its increasing and happy population, its advance in arts which render life agreeable, and the sciences which elevate the mind! See education spreading the lights of religion, humanity, and general information into every cottage in this wide extent of our Territories and States! Behold it as the asylum where the wretched and the oppressed find a refuge and a support! Look at this picture of happiness and honor, and say—we, too, are citizens of America. Carolina is one of these proud States: her arms have defended, her best blood has cemented this happy Union! And then add, if you can, without honor and remorse—this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we will renounce—the very names of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men!—for what do you throw away these inestimable blessings, for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted with bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power? If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring republics, every day suffering some new revolution, or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed.

CXXII.—AMERICAN HISTORY.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

THE study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose graves no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty and ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and “the toys of modern state.” Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

CXXIII.—CONTEST OF THE PEOPLE FOR FREEDOM.

EDWARD EVERETT.

IN the efforts of the people,—of the people struggling for their rights, moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars ; no long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble ; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties be imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjugation runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade ; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles ; the tangled pathless thicket their palisado, and nature, God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand ; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows ; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets ; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders ; and never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

CXXIV.—WELCOME TO LA FAYETTE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WELCOME, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes, that behold those venerable features! Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name! You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure, on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knōx, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the enemy that conquers all. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and in peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him, whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the dungeons of Olmütz, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome! thrice welcome to our shores! and whithersoever your course shall take you, throughout the limits of the continent, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall give witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, Welcome! welcome! La Fayette!

CXXV.—RIGHT OF SPANISH AMERICA TO REVOLT.

HENRY CLAY.

I MAINTAIN, that an oppressed people are authorized, when ever they can, to rise and break their fetters. This was the great principle of the English revolution. It was the great principle of our own. Our fathers rose; they breasted the

storm ; they achieved our freedom. Spanish America for centuries has been doomed to the practical effects of an odious tyranny. If we were justified, she is more than justified.

I am no propagandist. I would not seek to force upon other nations our principles and our liberty, if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose even of a detestable despotism. But, if an abused and oppressed people will their freedom ; if they seek to establish it ; if, in truth, they have established it ; we have a right, as a sovereign power, to notice the fact, and to act as circumstances and our interest require. I will say, in the language of the venerated father of my country, " Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom." Whenever I think of Spanish America, the image irresistibly forces itself upon my mind, of an elder brother, whose education has been neglected, whose person has been abused and maltreated, and who has been disinherited by the unkindness of an unnatural parent. And, when I contemplate the glorious struggle which that country is making, I think I behold that elder brother rising, by the power and energy of his fine native genius, to the manly rank which nature, and nature's God, intended for him.

If Spanish America be entitled to success from the justness of her cause, we have no less reason to wish that success, from the horrible character which the royal arms have given to the war. More atrocities, than those which have been perpetrated during its existence, are not to be found, even in the annals of Spain herself. And history, reserving some of her blackest pages for the name of Morillo, is prepared to place him by the side of his great prototype, the infamous desolator of the Netherlands. He who has looked into the history of the conduct of this war, is constantly shocked at the revolting scenes which it portrays ; at the refusal, on the part of the commanders of the royal forces, to treat, on any terms, with the other side ; at the denial of quarters ; at the butchery, in cold blood, of prisoners ; at the violation of flags in some cases, after being received with religious ceremonies ; at the instigation of slaves to rise against their owners ; and at acts of wanton and useless barbarity. Neither the weakness of the other sex, nor the imbecility of infants, nor the reverence due to the sacerdotal character, can stay the arm of royal vengeance.

CXXVI.—ON THE RECOGNITION OF LA PLATA.

HENRY CLAY.

WE have been asked, and asked with a triumph worthy of a better cause, why recognize this Republic? Where is the use of it? And is it possible gentlemen can see no use in recognizing this Republic? For what did this Republic fight? To be admitted into the family of nations. Tell the nations of the world, says Pueyrredon, in his speech, that we already belong to their illustrious rank. What would be the powerful consequences of a recognition of her claim? I ask the patriot of '76, how the heart rebounded with joy, on the information that France had recognized us? The moral influence of such a recognition, on the patriot of the South, will be irresistible. He will derive assurance from it of his not having fought in vain. In the constitution of our natures there is a point to which adversity may pursue us, without perhaps any worse effect than that of exciting new energy to meet it. Having reached that point, if no gleam of comfort breaks through the gloom, we sink beneath the pressure, yielding reluctantly to our fate, and in hopeless despair lose all stimulus to exertion. And is there not reason to fear such a fate to the patriots of La Plata? Already enjoying independence for eight years, their ministers are yet spurned from the courts of Europe, and rejected by the government of a sister Republic! Contrast this conduct of ours with our conduct in other respects. No matter whence the minister comes, be it from a despotic power, we receive him; and even now, the gentleman from Maryland would have us send a minister to Constantinople, to beg a passage through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea, that, I suppose, we might get some hemp and bread-stuffs there, of which we ourselves produce none; he who can see no advantage to the country from opening to its commerce the measureless resources of South America, would send a minister to Constantinople for a little trade. Nay, I have seen a project in the newspapers, and I should not be surprised, after what we have already seen, at its being carried into effect, for sending a minister to the Porte. Yes, sir, from Constantinople, or from the Brazils; from Turk or Christian; from black or white; from the Dey of Algiers, or the Bey of Tunis; from the devil himself, if he wore a crown, we should receive a minister. We even paid

the expenses of the minister of his Sublime Highness the Bey of Tunis, and thought ourselves highly honored by his visit. But, let the minister come from a poor Republic, like that of La Plata, and we turn our back on him. The brilliant costumes of the ministers of the royal governments are seen glistening in the circles of our drawing-rooms, and their splendid equipages rolling through the avenues of the metropolis; but the unaccredited minister of the Republic, if he visits our President or Secretary of State at all, must do it *incognito*, lest the eyes of Don Onís should be offended by so unseemly a sight!

CXXVII.—ON THE JUDICIARY.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

THE judicial power, that fortress of the Constitution, is now to be overturned. With honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it, I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds; it will pay no debts; it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves

Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of your safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world ; and I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never ! no, never will you get another. We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause—pause !—For heaven's sake, pause !

CXXVIII.—NECESSITY OF RESISTANCE.

PATRICK HENRY.

I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what has been the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house ? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received ? Trust it not, sir ; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation ? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love ? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation ; the last arguments to which kings resort. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight ! I repeat it, sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us !

They tell us, sir, that we are weak ; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone ; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery ! Our chains are forged ! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston ! The war is inevitable—and let it come ! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace ! peace !—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun ! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death !

CXXIX.—THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

GEORGE E. BADGER.

THE honorable gentleman from Michigan says, that he wishes, by the exhibition of a large force there, to produce “a great moral effect.” How ? Why, he means to con-

vince the Mexicans that they are unable to resist us. Well, sir, if they are able to withstand the logic of such fields as Buena Vista, Churubusco, Contreras, and Cerro Gordo, think you, sir, that their incredulity will yield to the mere sight of a large body of men? What, then, do you intend to do with this immense military force? They are to take possession and occupy the country, it is said. And when they are there, what great object is it intended that they should accomplish, which this country desires to see accomplished? Do we want peace? Is it not obvious to every one that peace cannot in this way be obtained? If peace could be coerced, we have done everything that genius can contrive, and skill and gallantry execute, to accomplish it. I believe it may be said, without exaggeration, that the history of no country has presented such a succession of brilliant military achievements as we have gained in Mexico. If chastisement—defeat—overpowering, overwhelming defeat, were sufficient to bring Mexico to a disposition for peace, she would have been brought to that disposition long ago. How, then, do you propose to accomplish it by your troops? Why, they are to take possession and occupy the whole country—or, as the Secretary of War says, to keep that portion of it which we have got, and occupy all the rest of which our means will allow us to take possession. Well, when you have got possession, what disposition of it do you propose to make? Forts and fortifications, I suppose, are to be established everywhere. You are to maintain all the strongholds of Mexico, and her valleys are to be everywhere marked by the signs of military occupation. How long is this state of things to continue? Until Mexico makes peace! But, I pray you, is this the way in which the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace are to be instilled into the Mexican bosom? True, you may compel her to submit—you may prevent her from uttering a word of complaint—you may force her to feign compliance with your wishes—her active resentment may disappear—and yet a dogged spirit of revenge, and the intensest hate, will rankle and lurk beneath.

If this be the tendency of that moral coercion, what may we hope from awe and terror? Do we really expect, by renewed conquest, by devastated fields, by captured villages, by stormed fortresses, by occupying such positions that no Mexican can look forth without beholding evidence of the fall of his country and the presence of her conqueror, that a

true peace is to be restored? Sir, no man should expect it. What is the situation of Mexico at this moment? She lies at your feet, bleeding, exhausted, panting. Do you wish to trample upon this enemy already in the dust? Do you wish to crush the last remains of her vitality? I hope not, sir; but even if you do, you need not send this additional force.

CXXX.—THE EMBARGO.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

WHEN I enter on the subject of the Embargo, I am struck with wonder at the very threshold. I know not with what words to express my astonishment. At the time I departed from Massachusetts, if there was an impression, which I thought universal, it was, that, at the commencement of this session, an end would be put to this measure. The opinion was not so much, that it would be terminated, as that it was then at an end. Sir, the prevailing sentiment, according to my apprehension, was stronger than this—even that the pressure was so great, that it could not possibly be endured; that it would soon be absolutely insupportable. And this opinion, as I then had reason to believe, was not confined to any one class, or description, or party; that even those who were friends of the existing administration, and unwilling to abandon it, were yet satisfied, that a sufficient trial had been given to this measure. With these impressions I arrived in this city. I hear the incantations of the great enchanter. I feel his spell. I see the legislative machinery begin to move. The scene opens. And I am commanded to forget all my recollections, to disbelieve the evidence of my senses, to contradict what I have seen and heard, and felt. I hear, that all this discontent is mere party clamor—electioneering artifice; that the people of New England are able and willing to endure this Embargo for an indefinite, unlimited period; some say for six months; some a year; some two years. The gentleman from North Carolina told us, that he preferred three years of embargo to a war. And the gentleman from Virginia said expressly, that he hoped we should never allow our vessels to go upon the ocean again, until the orders and decrees of the belligerents were rescinded; in plain English,

until France and Great Britain should, in their great condescension, permit. Good heavens! Mr. Chairman, are men mad? Is this House touched with that insanity, which is the never-failing precursor of the intention of Heaven to destroy? The people of New England, after eleven months' deprivation of the ocean, to be commanded still longer to abandon it, for an undefined period; to hold their inalienable rights at the tenure of the will of Britain or of Bonaparte! A people, commercial in all respects, in all their relations, in all their hopes, in all their recollections of the past, in all their prospects of the future; a people, whose first love was the ocean, the choice of their childhood, the approbation of their manly years, the most precious inheritance of their fathers, in the midst of their success, in the moment of the most exquisite perception of commercial prosperity, to be commanded to abandon it, not for a time limited, but for a time unlimited; not until they can be prepared to defend themselves there (for that is not pretended), but until their rivals recede from it; not until their necessities require, but until foreign nations permit! I am lost in astonishment, Mr. Chairman. I have not words to express the matchless absurdity of this attempt. I have no tongue to express the swift and headlong destruction, which a blind perseverance in such a system must bring upon this nation.

CXXXI.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SORROW for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider our duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing

of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that even he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

The grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death with all its stifled griefs; its noiseless attendants; its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, faltering, thrilling (oh! how thrilling!) pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt

one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul ; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear ; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in thy discharge of thy duties to the living.

CXXXII.—PRICE OF LIBERTY.

HENRY GILES.

LIBERTY has directly occasioned a vast amount of suffering ; liberty of country, liberty of conscience, liberty of person. It has cost much endurance ; it has been bought with a great price. Trace it along the line of centuries ; mark the prisons where captives for it pined ; mark the graves to which victims for it went down despairing ; mark the fields whereon its heroes battled ; mark the seas whereon they fought ; mark the exile to which they fled ; mark the burned spots where those who would not resist evil, gave up the ghost in torture, to vindicate the integrity of their souls ; add then open sufferings to those that have found no record ; imagine, if you can, the whole ; then you have the price, only in part, of liberty ; for liberty has cost more than all these. Is it value for the price ? Consult, if you are able, the purchaser who paid it ; awaken from the prisons those who perished in them ; arouse from the graves the weary and broken-hearted by oppression ; call from the fields of blood, the myriads who chose death rather than bonds ; invoke from the caverns of the deep, those whom the ocean swallowed in braving the

invader ; summon back from exile those who sank unseen in savage wilds. Pray for those to come once more to earth, who bore testimony to the truth in agony ; you will have a host of witnesses which no man can number, who all, aforetime, and through manifold affliction, maintained, even unto death, the cause of liberty. Inquire if they repent ; ask them if the boon which they have given us, was worth the suffering with which they bought it ; ask, also, the speakers who proclaimed freedom, the thinkers who made laws for it, and the reformers who purified it, if the object for which they toiled, was worth the labor which they spent. That it was, all will exclaim with triumphant voice ; that it was, will come with one glad consent, with one sublime amen, from this glorious company of apostles, this goodly fellowship of prophets, this noble army of martyrs.

CXXXIII.—HOW TO GAIN AN HONORED NAME.

ALBERT BARNES.

You will ask me what field is open in this land where an honorable reputation may now be gained ? To this question, which a noble-hearted and ingenuous youth would ask, I would reply by saying, that in this country, at least, the whole field is still open. The measure of military reputation is indeed filled up, and the world will look hereafter with fewer smiles on the blood-stained hero than in days that are past. The time is coming, also, and is near at hand, when a man who attempts to defend his reputation by shedding the blood of another, will only exclude himself from all the expressions of approval and of confidence among men. Reputation is not to be gained, that will be of value, by brilliant verse, that shall unsettle the foundations of faith and hope ; that shall fill the soul with misanthropy, or that shall corrupt the heart by foul and offensive images. Sickening night-shades enough of this kind have already been culled, and twisted around the brows of those great in title or in talent. The sentiment has gone forth, not to be recalled, that he who is to be held in lasting, grateful remembrance, must base his claims on true virtue ; on tried patriotism ; on a generous

love of the species ; on the vindication of injured virtue ; on great plans to advance the permanent welfare of man.

Do you ask what can be done here to secure an honored name ? I answer, the liberties of our land, bought with so invaluable blood, are to be defended, and transmitted in their purity, to other times—and he deserves a grateful remembrance who contributes *anything*, by private virtue or public service, to such a result. Every office is open to any young American as the reward of service rendered to the country ; and there is not one in the gift of the people which may not be contemplated as possibly within the reach of any aspirant for a grateful remembrance. It is one of the glories of our system, that the path to the highest office is to be kept open to any one who may confer sufficient benefit on his country, to show that it may be a suitable recompense for public services. And no human tongue can tell what youth may yet enter on that high office, or in what humble cottage beyond the mountains the infant may now be sleeping that is yet to attain it.

CXXXIV.—THE POET.

RALPH W. EMERSON.

NOTHING walks, or creeps, or grows, which must not, in its turn, arise and stand before the poet as exponent of his meaning. Doubt not, O poet, but persist. Say, "It is in me, and shall out !" Stand then, balked and dumb, stuttering and stammering, hissed and hooted, stand and strive until at last rage draw out of thee that *dream power*, which every night shows thee is thine own. Then indeed is thy genius no longer exhaustible. All creatures by pairs and by tribes, pour into thy mind as into a Noah's ark, to come forth again to people a new world. It is like the stock of air for respiration, not a measure of gallons, but the entire mighty atmosphere. And therefore it is that Homer and Shakspeare and Raphael are exhaustless—resembling a mirror carried through the street, ready to render an image of every created object.

O Poet ! a new nobility is conferred in groves and pastures, and not in castles or by sword-blades any longer. The conditions are hard, but equal. Thou shalt leave the world and know the muse only. The time of towns is tolled from the

world by funereal chimes, but in nature the universal hours are counted by succeeding tribes of animals and plants, by growth of joy upon joy. Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and cannot be afforded to the Capitol of Exchange. The world is full of renunciations and apprenticeships, and this is thine; thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. And this is the reward: that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy. The woods and rivers shalt thou own; and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true landlord! sea lord! air lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly—wherever day and night meet in twilight—wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds, or sown by stars—wherever are forms with transparent boundaries—wherever are outlets into celestial space—wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee. And thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble.

CXXXV.—INJUSTICE THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL RUIN.

THEODORE PARKER.

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states eat up the little; as with fish, so with nations. Aye, but how do the *great states* come to an end? By their own injustice, and no other cause. Come with me, my friends, come with me into the Inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the Tomb.

Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thy emerald crown. What laid thee low? "I fell by my own injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground." Oh queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who trodest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst thy

temple-wasting millions on the western world ? " Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds ! " Thou, muselike, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp ? " I scorned the law of God ; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men ; I loved the loveliness of flesh embalmed in Parian stone ; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth ! Lo, therefore, have I become as those Barbarian states—as one of them ! "

Oh manly, majestic Rome, thy seven-fold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here ? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low ; for thy Great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right ! " It was not the saint's ideal, it was the hypocrite's pretence ! I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me Their wealth gilded my palaces,—where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl, — it fed my courtiers and my courtezans. Wicked men were my cabinet councillors—the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God ? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see ! Go back and tell the new-born child, who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars above his youthful brow—tell him there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His just, eternal law ! Warn the young empire that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb ! Tell him that Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his Right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him to keep it and be safe ! "

CXXXVI.—SUPPOSED SPEECH AGAINST THE
DECLARATION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET us pause ! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges ; these will all be forfeited by this act ; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard, but are we ready to carry the country to that length ? Is success so probable as to justify it ? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost ? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people ? or will they act, as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit in the end, to a worse oppression ? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for the consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disdained all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder, before this responsibility. It will be on us, if relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption, on the scaffold.

CXXXVII.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF ADAMS IN REPLY.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down into dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. The war then must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies, the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons

fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. But if it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. Whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence, *now*; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

CXXXVIII.—SOCIETY WITHOUT MORALITY.

LYMAN BEECHER.

THE mass is changing. We are becoming another people. Our habits have held us, long after those moral causes which formed them have in a great degree ceased to operate. These habits, at length, are giving way. So many hands have so

long been employed to pull away foundations, and so few to repair the breaches, that the building totters. So much enterprise has been displayed in removing obstructions from the current of human depravity, and so little to restore them, that the stream at length is beginning to run. It may be stopped now, but it will soon become deep, and broad, and rapid, and irresistible.

The crisis then has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved, or thrown away—whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight, or a loathing—whether the taverns on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers—whether riot and profanity shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times—whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this nation is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions and habits. It is a *moral influence* which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it, is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration; but, let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children be neglected, the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

CXXXIX.—EMBASSY TO ROME.

LEWIS C. LEVIN.

SYMPATHY with Pope Pius IX. appears to be the hobby-horse of political leaders. O'Connell, the Irish reformer, is dead. The curtain has fallen upon the last act of the na-

tional farce, and now the Pope, an Italian reformer, steps upon the stage to conclude what O'Connell left unfinished. The hurrah has gone through the country; public meetings have been held; sympathy for the Pope has grown almost into a fashion: yet, sir, in no legitimate sense can this embassy to Rome be called a national measure, intended for the public benefit. We have no commerce to protect in the Roman States; we have no seamen whose rights may need even the supervision of a government agent or consul; we have no navy riding in her only harbor; we have no interests that may be exposed to jeopardy for want of an ambassador.

The Papal flag has never been known to wave in an American port. No American vessel has received the visit of a Pope. Dwelling under the shadow of the ruins of antiquity, they have never disturbed us, save by the bulls of Pope Gregory and the intrigues of his Jesuits. What, then, has produced this sudden revolution in the concerns of the two countries? We are told that Pius IX. is a reformer. Indeed! In what sense is he a reformer? Has he divested himself of any of his absolute prerogatives? Has he cast off his claims to infallibility? Has he flung aside his triple crown? Has he become a republican? Has he emancipated his people? Has he suppressed the Jesuits? Far from it. Nothing of this has been done. He maintains his own prerogatives as absolute as Gregory XIX., or any other of his illustrious predecessors. In what, then, does the world give him credit for being a reformer? For building up a new and firmer foundation to his own secular and hierarchical power; for permitting a press to be established in Rome, under his own supervision and control; for carrying out measures not to be censured, but certainly giving him no pretensions beyond that of a selfish sagacity, intent on the study of all means calculated to add stability to his spiritual power, and firmness to his temporal throne.

But, it is said, if Rome will not come to America, America must go to Rome! This is the new doctrine of an age of retrogressive progress. If the Pope will not establish a republic for his Italian subjects, we, the American people, must renounce all the ties of our glorious freedom, and endorse the Papal system as the perfection of human wisdom, by sending an ambassador to Rome to congratulate "His Holiness" on having made—what? The Roman people

free? Oh! no; but on having made tyranny amiable; in having sugared the poisoned cake. And for this, the highest crime against freedom, we are to commission an ambassador to Rome! Is there an American heart that does not recoil from the utter degradation of the scheme? Sir, in the name of the American people, I protest against this innovation, which would make us a by-word among the nations.

CXL.—CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

W. L. DAYTON.

I HAVE some confidence—an abiding hope, at least—that we have seen the end of this wretched war. I trust that the flag of my country will never again be red with Mexican blood. The gallantry of our troops has carried it through smoke and fire from the coast to the capital—from the waters of the Gulf to the very halls of the Aztec. There, then, let it rest; may not a breath of human passion ever again open one fold on a Mexican battle-field. I know not how recent events in the European world may have affected the minds of other men, but, for myself, I feel that, at this strange juncture in the world's progress, America, the great moving cause and example, should be at rest. In peace there is at this moment to us a peculiar, a moral fitness. If one half that we hear be true, an intense interest must soon attach itself to us and to our institutions. We are soon to become the cynosure of all eyes, "the observed of all observers" among nations. Consider well, I pray you, the spectacle that we now present, as the great model republic, preying upon, grinding to powder a weak, helpless, an almost only sister republic. But, sir, it is not only fit in a moral point of view that we should be at peace, but prudential considerations counsel us to the same course. The atmosphere of the old world is portentous of change; her air is thick and murky; the clouds are lurid; nations, like men, are literally holding their breath in momentary expectation of the burst which may follow. I tell you, sir, that you have not yet seen even the beginning of the end. I tell you that nations and kingdoms which are the growth of ages, do not go out without a struggle, nor in a day. I tell you that large

classes of men, concentrating vast wealth, born to power and dominion, do not abandon their supposed destiny as a thing of yesterday. What though a king be stricken down! What though the sons of a king fall away, like leaves from the oak that is blasted; still the great problem remains, can thirty millions of mercurial Frenchmen, of whom about six or seven millions only can read and write, with no knowledge of free institutions, no experience in the elective franchise—can they be made in a day, an hour, the safe depository of sovereign power? Sir, I distrust the future; it rises before my mind's eye black with anarchy, red with blood. Even although the nations of Europe stand aloof, yet the excited material in France herself may burst into flame, though chafed by nothing save the friction of its own parts. Should this be so, the old world will spring to its arms in a day. In the dreadful struggle which must follow, it becomes this Republic to stand "at guard." Let her gather in her resources; let her husband her strength; let her stand calm, fixed, unmoved, as the main land when the distant swell rolls in upon it.

CXLI.—THE PURITANS.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE Puritans—there is a charm in that word which will never be lost on a New England ear. It is closely associated with all that is great in New England history. It is hallowed by a thousand memories of obstacles overthrown, of dangers nobly braved, of sufferings unshrinkingly borne, in the service of freedom and religion. It kindles at once the pride of ancestry, and inspires the deepest feelings of national veneration. It points to examples of valor in all its modes of manifestation,—in the hall of debate, on the field of battle, before the tribunal of power, at the martyr's stake. It is a name which will never die out of New England hearts. Wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for religion's sake, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principles, there will be the spirit of the Puritans. They have left deep and broad marks of their influence on human society. Their children, in all times, will rise up and call them

blessed. A thousand witnesses of their courage, their industry, their sagacity, their invincible perseverance in well-doing, their love of free institutions, their respect for justice, their hatred of wrong, are all around us, and bear grateful evidence daily to their memory. We cannot forget them, even if we had sufficient baseness to wish it. Every spot of New England earth has a story to tell of them; every cherished institution of New England society bears the print of their minds. The strongest element of New England character has been transmitted with their blood. So intense is our sense of affiliation with their nature, that we speak of them universally as our "fathers." And though their fame everywhere else were weighed down with calumny and hatred, though the principles for which they contended, and the noble deeds they performed, should become the scoff of sycophants and oppressors, and be blackened by the smooth falsehoods of the selfish and the cold, there never will be wanting hearts in New England to kindle at their virtues, nor tongues and pens to vindicate their name.

CXLII.—THE DEMAGOGUE.

HENRY W. BEECHER.

THE lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of his own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, stimulating their tastes; with this one, he hates a man; with that one he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves, and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than on both sides. He attends meetings to suppress intemperance,—but at elections makes every grog-shop free to all drinkers. He can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses in a dirty grocery. He thinks that there is a time for everything, and therefore, at one time he

swears and jeers and leers with a carousing crew ; and at another time, having happily been converted, he displays the various features of devotion. Indeed he is a capacious Christian ; an epitome of faith. He piously asks the class-leader, of the welfare of his charge, for *he* was always a Methodist, and always shall be,—until he meets a Presbyterian ; then he is a Presbyterian, old-school or new, as the case requires. However, as he is not a bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist, in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink he tells the zealous elder, that he never had one of his children baptized, not he ! He whispers to the Reformer that he abhors all creeds but baptism and the Bible. After all this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. His flattering attention at church edifies the simple-hearted preacher, who admires that a plain sermon should make a man whisper amen ! and weep. Upon the stump his tact is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness, on points about which all agree ; but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot that it may dip either way.

CXLIII.—EULOGY ON JOHN Q. ADAMS.

ISAAC C. HOLMES.

THE mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister State—Massachusetts weeping for her honored son. The State I have the honor to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this, the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns ; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times, has been rudely snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered, are closed in death ! Yes, my friends, Death has been among us ! He has not entered the cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant ; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation ! His footstep has

been heard in the Hall of State! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people! He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head! Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many States, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne upon his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

There was no incident in the birth, the life, the death of Mr. Adams, not intimately woven with the history of the land. Born in the night of his country's tribulation, he heard the first murmurs of discontent; he saw the first efforts for deliverance. Whilst yet a little child, he listened with eagerness to the whispers of freedom as they breathed from the lips of her almost inspired apostles; he caught the fire that was then kindled; his eye beamed with the first ray; he watched the dayspring from on high, and long before he departed from earth, it was graciously vouchsafed unto him to behold the effulgence of her noontide glory.

He disrobed himself with dignity of the vestures of office, not to retire to the shades of Quincy, but in the maturity of his intellect, in the vigor of his thought, to leap into this arena, and to continue as he had begun, a disciple, an ardent devotee at the temple of his country's freedom. How, in this department, he ministered to his country's wants, we all know, and have witnessed. How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom, as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night! That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death! But the last Sabbath, and in this hall, he worshipped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs, and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of the next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE!

CXLIV.—THE LEVELLING SYSTEM.

LYMAN BEECHER.

IF you think that this crisis cannot come on our country, you have not studied the constitution of society, the character of man, the past history of moral causes, or the existing signs of the times. You have not read the glowing pages of specious argument, of powerful eloquence, of spirit-stirring indignation—pouring adventitious action upon the fever of the brain, and the madness of the heart.

Hear these Catilines harangue their troops, in the five hundred thousand grog-shops of this nation—the temples and inspiration of atheistic worship:—"Comrades, patriots, friends,—The time has come. Long have you suffered, and deeply, and in all sorts of ways. Property has been denied you, that others might roll in splendor; and toil imposed, that they might inherit ease; and poverty inflicted, that they might be blessed with more than heart could wish; and to add ignominy to fraud, and persecution to insult, your names are cast out as evil. You snatch the crumbs from their table, and they call it stealing; the momentary alleviation of your woes by stimulus, drunkenness; and your intercourse as freeborn animals, is branded with outlawry and burning shame; and all this by that intolerant aristocracy of wealth, religion, and law. You are miserable, and you are oppressed; but you hold in your own hand the power of redress. Those splendid dwellings, and glittering equipages—those cultivated farms and cattle on a thousand hills—those barns bursting out with all manner of plenty—those voluptuous cities, and stores, crowded with merchandise—and boats and ships transporting wealth—and those banks and vaults of gold—are yours. You are the people—numbers are with you. Rise, freemen—rise—to the polls—to the polls—and all is yours."

It is true, this levelling system would destroy the industry of the world. It would augment the number, and aggravate the poverty of the poor, as it would expel the arts, banish commerce, stop the plough, and shut up the workshop, and send back the ruined race to skins, and bows, and arrows. But what is all this to a short-sighted, infuriated population, who know only that they are miserable, and feel that all above them is invidious distinction and crime; and that to rise, it is only necessary to grasp the pillars of society, and

pull it down ? Is there no treason in breathing such doctrines upon the ear of discontented millions ? It is throwing fire-brands into a magazine.

CXLV.—SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN 1772.

JOSEPH WARREN.

You have, my friends and countrymen, frustrated the designs of your enemies, by your unanimity and fortitude : it was your union and determined spirit which expelled those troops, who polluted your streets with innocent blood. You have appointed this anniversary as a standard memorial of the bloody consequences of placing an armed force in a populous city, and of your deliverance from the dangers which then seemed to hang over your heads ; and I am confident that you will never betray the least want of spirit when called upon to guard your freedom. None but they who set a just value upon the blessings of liberty, are worthy to enjoy her—your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries—when the blasting frowns of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms ; they cherished her in their generous bosoms ; they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in this then dreary wilderness ; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care ; for her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships ; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils ; in her defence, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers ; neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor ! Whilst with one hand they broke the stubborn glebe, with the other they grasped their weapons, ever ready to protect her from danger. No sacrifice, not even their own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar ! God prospered their valor ; they preserved her brilliancy unsullied ; they enjoyed her whilst they lived, and dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with the virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her. You surely cannot with such examples before your eyes, as every

page of the history of this country affords, suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

CXLVI.—ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

JOSEPH WARREN.

APPROACH we then the melancholy walk of death. Hither let me call the gay companion ; here let me drop a farewell tear upon that body which so late he saw vigorous and warm with social mirth ; hither let me lead the tender mother to weep over her beloved son—come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief ; behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground, and to complete the pompous show of wretchedness, bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their father's fate—take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, whilst your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly corpse, your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your father's brains ! Enough ; this tragedy need not be heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him that gave it birth. Nature reluctant, shrinks already from the view, and the chilled blood rolls slowly backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, and with amazement ask, who spread this ruin about us ? What wretch has dared deface the image of his God ? Has haughty France or cruel Spain sent forth her myrindons ? Has the grim savage rushed again from the far distant wilderness ; or does some fiend, fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang her destructive bow, and hurl her deadly arrows at our breasts ? No, none of these—but, how astonishing ! it is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound ! The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had called his subjects to the field.

But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the soft movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger passions. Say, fellow-citizens, what dreadful thought now swells your heavy bosoms ; you fly to arms—sharp indignation flashes from each eye—revenge gnashes her iron teeth—death grins

a hideous smile, secure to drench his greedy jaws in human gore—whilst hovering furies darken all the air!

But stop, my bold adventurous countrymen ; stain not your weapons with the blood of Britons. Attend to reason's voice ; humanity puts in her claim, and sues to be again admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps, compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do from their inmost souls, detest the barbarous action. The winged death, shot from your arms, may chance to pierce some breast that bleeds already for your injured country.

CXLVII.—MEN WHO NEVER DIE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WE dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live ;—to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold and breathless ; to feel not and speak not ; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead ? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye ? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house ? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless ; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed ; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, " make it life to live," these cannot expire ;—

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

CXLVIII.—LITERARY POSITION OF AMERICA.

JOSEPH STORY.

To us, Americans, nothing, indeed, can, or ought to be indifferent, that respects the cause of science and literature. We have taken a stand among the nations of the earth, and have successfully asserted our claim to political equality. We possess an enviable elevation, so far as concerns the structure of our government, our political policy, and the moral energy of our institutions. If we are not without rivals in these respects, we are hardly behind any, even in the general estimate of foreign nations themselves. But our claims are far more extensive. We assert an equality of voice and vote in the republic of letters, and assume for ourselves the right to decide on the merits of others, as well as to vindicate our own. These are lofty pretensions, which are never conceded without proofs, and are severely scrutinized, and slowly admitted by the grave judges in the tribunal of letters. We have not placed ourselves as humble aspirants, seeking our way to higher rewards under the guardianship of experienced guides. We ask admission into the temple of fame, as joint heirs of the inheritance, capable in the manhood of our strength of maintaining our title. We contend for prizes with nations whose intellectual glory has received the homage of centuries. France, Italy, Germany, England, can point to the past for monuments of their genius and skill, and to the present with the undismayed confidence of veterans. It is not for us to retire from the ground which we have chosen to occupy, nor to shut our eyes against the difficulties of maintaining it. It is not by a few vain boasts, or vainer self-complacency, or rash daring, that we are to win our way to the first literary distinction. We must do as others have done before us. We must serve in the hard school of discipline; we must invigorate our powers by the studies of other times. We must guide our footsteps by those stars which have shone, and still continue to shine, with inextinguishable light in the

firmament of learning. Nor have we any reason for despondency. There is that in American character which has never yet been found unequal to its purpose. There is that in American enterprise, which shrinks not, and faints not, and fails not in its labors. We may say with honest pride,

“Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.”

We may not then shrink from a rigorous examination of our own deficiencies in science and literature. If we have but a just sense of our wants, we have gained half the victory. If we but face our difficulties, they will fly before us. We have solid claims upon the affection and respect of mankind. Let us not jeopard them by a false shame, or an ostentatious pride.

CXLIX.—WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.

ANONYMOUS.

DEATH shall hereafter work alone and single-handed, unaided by his most terrible auxiliary. The world shall repose in quiet. Far down the vista of futurity the tribes of human kind are seen mingling in fraternal harmony, wondering and shuddering as they read of former brutality, and exulting at their own more fortunate lot. They turn their grateful eyes upon us. Their countenances are not suffused with tears, nor streaked with kindred blood. We hear their voices; they are not swelling with tones of general wailing and despair. We look at their smiling fields, undevastated by the hand of rapine; they are waving with yellow harvests, or loaded with golden fruits; and their sunny pastures are filled with quiet herds, which have never known the wanton ravage of war. We turn to the peaceful homes where our infancy has been cradled; they stand undespoiled by the hand of the destroyer. The scenes where we indulged our childish sports have never been profaned by hostile feet; and the tall groves, where we performed our feats of school-boy dexterity, have never been desecrated to obtain the implements of human destruction. Then our thoughts extend and embrace the land of our birth, the institutions and laws we so much

venerate, and something whispers us they shall endure for ever ; that all time shall witness their increasing perfection , that all nations shall copy from its example, and derive interminable benefits from its influence ; for war, the destroyer of every valuable institution, the great and sole cause of all national ruin, is soon to be seen no more forever.

CL.—A PICTURE OF TERROR.

THOMAS C. UPHAM.

AT the dreadful period of the French Revolution, it was found that the glittering sword of war could strike upward, as well as downward ; among the high and the mighty, as well as among the poor and powerless peasants. The scythe fell upon the neck of princes ; those who had been clothed in purple and fine linen, were arrayed in beggar's rags and ate their crumbs in a dungeon ; the innocent children died with the guilty fathers ; delicate women, the delight of their friends and the ruling star of palaces, were smitten by the hand of the destroyer, and bowed their heads in blood. And there were beheld the hundred guillotines, the horrid invention of the fusillades, the drownings in the Loire, the dreadful devastations of La Vendee, the gathering of armies on the plains of Italy, the bridge of Lodi, and the battle of Marengo.

These were the beginnings of terrors, the opening of the incipient seal ; but the end was not yet. For twenty successive years, the apocalypse of the book of war opened itself from one end of Europe to the other, and on the ocean as well as on the land, in the thunders and fires which at once shook, and enlightened, and awed the world, of the Nile and Trafalgar, of Jena and Austerlitz, together with the dashing of throne against throne, and of nation against nation. At length the "white horse of death" was seen taking his way through the centre of Europe, and power was given him to kill with the sword and with hunger ; and he was followed by "the beasts of the earth," an army of five hundred soldiers, and they were all offered up as victims on the frozen fields of Russia ; and the Kremlin, and the ancient and mighty city of Moscow, were burnt upon their funeral pyre. The

earth shook to its centre ; a howling and a lamentation went up to heaven ; the living ate the dead, and then fed upon their own flesh, and then went mad ; the wolves and the vultures held their carnival, while Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted. Nevertheless, the sickle of the destroyer was again thrust among the clusters ; the wine-press of war was trodden at Dresden, and Leipsic, and Waterloo, till the blood "came out of the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles."

CLI.—STOPPING THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

THEODORE PARKER.

It is not for men long to hinder the march of human freedom. I have no fear for that ultimately ; none at all—simply for this reason : that I believe in the infinite God. You may make your statutes ; an appeal always lies to the higher law, and decisions adverse to that get set aside in the ages. Your statutes cannot hold Him. You may gather all the dried grass and all the straw in both continents ; you may braid it into ropes to bind down the sea ; while it is calm, you may laugh, and say, "Lo, I have chained the ocean !" and howl down the law of Him who holds the universe as a rose-bud in his hand—its every ocean but a drop of dew. "How the waters suppress their agitation," you may say. But when the winds blow their trumpets, the sea rises in his strength, snaps asunder the bonds that had confined his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay ! Stop the human race in its development and march to Freedom ! As well might the boys of Boston, some lustrous night, mounting the steeples of the town, call on the stars to stop their course ! Gently, but irresistibly, the Greater and the Lesser Bear move round the pole ; Orion, in his mighty mail, comes up the sky ; the Bull, the Heavenly Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Maid, the Scales, and all that shining company, pursue their march all night, and the new day discovers the idle urchins in their lofty places all tired, and sleepy, and ashamed.

CLII.—INVECTIVE IN THE “WILKINSON TRIAL.”

S. S. PRENTISS.

GENTLEMEN, although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but a prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, Conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false, but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims—victims to his falsehood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict—where was the wordy warrior? Aye, “where was Roderick then?” No “blast upon his bugle horn” encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge his fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips, the sweet cup of revenge; to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit the haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the “false, perjured Clarence;” and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of Meeks and Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

Upon his head rests not only the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of craft and falsehood fall from his lips, ere they were hardly loosened from the holy

volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of a guilty conscience will be considered in his last account.

CLIII.—THE WORLD OF BEAUTY AROUND US.

HORACE MANN.

BUT a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds;—all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light. The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

CLIV.—DANGER OF VAST FORTUNES.

HORACE MANN.

VAST fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power ; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force. The millionaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our day, as was the baronial lord of the middle ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same conditions ; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure—their necessity for bread ; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior. The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword ; I may as well depend upon another for my head as for my bread. The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory chieftains of the Dark Ages. Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments, which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race ; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England, we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland ! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed ; where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of themselves, and not for the happiness of their subjects ; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the “ Three Estates ” of the realm are Crime, Famine, and Death.

CLV.—INFLUENCE OF REPUBLICAN GENEVA UPON THE PURITANS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

IN the reign of Mary, from 1553 to 1558, a thousand learned Englishmen fled from the stake, at home, to the happier seats of Continental Protestantism. Of these, great numbers, I know not how many, came to Geneva. They awaited the death of the Queen; and then, sooner or later, but in the time of Elizabeth, went back to England. I ascribe to that five years in Geneva an influence that has changed the history of the world. I seem to myself to trace to it, as an influence on the English race, a new Theology, a new Politics, another tone of character, the opening of another era of time and of Liberty. I seem to myself to trace to it, a portion, at least, of the objects of the great civil war in England, the republican constitution framed in the cabin of the *May Flower*, the divinity of Jonathan Edwards, the battle of Bunker Hill, and the Independence of America. In that brief season, English Puritanism was changed fundamentally and forever. Why should one think this so extraordinary? There are times when whole years pass over the head of a man, and work no change of mind at all. There are others, again, when in an hour, all things pass away, and all things become new. A verse of the Bible, a glorious line of some old poet, dead a thousand years before, the new-made grave of a child, a friend killed by a thunderbolt, as in the case of Luther, some single more than tolerable pang of "despised love," some single more intolerable act of the "oppressor's wrong and proud man's contumely," the gleam of rarer beauty on the lake or in the sky, something lighter than the fall of a leaf, or a bird's song on the shore, draws tears from him in the twinkling of an eye. When, before or since, in the history of the world, was the human character subjected to an accumulation of agents, so fitted to create it all anew, as those which encompassed the English at Geneva?

I do not make much account in this of the *material* grandeur and beauty which burst on their astonished senses, as around the solitudes of Patmos. It is of the *moral* agents of change of which I would speak. Passing over the theology which they learned there, consider the politics they learned there. Consider that the asylum into which they had been

admitted, the city which had opened its arms to the pious and learned men banished by an English throne, and an English hierarchy, was a republic. In the giant hands of guardian mountains, ascending from their "silent sea of pines," above the thunder-clouds, and reposing there, calmly, amidst their encircling stars, while the storm raved by below, before which forests and cathedral-tombs of kings went down; on the banks of a contrasted lake, lovelier than a dream of fairy-land, in a valley which might have been hollowed out to enclose the last home of liberty, there smiled an independent, peaceful, law-abiding and prosperous commonwealth. There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop; there was a people, governed by laws of their own making, and by rulers of their own choosing.

CLVI.—THE SAME—CONTINUED.

RUFUS CHOATE.

To the eye of these exiles, bruised and pierced through, by the accumulated oppressions of a civil and spiritual tyranny, to whom there were coming tidings every day, out of England, that another victim had been struck down, on whose still dear home in the sea there fell, every day, a gloomier shadow from the frowning turrets of power;—was not that republic of Geneva the brightest image in the whole transcendent scene? Do you doubt that they turned from Alpine beauty and Alpine grandeur, to look, with a loftier emotion, for the first time in their lives, on the serene, unveiled statue of Classical Liberty? Do you not think that this spectacle, in their circumstances, and in their moods, prompted pregnant doubts, daring hopes, new ideas, "thoughts that wake to perish never," doubts, hopes, ideas and thoughts, of which a new age is born? Was it not then and there that the dream of Republican Liberty, a dream to be realized somewhere, perhaps in England, perhaps in some region of the western sun, first mingled itself with the general impulses and the general hopes of the Reformation? Was that dream ever let go, down to the morning of that day, when the Pilgrim Fathers met in the cabin of their shattered bark, and then, as she rose and fell on the stern New England sea, and the

voices of the November forests rang through her torn topmost rigging, subscribed the first Republican Constitution of the New World? I confess myself to be of the opinion of those who trace to that spot and that time the Republicanism of the Puritans. I confess, too, that I love to trace the pedigree of our transatlantic liberty, thus backward, through Switzerland, to its native land of Greece. I think this is the true line of succession, down which it has descended. I agree with Swift, and Dryden, and Bishop Burnett, in that hypothesis. There was a liberty, no doubt, which the Puritans found, and kept, and improved, in England. They would have changed it, but were not able. But that was a kind of liberty, which admitted and demanded an inequality of man, an insubordination of ranks, a favored eldest son, the ascending orders of a hierarchy, the vast and constant pressure of a superincumbent crown. It was the liberty of Feudalism. It was the liberty of a united monarchy, overhung and shaded by the imposing architecture of great antagonist elements of the State. Such was not the form of liberty which our fathers brought with them. Allowing, of course, for that anomalous relation to the English crown, three thousand miles off, it was republican freedom as perfect the moment they stepped on the rock as it is to-day. It has not all been born in the woods of Germany, or between the Elbe and the Ider, or on the level of Rummymede. It was the child of other climes and other days. It sprang to life in Greece. It gilded, next, the early and middle age of Italy. It then reposed in the hollow breast of the Alps. It descended, at length, on the iron-bound coast of New England, "and set the stars of glory there."

CLVII.—SECRET OF THE MURDERER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

HE has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe! Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon,—

such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True is it, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed: it will be confessed: there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

CLVIII.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the

spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in its coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

CLIX.—MORAL POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us*. If we will not endanger our own peace: if we will

neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there in *our* power ?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances, even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced ; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression ; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

“ Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.”

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz ; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them ; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations ; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant ; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre ; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age, it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

CLX.—SACRED FROM WAR.

CHARLES SUMNER.

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the Gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil ; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable Peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country ; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain ! The TEMPLE OF HONOR shall be surrounded, here at last, by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of War ; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates ; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant ; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, JUSTICE, returned to earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for Nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front ; and by her side, greatest of all, CHARITY, sublime in meekness, hoping all, and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer, shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be “the first in Peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.”

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *truce of God* to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty.

CLXL.—PLEA IN THE MICHIGAN RAILROAD CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

GENTLEMEN, in the middle of the fourth month we draw near to the end of what has seemed to be an endless labor. While we have been here, events have transpired which have roused national ambition—kindled national resentment—drawn forth national sympathies—and threatened to disturb the tranquillity of empires. He who, although He worketh unseen, yet worketh irresistibly and unceasingly, has suspended neither His guardian care nor His paternal discipline on ourselves. Some of you have sickened and convalesced. Others have parted with cherished ones, who, removed before they had time to contract the stain of earth, were already prepared for the kingdom of Heaven. There have been changes, too, among the unfortunate men whom I have defended. The sound of the hammer has died away in the workshops of some; the harvests have ripened and wasted in the fields of others. Want, and fear, and sorrow, have entered into all their dwellings. Their own rugged forms have drooped; their sunburnt brows have blanched; and their hands have become as soft to the pressure of friendship as yours or mine. One of them—a vagrant boy—whom I found imprisoned here for a few extravagant words, that, perhaps, he never uttered, has pined away and died. Another, he who was feared, hated, and loved most of all, has fallen in the vigor of life,

“hacked down,

His thick summer leaves all fallen.”

When such an one falls, amid the din and smoke of the battle-field, our emotions are overpowered—suppressed—lost in the excitement of public passion. But when he perishes a victim of domestic or social strife—when we see the iron enter his soul, and see it, day by day, sinking deeper and deeper, until nature gives way, and he lies lifeless at our feet—then there is nothing to check the flow of forgiveness, compassion, and sympathy. If, in the moment when closing his eyes on earth, he declares: “I have committed no crime against my country; I die a martyr for the liberty of speech, and perish of a broken heart”—then, indeed, do we feel that the tongues of dying men enforce attention, like deep har-

mony. Who would willingly consent to decide on the guilt or innocence of one who has thus been withdrawn from our erring judgment, to the tribunal of eternal justice? Yet it cannot be avoided. If Abel F. Fitch was guilty of the crime charged in this indictment, every man here may nevertheless be innocent; but if he was innocent, then there is not one of these, his associates in life, who can be guilty. Try him, then, since you must condemn him, if you must—and with him condemn them. But remember that you are mortal, and he is now immortal; and that, before that tribunal where he stands, you must stand and confront him, and vindicate your judgment. Remember, too, that he is now free. He has not only left behind him the dungeon, the cell, and the chain, but he exults in a freedom, compared with which, the liberty we enjoy is slavery and bondage. You stand, then, between the dead and the living. There is no need to bespeak the exercise of your caution—of your candor—and of your impartiality. You will, I am sure, be just to the living, and true to your country; because, under circumstances so solemn—so full of awe—you cannot be unjust to the dead, nor false to your country, nor to your God.

CLXII.—DANGER OF MILITARY SUPREMACY.

HENRY CLAY.

RECALL to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

“Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school-boy’s tale, the wonder of an hour.”

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian, if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, “No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal.” If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a

throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country!

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affliction. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten and animate, and gladden the human heart. Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

CLXIII.—EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

HENRY W. BEECHER.

EXECUTIVE clemency, on its frequency, has been a temptation to dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument of pity, and the prelude of pardon? What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon; when honest men and officers fly before a mob; when jails are besieged and threatened, if felons are not relinquished; when the Executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands

of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded, to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy? A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to let out unwashed, unrepentant criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores in the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment. A fine young fellow, by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate, he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the large amount; generously spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides the rest. Hard-hearted wretches there are, who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary, him, whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell, the pity of a whole metropolis. Bulletins from Sing-Sing inform us daily what Edwards is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he will go forth again to a renowned liberty!

CLXIV.—DEATH OF JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

EDWARD EVERETT

THE jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforth, while America exists among the nations of earth, the first emotion on the Fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men, who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement, there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The Fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have been henceforth a day of mournful

recollection. But now, the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other day had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent, to join in the public rejoicings; it now also speaks in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforth, what the dying Adams pronounced it, "a great and a good day." It is full of greatness and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence,—their death on the day of the jubilee,—was all that was wanting to the Fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams.

CLXV.—EXECUTIVE POWER.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, the contest, for ages, has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies, which had stood between the king and the people, to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority: on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering for centuries, against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities, of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured and hoarded, as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative, with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sidneys and Russells, often baffled and re-

pulsed, but still gaining on the whole, and holding what is gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length, the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the PEOPLE, with that intelligence and that spirit which makes the voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." I need hardly say, sir, that, into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps, we sprang at once, by the declaration of independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men of our own country, whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

CLXVI.—GREATNESS OF NAPOLEON.

W. E. CHANNING

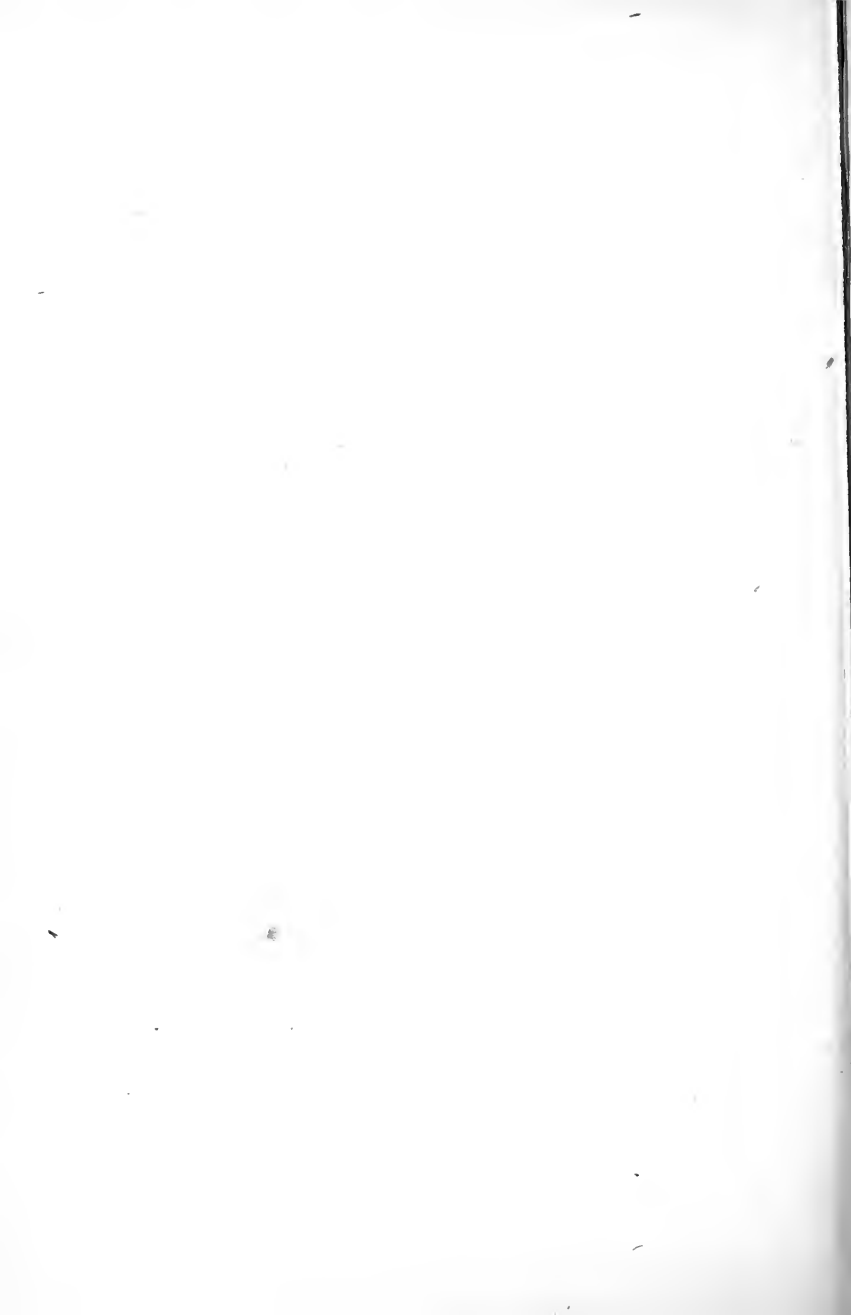
By the greatness of action, we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose ante-chamber was thronged with submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out

of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

We are not disposed, however, to consider him as preëminent even in this order of greatness. War was his chief sphere. He gained his ascendancy in Europe by the sword. But war is not the field for the highest active talent, and Napoleon, we suspect, was conscious of this truth. The glory of being the greatest general of his age would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The Revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before ; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis the Fourteenth was large enough to cherish it. The question is ; did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement ? Did he discover new foundations of power ? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations ? Did he breathe a spirit which could supplant the old national attachments, or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used ? Never in the records of time did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did Europe at the period of the French Revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world ? Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire ? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose ? He did nothing but follow the beaten track, but apply force and fraud in their very coarsest forms. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind.

SELECTIONS FROM EUROPEAN ELOQUENCE,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.



SELECTIONS FROM EUROPEAN ELOQUENCE.

I.—THE PERFECT ORATOR.

SHERIDAN.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! By the power of his eloquence, the angustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.

With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted;—not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate these energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of mind in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—*Let us march against Philip, let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer or die!*

II.—APPEAL FOR QUEEN CAROLINE.

BROUGHAM.

SUCH, my lords, is the case before you ! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honor and blast the name of an English queen ! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman ? My lords, I pray you to pause ; I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware ! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Revere that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it ; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken ; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne ! You have said, my lords, you have willed, the church to the queen, have willed that she should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.

III.—DEMAND FOR JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

O'CONNELL.

I WILL never be guilty of the crime of despairing of my country ; and to-day, after two centuries of suffering, here I stand amidst you in this hall, repeating the same complaints, demanding the same justice which was claimed by our fathers ; but no longer with the humble voice of the suppliant, but with the sentiment of our force and the conviction that Ireland will henceforth find means to do, without you, what you shall have refused to do for her ! I make no compromise with you ; I want the same rights for us that you enjoy ; the same municipal system for Ireland as for England and Scotland : otherwise, what is a union with you ? A union upon parchment ! Well, we will tear this parchment to pieces, and the Empire will be sundered !

I hear, day after day, the plaintive voice of Ireland, crying, Am I to be kept forever waiting and forever suffering ? No, fellow-countrymen, you will be left to suffer no longer : you will not have in vain asked justice from a people of brothers. England is no longer that country of prejudices where the mere name of popery excited every breast and impelled to iniquitous cruelties. The representatives of Ireland have carried the Reform bill, which has enlarged the franchises of the English people ; they will be heard with favor in asking their colleagues to render justice to Ireland. But should it prove otherwise, should Parliament still continue deaf to our prayer, then we will appeal to the English nation, and if the nation too should suffer itself to be blinded by its prejudices, we will enter the fastnesses of our mountains and take counsel but of our energy, our courage, and our despair.

IV.—DEFENCE FROM THE CHARGE OF TYRANNY.

ROBESPIERRE.

THEY call me a tyrant ! If I were so, they would fall at my feet : I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered

would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past: I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succor oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! “Death is *not* an eternal sleep!”—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, “Death is the commencement of immortality!” I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, “Thou shalt die!”

V.—PERORATION IN THE ORATION AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

BURKE.

My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor ; that we have been guilty of no prevarication ; that we have made no compromise with crime ; that we have feared no odium whatsoever, in the long warfare we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your lordships' bar, for the last seven years. My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man ; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain, cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it ; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity : but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events ; it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your house yet stands ; it stands as a great edifice ; but let me say, it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed or shattered this globe of ours. My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice : that justice which, emanating from Divinity, has a place in the breast of very one of us, given us for our guide with regard to our-

selves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall ! but if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power ; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue ; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants ; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations ; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

VI.—CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

SALLUST.

HAD not your valor and fidelity been well known to me, fruitless would have been the smiles of Fortune ; the prospect of as mighty domination would in vain have opened upon us ; nor would I have mistaken illusive hopes for realities, uncertain things for certain. But since, on many and great occasions, I have known you to be brave and faithful, I have ventured to engage in the greatest and noblest undertaking ; for I well know that good and evil are common to you and me. That friendship at length is secure, which is founded on wishing and dreading the same things. You all know what designs I have long revolved in my mind ; but my confidence in them daily increases, when I reflect what our fate is likely to be, if we do not vindicate our freedom by our own hands. For, since the republic has fallen under the power and dominion of a few, kings yield their tributes, governorships their profits to them : all the rest, whether strenuous, good, noble or ignoble, are the mere vulgar : without influence, without authority, we are obnoxious to those to whom, if the commonwealth existed, we should be a terror. All honor, favor, wealth, is centered in them, or those whom they favor : to us are left dangers, repulses, lawsuits, poverty. How long will you endure them, O ye bravest of men ? Is it not bet-

ter to die bravely, than drag out a miserable and dishonored life, the sport of pride, the victims of disgrace? But by the faith of gods and men, victory is in our own hands: our strength is unimpaired; our minds energetic: theirs is enfeebled by age, extinguished by riches. All that is required is to begin boldly; the rest follows of course. Where is the man of a manly spirit, who can tolerate that they should overflow with riches, which they squander in ransacking the sea, in levelling mountains, while to us the common necessities of life are wanting? They have two or more superb palaces each; we know not wherein to lay our heads. When they buy pictures, statues, basso-relievos, they destroy the old to make way for the new: in every possible way they squander away their money; but all their desires are unable to exhaust their riches. At home, we have only poverty; abroad, debts: present adversity; worse prospects. What, in fine, is left us, but our woe-stricken souls? What, then, shall we do? That, that which you have ever most desired. Liberty is before your eyes; and it will soon bring riches, renown, glory: Fortune holds out these rewards to the victors. The time, the place, our dangers, our wants, the splendid spoils of war, exhort you more than my words. Make use of me either as a commander or a private soldier. Neither in soul nor body will I be absent from your side. These deeds I hope I shall perform as consul with you, unless my hopes deceive me, and you are prepared rather to obey as slaves, than to command as rulers.

VII.—CONCILIATION OF IRELAND.

ERSKINE.

WE refused to look at the grievances of America whilst they were curable. It was this refusal which gave birth to her independence. The same procrastinating spirit prevailed at that period which prevails now, and the same delusion as to the effects of terror and coercion. Lord Chatham's warning voice was rejected "Give satisfaction to America," said that great statesman—"conciliate her affliction—do it to-night—do it before you sleep." But we slept and did it not, and America was separated from us forever.

Ireland in the same manner obtained a sudden and unsought-for independence, and has been brought to her present state of alarming hostility to this country. We refused to see what stared us in the face in characters reddening into blood; but the light broke in upon us at last, not through well-constructed windows, but through the yawning chasms of our ruin. We were taught wisdom through humiliation—I am afraid we have much more to learn in that useful, but melancholy school. The identical system by which America was lost to Great Britain, ministers are now acting over again with regard to Ireland at this moment. They refuse to redress her grievances. They listen not to her complaints; what America was, Ireland, perhaps England itself, will shortly be, if you obstinately refuse to adopt that system of conciliation which alone can bring back affection and obedience to any government which has lost it.

Let ministers instantly forego that fatal system of coercion which forced America from her connection with us into the arms of France, and which is, at this very moment, driving Ireland to seek the same protection. Let them relinquish the insane attempt to retain the affection of that country at the point of the bayonet, which is hourly tearing out of the hearts of Irishmen those feelings of kindness and love for England, upon which the permanence of union between the two countries can alone be established. This fatal system of coercion and terror, which ministers seem resolved to persevere in, has made half Europe submit to the arms of France, and has given the air of romance or rather of enchantment to the career of her conquests. Now in Holland—now on the Rhine—almost at the same moment overturning the states of Italy, and overawing the empire at the gates of Vienna. Without meaning to underrate the unexampled energies of a mighty nation repelling the atrocious combinations of despotism against her liberties, the nations with which she contended had no privileges to fight for, or any governments worth preserving; they felt therefore no interest in their preservation. Whilst the powers of such governments remained, their subjects were drawn up in arms, and appeared to be armies; but when invasion had silenced the power which oppressed them, they became in a moment the subjects and the soldiers of their invaders. Take warning from so many examples the principles of revolution are eternal and universal.

VIII.—A FREE CONSTITUTION.

BOLINGBROKE.

IF ever a weak and corrupt administration should arise ; if an evil minister should embezzle the public treasure ; if he should load the nation in times of peace, with taxes greater than would be necessary to defray the charge of an expensive war ; if money thus raised should be expended, under the pretence of secret service, to line his own pockets ; to stop the mouths of his hungry dependants ; to bribe some future parliament to approve his measures ; and to patch up an ill-digested, base, dishonorable peace with foreign powers, whom he shall have offended by a continual series of provocations and blunders ; if he should advise his sovereign to make it a maxim, that his security consisted in the continuance, or increase of the public debts, and that his grandeur was founded on the poverty of his subjects ; if he should hazard the affections of the people, by procuring greater revenues for the crown, than they shall be able to spend or the people to raise ; and after this, engage his prince to demand still farther sums as his right, which all men should be sensible were not his due ; I say, if the nation should ever fall under these unhappy circumstances, they will then find the excellence of a free constitution. The public discontent, which upon such occasions has formerly burst forth in a torrent of blood, of universal confusion and desolation, will make itself known only in faint murmurs, and dutiful general complaints. The nation will wait long, before they engage in any desperate measures, that may endanger a constitution, which they justly adore, and from which they confidently expect a sure, though perhaps a dilatory justice, upon such an enormous offender.

These are the inestimable advantages of our present happy settlement. Let us prize it as we ought. Let us not have the worse opinion of the thing itself, because it may, in some instances, be abused. But let us retain the highest veneration for it. Let us remember how much it is our right, and let us resolve to preserve it, untainted and inviolable. Then shall we truly serve our king ; we shall do our duty to our country ; and preserve ourselves in the condition, for which all men were originally designed ; that is, of a free people.

IX.—IMMORTAL INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

ALL the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Whenever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, and consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate;—in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and wake for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of the yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivalled her greatness, shall have shared her fate: when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents;

when the sceptre shall have passed away from England : when perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief ; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple : and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory would still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

X.—TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus ; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inaugurations of thirty kings ; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers ; the hall where the eloquence of Stratford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment ; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as rarely has excited the fears or emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres ;

and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity of his hearers; but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

XI.—BURNS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WE are far from regarding Burns as guilty before the world, as guiltier than the average; nay, from doubting that he is less guilty than one of ten thousand. Tried at a tribunal far more rigid than that where the *Plebiscita* of common civic reputations are pronounced, he has seemed to us even then less worthy of blame than of pity and wonder. But the world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance. It decides like a court of law by dead stat-

utes ; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is, or is not, done wrong. Not the few inches of reflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the ratio of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system ; or it may be a city hippodrome ; nay, the circle of a ginhorse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured ; and it is assumed that the diameter of the ginhorse, and that of the planet, will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy ; for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful ; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

With our hearers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble ; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves ; this little Valcusa Fountain will also arrest our eye ; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current into the light of day ; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines !

XII.—PERSONAL VINDICATION.

MIRABEAU.

WHAT have I done that was so criminal ? I have wished that my order were wise enough to give to-day what will infallibly be wrested from it to-morrow ; that it should receive the merits and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This

is the crime of your "enemy of peace." Or rather I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still, that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner: punish the enemy of peace!

Disinterested "friends of peace!" I have appealed to your honor, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority, or to the nation's right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you! And if you do not answer, but keep silence, shutting yourselves up in the vague declamations you have hurled at me, then allow me to add one word.

In all countries, in all times, aristocrats have implacably persecuted the people's friends; and if, by some singular combination of fortune, there chanced to exist such a one in their own circle, it was he above all whom they struck at, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the patricians; but, being struck with the mortal stab, he flung dust towards heaven, and called on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust sprang Marius,—Marius, not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri, as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Noblesse!

XIII.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ALISON.

THE glory of the conqueror is nothing new; other ages have been dazzled with the phantom of military renown; other nations have bent beneath the yoke of foreign oppres-

sion, and other ages have seen the energies of mankind wither before the march of victorious power. It has been reserved for our age alone to witness—it has been the high prerogative of Wellington alone to exhibit,—a more animating spectacle ; to behold power applied only to the purposes of beneficence ; victory made the means of moral renovation, conquest become the instrument of moral resurrection. Before the march of his victorious power we have seen the energies of the world revive ; we have heard his triumphant voice awaken a fallen race to noble duties, and recall the remembrance of their pristine glory ; we have seen his banners waving over the infant armies of a renovated people, and the track of his chariot-wheels followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but the blessings of a liberated world. We may well say a liberated world ; for it was his firmness which first opposed a barrier to the hitherto irresistible waves of Gallic ambition ; it was his counsel which traced out the path of European deliverance, and his victories which reanimated the all but extinguished spirit of European resistance. It was from the rocks of Tores Vedras that the waves of French conquest first permanently receded. When the French legions, in apparently invincible strength, were preparing for the fight of Borodino, they were startled by the salvos from the Russian lines, which announced the victory of Salamanca. And when the Russian army were marching in mournful silence round their burning capital, and the midnight sky was illuminated by the flames of Moscow, a breathless messenger brought the news of the fall of Madrid, and the revived multitude beheld in the triumph of Wellington, and the capture of the Spanish capital, an omen of their own deliverance and the rescue of their own metropolis. Nor were the services of the Duke of Wellington of less vital consequence in later times. When the tide of victory had ebbcd on the plains of Saxony, and European freedom quivered in the balance, at the Congress of Prague, it was Wellington that threw his sword into the beam by the victory of Victoria, it was the shout of the world at the delivered peninsula which terminated the indecision of the cabinet of Vienna.

XIV.—FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC.

BERRYER.

CAN you suppose that I did not ask myself in February, 1848, why a great nation like France, able to boast of so many able men, should not govern itself? I asked myself the question, but I did not for a moment hesitate for an answer, as I knew only too well what it was for an old society to be subjected to a Republic necessarily at variance with its hopes, its traditions, and its habits, and which could only excite rancor and discontent.

Yes, I say that the Republic is incompatible with the old society of Europe—is utterly unsuited to the genius, wants, manners, and feelings of a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants, closely packed together in the same territory, and whose ancestors have been, for centuries, governed by kings. A great authority has been named to us to-day—Napoleon. Napoleon, it has been said, when at St. Helena, spoke in favor of the Republic, and predicted it for Europe. No, no, do not believe that such was his intention. What! that master mind who had done so much to gather together the scattered fragments around him, and to reconstitute society in France, he to praise the Republic! Not so; but when the great genius beheld his work destroyed by the force of coalesced Europe—if, then, he evoked the Republic—if he uttered the words, "France will be Republican or Cossack!"—it was not as a prediction that he so spoke, but as a malediction. Yes, it was a malediction from the lips of a great man fallen, and nothing else. And that other great man, Mirabeau—the mighty orator to move the listening senate and the masses—who had so shaken, from the tribune, the government to its centre—when he had exhausted his remaining strength in endeavoring to reconstruct the ruin which he had made, what was his cry of despair, when he felt the wings of death flinging their darkest shadow around him? "I carry with me," cried he, "the monarchy; the factions will dispute, amongst themselves, its shreds and remnants." History has appreciated, as they deserved, the testamentary exclamations of the two great men I have mentioned. Both of them, who disposed of a whole century and a whole people by the mere force of their genius, felt the task at least too ponderous for their strength, and in the agony of their disappointment they

exclaimed :—" Authority is gone, anarchy is entered on possession. God only can again collect together the scattered ruins."

XV.—ON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

LAMARTINE.

WHAT occupies all minds is the fear that the fanaticism of certain men may mistake a duty, and, attaching themselves to the heirs—I do not say of other persons' glory, for glory is a matter to which relationship gives no right, but to that fame which carries away so easily a nation like ours—may create what you and what I myself look on as a danger. Is such a danger real? I cannot say. It is not given to me more than to you to lift up the veil of the future; but permit me to say, that I am convinced that the heirs of whom I speak, do not think of any attempt at usurpation; they have declared it themselves in this tribune, and I believe their word, as honest men. No, they have no thought of that kind; but around them there are groups of men, such as are always ready to flutter about supposed ambitions, and who would be disposed to turn to the profit of bad passions the greatest of our glories. But I say that these men would find themselves mistaken. To effect an 18th Brumaire, two things are necessary—long years of terror behind, and in prospect the victories of Marengo and the Pyramids. But at present, there is neither the one nor the other. The real danger of the Republic of February, is its passage through the perilous reflux which follows all revolutions. I will not affirm that France is not republican; I am perfectly convinced that if France is not yet republican by her habits, if she is still monarchical by her vices, she is republican by her ideas. Think of the monarchy falling to pieces before a tribune not far distant from that in which I now speak; think of the enthusiasm of the people saluting the magnificence of the inauguration of the Republic, which cost neither a regret nor a drop of blood, and which brought with it so many hopes to be realized, not all at once, but with the slowness and maturity which effect great things in life. That inauguration captivated all hearts, and if I brought to this tribune the confidential declarations of the heads of the great monar-

chical parties, you would be convinced, as I am, that at that great period at which men elevate themselves above all personal considerations, there was in all minds but a single sentiment—a sincere, loyal, and complete acceptance of the Republic.

XVI.—THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity ; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love, understand each other by a word ; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing ; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return ? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the Church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is unknown, it excites no attention ; but if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller ! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished ? The Eternal

has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

XVII.—IN RELATION TO THE IMPEACHMENT OF
HASTINGS.

SHERIDAN.

I TRUST, sir, that the season of impunity has passed away. I cannot help indulging the hope that this House will vindicate the insulted character of justice; that it will exhibit its true quality, essence, and purposes; that it will demonstrate it to be, in the case before us, active, inquisitive, and avenging.

I have heard, sir, of factions and parties in this House, and know that they exist. There is scarcely a subject upon which we are not broken and divided into sects. The prerogatives of the crown find their advocates among the representatives of the people. The privileges of the people find opponents in the House of Commons itself. The measures of every minister are supported by one body of men, and thwarted by another. Habits, connections, parties, all lead to a diversity of opinion. But, sir, when inhumanity presents itself to our observation, it finds no division among us. We attack it as our common enemy, and conceiving that the character of the country is involved in our zeal for its ruin, we quit it not till it is completely overthrown. It is not given to this House, to behold the objects of its compassion and benevolence in the present extensive inquiry, as it was to the officers who relieved them, and who so feelingly described the extatic emotions of gratitude in the instant of deliverance. We cannot behold the workings of their hearts, the quivering lips, the trickling tears, the loud, yet tremulous joys of the millions, whom our vote will forever save from the cruelty of corrupted power. But, though we cannot directly see the effect, is not the true enjoyment of our benevolence increased, by its being conferred unseen? Will not the omnipotence of Britain be demonstrated, to the wonder of nations, by stretching its mighty arm across the deep,

and saving by its fiat distant millions from destruction? And will the benedictions of the people thus saved dissipate in empty air? No. They will not. If I may dare to use the figure, they will constitute heaven itself their proxy, to receive for them the blessings of their pious thanksgiving, and the prayers their gratitude will dictate.

XVIII.—GENIUS.

E. L. BULWER.

MAN's genius is a bird that cannot be always on the wing; when the craving for the actual world is felt, it is a hunger that must be appeased. They who command but the ideal, enjoy ever most the real. See the true artist, when abroad in men's thoroughfares, ever observant, ever diving into the heart, ever alive to the least as to the greatest of the complicated truths of existence—descending to what pedants would call the trivial and the frivolous. From every mesh in the social coil he can disentangle a grace. And for him each wiry gossamer floats in the gold of the sunlight. Know you not, that around the animalcule that sports in the water, there shines a halo, as around the star that revolves in bright pastime through the space? True art finds beauty everywhere. In the street, in the market-place, in the hovel, it gathers food for the hive of its thoughts. In the mire of politics, Dante and Milton selected pearls for the wreath of song. Who ever told you that *Rasfaële* did not enjoy the life without, carrying everywhere with him the one inward idea of beauty, which attracted and embedded in its own amber every straw that the feet of the dull man trampled into mud? As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its unwitnessed cave, so Genius searches through wood and waste untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no footstep can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art the inexhaustible pasture-ground and harvest to the world within.

XIX.—HOPE FOR ITALY.

L. MARIOTTI.

THE French, wanting aid from every quarter, hailed the awakening of Italy. They gave her a standard; they girt her sons with the weapons of war; they seated them in senates and parliaments. They dusted the iron crown of the Lombards, and placed it on the brow of one of her islanders. The Italians started up; they believed, they followed, they fought. Deceived by the French, they turned to the Austrians—betrayed by the Austrians, they came back to the French. There ensued a series of deception and perfidy, of blind confidence and disappointment; and when the Italians, weary, dejected, and ravaged, lay down abandoned to their bitter reflections, an awful truth shone in its full evidence—the only price for torrents of blood—that beyond the Alps they had nothing but enemies! The reaction was long and severe. To those few years of raving intoxication, lethargy succeeded, and nothingness. The sword was taken from the side of the brave, the lips of the wise were closed; all was settled, and silenced, and fettered, but thought. Thought remained anxious, sleepless, rebellious; with a grim, severe monitor behind—Memory; and a rosy syren before—Hope, always within its reach, always receding from its embrace; and it sat a tyrant of the soul, preyed upon the heart of the young, of the brave, of the lovely, choosing its victims with the cruel sagacity of the vampire, and it strewed their couches with thorns, and sprinkled their feasts with poison, and snatched from their hands the cup of pleasure.

“Italians,” was the cry, “remember what you have been, what you are, what you must be. Is it thus, on the dust of heroes, is it in the fairest of lands, that you drag on the days of abjectness? Will you never afford a better spectacle to the nations than masquerades and processions of monks? Will you never go out among strangers, except as fiddlers and limners? England and France are subduing deserts and oceans; Germany flourishes in science and letters. The sons of the earth are snatching from your hands the sceptre of the arts. What is to become of Italy? Shall her name be buried under these ruins, to which you cling with the fondness of a fallen noble, prouder of the escutcheon and of the portraits of his ancestors, in proportion as he degenerates

from them? Shall it be said of her sons that they have made their own destiny, and they groan under a yoke they have merited?"

But God has, at last, mercy on long-enduring Italy! Her princes may yet desert her. Her Pope, even if infallible, is not immortal. But God is eternal, and is with her. Happy, if she learns to trust in Him and herself alone! Her sorrow has been weighed: her fate is mature. Kings and pontiffs may now work it out. It is not they, however, that prepared it. The Spirit that is alive within her, comes direct from the breath of her Maker. The phoenix has been consumed upon her funeral pyre. Her last breath has vanished in the air with the smoke of her ashes; but the dawn breaks; the first rays of the sun are falling upon the desolate hearth; the ashes begin to heave, and from their bosom the new bird springs forth with luxuriant plumage, displaying her bold flight, with her eyes fixed on that sun from which she derived her origin.

XX.—PROVINCE OF THE HISTORIAN.

SCHLEGEL.

REMARKABLE actions, great events, and strange catastrophes, are not of themselves sufficient to preserve the admiration and determine the judgment of posterity. These are only to be attained by a nation who have given clear proofs that they were not insensible instruments in the hands of destiny, but were themselves conscious of the greatness of their deeds, and the singularity of their fortunes. This national consciousness, expressing itself in works of narrative and illustration, is History. A people whose days of glory and victory have been celebrated by the pen of a Livy, whose misfortunes and decline have been bequeathed to posterity in the pages of a Tacitus, acquires a strange pre-eminence by the genius of her historians, and is no longer in any danger of being classed with the vulgar multitude of nations, which, occupying no place in the history of human intellect, as soon as they have performed their part of conquest or defeat on the stage of the world, pass away from our view and sink forever into oblivion. The poet, the painter, or the

sculptor, though endued with all the power and all the magic of his art,—though capable of reaching and embodying the boldest flights of imagination ;—the philosopher, though he may be able to scrutinize the most hidden depth of human thought (rare as these attainments may be, and few equals as he may find in the society with which he is surrounded), can, during the period of his own life, be known and appreciated only by a few. But the sphere of his influences extends with the progress of ages, and his name shines brighter and broader as it grows old. Compared with his, the fame of the legislator, among distant nations, and the celebrity of new institutions, appears uncertain and obscure ; while the glory of the conqueror, after a few centuries have sunk into the all-whelming, all-destroying abyss of time, is forever fading in its lustre, until at length it perhaps affords a subject of exultation to some plodding antiquarian, that he should be able to discover some glimmerings of a name which had once challenged the reverence of the world.

XXI.—PROTEST AGAINST TURKISH PERFDY.

KOSSUTH.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of our arrival at Kutahja ! Kutahja ! the tomb, where the Sublime Porte has buried us alive, whilst speaking to us of hospitality. Pursued by misfortune we stopped before the threshold of the Mussulman, and asked from him, in the name of God, in the name of humanity, in the name of his religion, a hospitable asylum, or a free passage. The Turkish government had entire liberty to receive us or not. It had the right of saying : I will give you shelter in a prison, or in some distant place where you will be detained and strictly guarded. This is the hospitality which Turkey offers you. If it does not please you, hasten your departure, rid us of your embarrassing presence. This was not said to us. The Sublime Porte deigned to open to us its sheltering tent ; it entreated us to cross the threshold, and swore by its God and its faith that it would grant us hospitality and a safe asylum. We trusted ourselves to the honor of the Turks. We eat of their bread and of their salt ; we reposed under their roof. We prayed to God to

bless them, and we offered them our courage, our experience matured by vicissitudes, and our everlasting gratitude. And Hungarians keep their word.

Look at Bosnia, where Mussulmen, subjects of the Sublime Porte, are revolted against it. A handful of Hungarian soldiers are in the ranks of its army—it is but a handful, for the Porte would not accept more. Well! who are first upon the breach? who are first in the charge? who are they who never retreat, who advance in the midst of fire and grape-shot, bayonet in hand, to victory? They are this handful of exiles. They die for Turkey; the Hungarian keeps his word. They offered us hospitality, and they gave us a prison: they swore to us that we should meet with an asylum, and we have found banishment. God will judge; and God is just. We have suffered; but for the sake of not causing embarrassment, we have been silent. They begged us to have confidence. We have shown it. They begged us to wait. We have waited long. They said to us, it is only until Austria shall succeed in re-establishing that which the despots call order (the order of oppression), that which they call tranquillity (the tranquillity of the tomb).

Well, she has re-established this order, this tranquillity, by her executions. She has re-established it so far as to dare to provoke Prussia to war; so far as to dare, trusting to the support of her master, the Czar, to encroach upon the nations of Europe, to extend her forces from the Baltic to Rome; so far as to threaten Piedmont and Switzerland; so far as to bribe the border provinces of Turkey to revolt,—she has re-established this tranquillity, she has even announced its re-establishment to the Sublime Porte; and we are still prisoners.

I most solemnly protest against this act. I appeal from it to the eternal justice of God, and to the judgment of all humanity.

XXII.—LESSON TO AMBITION.

JEFFREY.

A GROUND of rejoicing in the downfall of Bonaparte is on account of the impressive lesson it has read to Ambition, and the striking illustration it has afforded, of the inevitable ten-

dency of that passion to bring to ruin the power and the greatness which it seeks so madly to increase. No human being, perhaps, ever stood on so proud a pinnacle of worldly grandeur, as this insatiable conqueror, at the beginning of his Russian campaign. He had done more—he had acquired more—and he possessed more, as to actual power, influence, and authority, than any individual that ever figured on the scene of European story. He had visited, with a victorious army, almost every capital of the Continent; and dictated the terms of peace to their astonished princes. He had consolidated under his immediate dominion, a territory and population apparently sufficient to meet the combination of all it did not include; and interwoven himself with the government of almost all that was left. He had cast down and erected thrones at his pleasure, and surrounded himself with tributary kings, and principalities of his own creation. He had connected himself by marriage with the proudest of the ancient sovereigns; and was at the head of the largest and the finest army that was ever assembled to desolate or dispose of the world. Had he known where to stop in his aggressions upon the peace and independence of mankind, it seems as if this terrific sovereignty might have been permanently established in his person. But the demon by which he was possessed urged him on to his fate. He could not bear that any power should exist which did not confess its dependence on him. Without a pretext for quarrel he attacked Russia—insulted Austria—trod contemptuously on the fallen fortunes of Prussia—and by new aggressions, and the menace of more intolerable evils, drove them into that league which rolled back the tide of ruin upon himself, and ultimately hurled him into the insignificance from which he originally sprung.

Without this, the lesson to Ambition would have been imperfect, and the retribution of Eternal Justice apparently incomplete. It was fitting, that the world should see it again demonstrated, by this great example, that the appetite of conquest is in its own nature insatiable;—and that a being, once abandoned to that bloody career, is fated to pursue it to the end; and must persist in the work of desolation and murder, till the accumulated wrongs and resentments of the harassed world sweep him from its face.

XXIII.—THE CATHOLIC RESTRICTIONS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

I OBJECT, sir, to the law, as it stands at present, because it is impolitic, and because it is unjust. It is impolitic, because it exposes this country to the greatest danger in time of war. Can you believe, sir, can any man of the most ordinary turn for observation, believe, that the monarchs of Europe mean to leave this country in the quiet possession of the high station which it at present holds? Is it not obvious that a war is coming on between the governments of law and the governments of despotism?—that the weak and tottering race of the Bourbons will (whatever our wishes may be) be compelled to gratify the wounded vanity of the French, by plunging them into a war with England. Already they are pitying the Irish people, as you pity the West Indian slaves—already they are opening colleges for the reception of Irish priests. Will they wait for your tardy wisdom and reluctant liberality? Is not the present state of Ireland a premium upon early invasion? Does it not hold out the most alluring invitation to your enemies to begin? And if the flag of any hostile power in Europe is unfurled in that unhappy country, is there one Irish peasant who will not hasten to join it?—and not only the peasantry, sir; the peasantry begin these things, but the peasantry do not end them—they are soon joined by a power a little above them—and then, after a trifling success, a still superior class think it worth while to try the risk: men are hurried into a rebellion, as the oxen are pulled into the cave of Cacus—tail foremost. The mob first, who have nothing to lose but their lives, of which every Irishman has nine—then comes the shopkeeper—then the parish priest—then the vicar-general—then Dr. Doyle, and, lastly, Daniel O'Connell.

War, sir, seems to be almost as natural a state to mankind as peace; but if you could hope to escape war, is there a more powerful receipt for destroying the prosperity of any country than these eternal jealousies and distinctions between the two religions?

But what right have you to continue these rules, sir, these laws of exclusion? What necessity can you show for it? Is the reigning monarch a concealed Catholic? Is his successor an open one? Is there a Catholic pretender? If some

of these circumstances are said to have justified the introduction, and others the continuation of these measures, why does not the disappearance of all these circumstances justify the repeal of these restrictions? If you must be unjust—if it is a luxury you cannot live without—reserve your injustice for the weak, and not for the strong—persecute the Unitarians, muzzle the Ranters, be unjust to a few thousand sectaries, not to six millions—galvanize a frog, don't galvanize a tiger.

XXIV.—PLEA TO GEORGE IV. IN BEHALF OF THE QUEEN.

PHILLIPS.

Who could have thought, that in a foreign land, the restless fiend of persecution would have haunted the Princess Charlotte? Who could have thought, that in those distant climes, where her distracted brain had sought oblivion, the demoniac malice of her enemies would have followed? who could have thought that any human form which had a heart, would have skulked after the mourner in her wanderings, to note and con every unconscious gesture? Yet such a man there was; who on the classic shores of Como, even in the land of the illustrious Roman; where every stone entombed a hero, and every scene was redolent of genius, forgot his name, his country, and his calling, to hoard such coinable and rabble slander! Oh, sacred shades of our departed sages! avert your eyes from this unhallowed spectacle; the spotless ermine is unsullied still; the ark yet stands untainted in the temple, and should unconsecrated hand assail it, there is a lightning still, which would not slumber! No, no; the judgment-seat of British law is to be soared, not crawled to; it must be sought on an eagle's pinion and gazed at by an eagle's eye. there is a radiant purity about it, to blast the glance of grovelling speculation. His labor was vain. Sir, the people of England will not listen to Italian witnesses, nor ought they. Send back, then, to Italy, those alien adventurers; away with them anywhere from us: they cannot live in England: they will die in the purity of its moral atmosphere.

Meanwhile during this accursed scrutiny, even while the legal blood hounds were on the scent, the last dear stay which bound her to the world, parted,—*the princess Char*

lotte died. What must have been that hapless mother's misery, when the first dismal tidings came upon her? The darling child over whose cradle she had shed so many tears—whose lightest look was treasured in her memory—who, amid the world's frown, still smiled upon her—the fair and lovely flower, which, when her orb was quenched in tears, lost not its filial, its divine fidelity! It was blighted in its blossom—its verdant stem was withered, and in a foreign land she heard it, and *alone*—no, no, not quite alone. The myrmidons of British hate were around her, and when her heart's salt tears were *blinding her*, a German nobleman was *plundering her letters*. Bethink you, sire, if that fair paragon of daughters lived, would England's heart be wrung with this inquiry! Oh! she would have torn the diamonds from her brow, and dashed each royal mockery to the earth, and rushed before the people, not in a monarch's, but in *nature's majesty*—a child appealing for her persecuted mother! and God would bless the sight, and man would hallow it, and every little infant in the land who felt a mother's warm tear upon her cheek, would turn by instinct to that sacred summons. Your daughter in her shroud is *yet alive*, sire—her spirit is amongst us—it rose untombed when her poor mother lauded—it walks amid the people—it has left the angels to protect a parent.

XXV.—IN DEFENCE OF MR. FINNERTY.

CURRAN.

GENTLEMEN, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you, whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied, when it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new and before unheard of crimes are discovered against the informer; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner; that time is taken, as the learned coun-

sel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not ! that, after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted ; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family he adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved ; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father and restored him to his children ; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided. “ Alas ! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home ! ” No scraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life ; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame ; where unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation ?—would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint ?—would you have been mean enough ?—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you ; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done ; had I thought you that vile and base instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should scorn to string my hand across it ; I should have left it to a fitter minstrel : if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if I attempted to describe them.

XXVI.—THE EVIDENCE OF MR. O'BRIEN.

CURRAN.

WHAT is the evidence of O'Brien? what has he stated? Here, gentlemen, let me claim the benefits of that great privilege, which distinguished trial by jury in this country from all the world. Twelve men, not emerging from the must and cobwebs of a study, abstracted from human nature, or only acquainted with its extravagances; but twelve men, conversant with life, and practised in those feelings which mark the common and necessary intercourse between man and man. Such are you, gentlemen; how, then, does Mr. O'Brien's tale hang together? Look to its commencement. He walks along Thomas street, in the open day (a street not the least populous in the city), and is accosted by a man, who, without any preface, tells him, he'll be murdered before he goes half the street, unless he becomes a United Irishman! Do you think this a probable story? Suppose any of you, gentlemen, be a United Irishman, or a freemason, or a friendly brother, and that you met me walking innocently along, just like Mr. O'Brien, and meaning no harm, would you say, "Stop, sir, don't go further, you'll be murdered before you go half the street, if you do not become a United Irishman, a freemason, or a friendly brother?" Did you ever hear so coaxing an invitation to felony as this? "Sweet Mr. James O'Brien, come in and save your precious life; come in and take an oath, or you'll be murdered before you go half the street! Do, sweetest, dearest Mr. James O'Brien, come in and do not risk your valuable existence." What a loss had he been to his king, whom he loves so marvellously! Well, what does poor Mr. O'Brien do? Poor, dear man, he stands petrified with the magnitude of his danger—all his members refuse their office—he can neither run from the danger, nor call for assistance; his tongue cleaves to his mouth! and his feet incorporate with the paving stones—it is in vain that his expressive eye silently implores protection of the passenger; he yields at length, as greater men have done, and resignedly submits to his fate: he then enters the house, and being led into a room, a parcel of men *make faces* at him: but mark the metamorphosis—well may it be said, that "miracles will never cease,"—he who feared to resist in the open air, and in the face of the

public, becomes a bravo, when pent up in a room, and environed by sixteen men ; and one is obliged to bar the door while another swears him ; which, after some resistance, is accordingly done, and poor Mr. O'Brien becomes a United Irishman, for no earthly purpose whatever, but merely to save his sweet life !

XXVII.—CREMUTIUS CORDUS'S DEFENCE OF HIS ANNALS.

TACITUS.

THE charge, conscript fathers, is for words only ; so irreproachable is my conduct. And what are my words ? Do they affect the emperor or his mother, the only persons included in the law of majesty ? It is, however, my crime that I have treated the names of Brutus and Cassius with respect ; and have not others done the same ? In the number of writers, who composed the lives of these eminent men, is there one who has not done honor to their memory ? Titus Livius, that admirable historian, not more distinguished by his eloquence, than by his fidelity, was so lavish in praise of Pompey, that Augustus called him the Pompeian : and yet the friendship of the emperor was unalterable. Scipio and Afranius, with this same Brutus and this very Cassius, are mentioned by that immortal author, not indeed as ruffians and parricides (the appellations now in vogue) ; but as virtuous, upright, and illustrious Romans. The verses of Bibaculus and Catullus, though keen lampoons on the family of the Cæsars, are in everybody's hands. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Augustus showed any resentment at these unenvied productions ; on the contrary they left them to make their way in the world. Was this their moderation, or superior wisdom ? Perhaps it was the latter. Neglected calumny soon expires : show that you are hurt, and you give it the appearance of truth.

From Greece I draw no precedents. In that country, not only liberty, but even licentiousness was encouraged. He who felt the edge of satire, knew how to retaliate. Words were revenged by words. When public characters have passed away from the stage of life, and the applause of friendship, as well as the malice of enemies, is heard no

more ; it has ever been the prerogative of history to rejudge their actions. Brutus and Cassius are not now at the head of their armies : they are not encamped on the plains of Philippi : can I assist their cause ? Have I harangued the people, or incited them to take up arms ? It is now more than sixty years since these two extraordinary men perished by the sword : from that time they have been seen in their busts and statues : those remains the very conquerors spared, and history has been just to their memory. Posterity allows to every man his true value and proper honors. You may, if you will, by your judgment, affect my life ; but Brutus and Cassius will still be remembered, and my name may attend the triumph.

XXVIII.—MONOPOLIES.

SIR JOHN CULPEPER.

MR. SPEAKER, I have but one grievance more to offer you, but this one compriseth many. It is a nest of wasps, or swarm of vermin which have overcrept the land. I mean the Monopolists and Pollers of the people : these, like the frogs of Egypt, have gotten possession of our dwellings, and we have scarce a room free from them. They sup in our cup. They dip in our dish. They sit by our fire. We find them in the dyepot, wash-bowl, and powdering tub. They share with the butler in his box. They have marked and sealed us from head to foot. Mr. Speaker, they will not bate us a pin. We may not buy our clothes without their brokage. These are the leeches that have sucked the commonwealth so hard, that it is almost become heetical. And, sir, some of them are ashamed of their right names. They have a vizard to hide the brand made by that good law in the last parliament of King James : they shelter themselves under the name of corporation ; they make bye-laws which serve their turn to squeeze us and fill their purses. Unface these, and they will prove as bad cards as any in the pack. These are not petty-chapmen, but wholesale men. Mr. Speaker, I have echoed to you the cries of the kingdom.

XXIX.—THE POET'S THEMES.

TALFOURD.

THE universe, in its majesty, and man in the plain dignity of his nature, are the poet's favorite themes. And is there no might, no glory, no sanctity in these? Earth has her own venerableness—her awful forests, which have darkened her hills for ages with tremendous gloom; her mysterious springs pouring out everlasting waters from unsearchable recesses; her wrecks of elemental contests; her jagged rocks, monumental of an earlier world. The lowliest of her beauties has an antiquity beyond that of the pyramids. The evening breeze has the old sweetness which it shed over the fields of Canaan, when Isaac went out to meditate. The Nile swells with its rich waters toward the bulrushes of Egypt, as when the infant Moses nestled among them, watched by the sisterly love of Miriam. Zion's hill has not passed away with its temple, nor lost its sanctity amidst the tumultuous changes around it, nor even by the accomplishment of that awful religion of types and symbols which once was enthroned on its steep. The sun to which the poet turns his eye is the same which shone over Thermopylæ; and the wind to which he listens swept over Salamis, and scattered the armaments of Xerxes. Is a poet utterly deprived of fitting themes, to whom ocean, earth, and sky are open—who has an eye for the most evanescent of nature's hues, and the most ethereal of her graces—who can "live in the rainbow and play in the plighted clouds," or send into our hearts the awful loveliness of regions "consecrate to eldest time?" Is there nothing in man, considered abstractedly from the distinctions of this world—nothing in a being who is in the infancy of an immortal life—who is lackeyed by "a thousand liveried angels"—who is even "splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave"—to awaken ideas of permanence, solemnity and grandeur? Are there no themes sufficiently exalted for poetry in the midst of death and life—in the desires and hopes which have their resting-place near the throne of the Eternal—in afflictions, strange and wondrous in their working, and unconquerable by time, or anguish, or destiny? Such subjects, though not arrayed in any adventitious pomp, have a real and innate grandeur.

XXX.—ON THE PROSPECT OF AN INVASION.

ROBERT HALL.

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished : the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed the catastrophe ; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for a favorite abode : but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here ; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born ; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the color and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it ? It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good ; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence ; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to prove yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is affecting your welfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of

your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid ; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the spirit ; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shout of battle and the shock of arms.

XXXI.—UNIVERSALITY OF CONSCIENCE.

CHALMERS.

THIS theology of conscience has been greatly obscured, but never, in any country, or at any period in the history of the world, has it been wholly obliterated. We behold the vestiges of it in the simple theology of the desert ; and, perhaps, more distinctly there, than in the complex superstitions of an artificial and civilized heathenism. In confirmation of this, we might quote the invocations to the Great Spirit from the wilds of North America. But, indeed, in every quarter of the globe, where missionaries have held converse with savages, even with the rudest of nature's children—when speaking on the topics of sin and judgment, they did not speak to them in vocables unknown. And as this sense of a universal law and a Supreme Lawgiver never waned into total extinction among the tribes of ferocious and untamed wanderers—so neither was it altogether stifled by the refined and intricate polytheism of more enlightened nations. When the guilty Emperors of Rome were tempest-driven by remorse and fear, it was not that they trembled before a spectre of their own imagination. When terror mixed, which it often did, with the rage and cruelty of Nero, it was the theology of conscience which haunted him. It was not the suggestion of a capricious fancy which gave him the disturbance—but a voice issuing from the deep recesses of a moral nature, as

stable and uniform throughout the species as is the material structure of humanity ; and in the lineaments of which we may read that there is a moral regimen among men, and therefore a moral governor who hath instituted, and who presides over it. Therefore it was that these imperial despots, the worst and haughtiest of recorded monarchs, stood aghast at the spectacle of their own worthlessness.

This is not a local or a geographical notion. It is a universal feeling—to be found wherever men are found, because interwoven with the constitution of humanity. It is not, therefore, the peculiarity of one creed or of one country. It circulates at large throughout the family of man. We can trace it in the theology of savage life ; nor is it wholly overborne by the artificial theology of a more complex and idolatrous paganism. Neither crime nor civilization can extinguish it ; and, whether in the “*conscientia scelerum*” of the fierce and frenzied Catiline, or in the tranquil contemplative musings of Socrates and Cicero, we find the impression of at once a righteous and reigning Sovereign.

XXXII.—ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

FOX.

It is asked, whether liberty has not gained much of late years, and whether the popular branch ought not therefore to be content ? To this, I answer, that, if liberty has gained much, power has gained more. Power has been indefatigable, and unwearied in its encroachments ; everything has run in that direction through the whole course of the present reign.—Nothing, therefore, I say, has been gained to the people, whilst the constant current has run towards the crown ; and God knows what is to be the consequence, both to the crown and the country. I believe we are come to the last moment of possible remedy. I believe that at this moment the enemies of both are few ; but I firmly believe, that what has been seen in Ireland, will be experienced also here ; and that, if we are to go in the same career with convention bills and acts of exasperation of all kinds, the few will soon become the many, and that we shall have to pay a severe retribution for our present pride. What a noble lord said some time

ago of France, may be applicable to this very subject. What, said he, negotiate with France? With men, whose hands are reeking with the blood of their sovereign? What, shall we degrade ourselves by going to Paris, and there asking in humble diplomatic language to be on good understanding with them? Gentlemen will remember these lofty words; and yet we have come to this humiliation; we have negotiated with France! and I shall not be surprised to see the noble lord himself going to Paris, not at the head of his regiment, but on a diplomatic commission to those very regicides, to pray to be on a good understanding with them. Shall we then be blind to the lessons, which the events of the world exhibit to our view? Pride, obstinacy, and insult, must end in concessions, and those concessions must be humble in proportion to our unbecoming pride.

XXXIII.—CHARACTER OF JUSTICE.

SHERIDAN.

MR. HASTINGS, in the magnificent paragraph which concludes this communication, says, "I hope it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment, until she is called on to determine." But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it the character of justice, which takes the form of right to excite wrong? No, my lords, justice is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffectual banter of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness, and political dismay! No, my lords. In the happy reverse of all this, I turn from the disgusting caricature to the real image! Justice I have now before me, august and pure! the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirations of men! where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate; to

hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic from its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that justice I rely; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation, not on words, but on facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all, to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves—with the most exalted bliss possible or perceivable for our nature, the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world!

XXXIV.—THE HOUR OF DESTINY.

DUBLIN NATION.

THE last plank has now, indeed, been shivered, to which we clung with such despairing faith. The last drop added to the cup of insult and misery, and it has overflowed. Men of Ireland, the hour of trial and deliverance has at last been struck by Providence. Calmly contemplate all that God, humanity, and your outraged country now demand of you, and then resolutely dare, heroically conquer, or bravely die. What have you to fear? Nothing in Heaven, for you are justified before God. You may kneel by your uplifted battle-flag, and call Him to witness how you have endured every wrong—suffered, unrevenged, every infamy—and sought redress only with streaming eyes and clasped hands, and passionate prayers for justice! justice! The cry has gone up to heaven, and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, but it could not melt the heart of man. We appeal to God, then, in the day of battle: we claim his vengeance for our wrongs; for has he not said: "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord?" Do you fear the judgment of men? Look round the earth—every nation cheers you on

with words of hope and sympathy and encouragement. Uplift your battle-flag, and from the two hemispheres, and across the two oceans, not words alone, but brave hearts and armed hands will come to aid you.

Ireland! Ireland! it is no petty insurrection—no local quarrel—no party triumph that summons you to the field. The destinies of the world—the advancement of the human race—depend now on your courage and success: for if you have courage, success must follow! Tyranny, and despotism, and injustice, and bigotry, are gathering together the chains that have been flung off by every other nation of Europe, and are striving to bind them upon us—the ancient, brave, free Irish people. It is a holy war to which we are called—a war against all that is opposed to justice and happiness and freedom. Conquer, and tyranny is subdued forever. It is a death-struggle now between the oppressor and the slave—between the murderer and his victim. Strike!—strike! Another instant, and his foot will be upon your neck—his dagger at your heart. Will he listen to prayers? Will he melt at tears? We have looked to heaven, and earth, and asked, “Is there no way to save Ireland but by this dark path?” We have taken counsel of misery, and famine, and plague, and said, “Will ye not plead for us? Will not horror grant what justice denies?” But they die!—they die! The strong men, and the mothers, and the pale children, down they fall, thousands upon thousands—a death-ruin of human corse upon the earth, and their groans vibrate with a fearful dissonance through the country, and their death-wail shrieks along the universe, but no pity dims the eye of the stern murderer who watches their agonies.

Then arose a band of martyrs, and they stood between the living and the dead, and preached the truth, such as the world has known from the beginning, only they preached it more eloquently, for they were young and gifted, and genius burned in their eyes, and patriotism in their hearts—and God has filled these young noble spirits with a lofty enthusiasm for the divinest purpose—the regeneration of their country. But what care they for genius, or virtue, or patriotism?—these iron machines, called governments, who “grind down men’s bones to a pale unanimity.” So they trembled at the voices of these young preachers, and strove to crush them by cunning and ingenious tortures that made life more terrible even than death; and soon there were noble limbs

writhing in prison cells ; and proud hearts beating in ignominious exile. And now with the groans of the dying, there went up from our fatal land the shrieks of despairing mothers, and the weeping of young wives left desolate by lonely hearths, and the bewildered cries of orphaned children when they heard they had no father.

XXXV.—THE SAME—CONTINUED.

DUBLIN NATION.

WHAT then ? Is there no hope ? Will ye drag on a wretched existence, degraded in the eyes of Europe—making Ireland a by-word amongst the nations ? Will ye suffer these things, that so your children may rise up in after years and say,—Was it thus, and thus, when ye were young men, and ye never lifted your arms to prevent it ? Did ye sell not only the lives of your brothers, but also the honor of your country ? Have ye left nothing but a heritage of shame ? No ! God has not utterly forsaken us. He has left us one path, but *one*. There is no other. You must march on it, or the ruin of your country, the death of the living, and the vengeance of the unavenged dead will be on your souls. But here solemnly we acquit the English *people* of all participation in forcing on us this dreadful alternative—slavery or war. Not the brave, generous, English people, but the tyrant, imbecile ministry are guilty of thus recklessly plunging their own nation and ours into the murderous collision.

One way is indeed yet left, one noble way, and a hallelujah of praise might rise to heaven in place of the clash of arms and the groans of the dying. Let the Queen come with all the proud prerogatives of royalty. Let her unbar the prison-gates, restore the exiles to their homes, restore their rights to a nation. A woman can yet save thousands from destruction. If she will not, then amongst the miserable in the kingdom, there will be one more miserable than all. That Queen upon her throne—a crowned Medea—with the diamonds on her brow, but the blood of her people, her children, on her soul. Oh ! let thy heart speak, young Queen, there is yet time ; hesitate—and the page of history that

notes thy reign will be scarcely ligible to posterity, for the blood of thy subjects will have stained it.

Rise, then, men of Ireland, since Providence so wills it. Rise in your cities and in your fields, on your green hills, in your valleys, by your dark mountain passes, by your rivers and lakes, and ocean-washed shores. Rise as a nation. England has dissevered the bond of allegiance. Rise, not now to demand justice from a foreign kingdom, but to make Ireland an independent kingdom forever. It is no light task. God has appointed you. It is a work of trial and temptation. Oh ! be steadfast in the trial—be firm to resist the temptation. You have to combat injustice, therefore you must yourselves be just. You have to overthrow a despot power, but you must establish order, not suffer anarchy. Remember, it is not against individuals, or parties, or sects, you wage war, but against a system ; overthrow—have no mercy on that system. Down with it ; down with it, even to the ground ; but show mercy to the individuals who are but the instruments of that system. You look round upon a land—your own land—trodden down, and trampled, and insulted, and on a persecuted, despairing people. It is your right arm must raise up the trampled land—must make her again beautiful, and stately, and rich in blessings. Elevate that despairing people, and make them free and happy ; but teach them to be majestic in their force, generous in their clemency, noble in their triumph. It is a holy mission. Holy must be your motives and your acts, if you would fulfil it. Act as if your soul's salvation hung on each deed, and it will, for we stand already in the shadow of eternity. For us is the combat, but not for us, perhaps, the triumph. Many a noble heart will lie cold many a throbbing pulse will be stilled, ere the cry of victory will arise ! It is a solemn thought, that now is the hour of destiny, when the fetters of seven centuries may at last be broken, and by you, men of this generation ; by you, men of Ireland ! You are God's instruments ; many of you must be freedom's martyrs. Oh ! be worthy of the name ; and as you act as men, as patriots, and as Christians, so will the blessing rest upon your life here, when you lay it down a sacrifice for Ireland upon the red battle-field.

XXXVL—VINDICATION FROM TREASON.

M'MANUS.

My lords, I trust I am enough of a Christian, and enough of a man, to understand the awful responsibility of the question that has been put to me. My lords, standing on this my native soil—standing in an Irish court of justice, and before the Irish nation, I have much to say why sentence of death, or the sentence of the law should not be passed upon me. But, my lords, on entering this court, I placed my life—and what is of much more importance to me, my honor—in the hands of two advocates; and, my lords, if I had ten thousand lives, and ten thousand honors, I would be content to place them under the watchful and glorious genius of the one, and the high legal ability of the other,—my lords, I am content. In that regard I have nothing to say. But I have a word to say, which no advocate, however anxious, can utter for me. I have this to say, my lords: that whatever part I may have taken through any struggle for my country's independence—whatever part I may have acted in that short career, I stand before your lordships now with a free heart, and with a light conscience, ready to abide the issue of your sentence. And now, my lords, perhaps this is the fittest time that I may put one sentiment on record, and it is this:—Standing, as I do, between this dock and the scaffold, it may be now, or to-morrow, or it may be never; but whatever the result may be, I have this sentiment to put on record—that in any part I have taken, I have not been actuated by animosity to Englishmen; for I have spent some of the happiest and most prosperous days of my life there, and in no part of my career have I been actuated by enmity to Englishmen, however much I may have felt the injustice of English rule in this land. My lords, I have nothing more to say. It is not for having loved England less, but for having loved Ireland more, that I stand now before you.

XXXVIL—VINDICATION FROM TREASON

MEAGHER.

It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of

the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct, in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted will view them ; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance—nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that those who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge ? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene ; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge, as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown ? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and, perhaps, it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost ; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done ;—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-

prints in the dust ; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No, I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world, to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution, this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death ; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted, loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I have sought to still—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom—the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

XXXVIII.—INFLUENCE OF THE DUTCH.

BOYTON.

THERE is something in the history of the Dutch people calculated to attract the interest of every cultivated mind. Independent of all mere abstract considerations, we cannot but recollect that the brightest passages in British history were those in which England and Holland were written in the same page—of Elizabeth, the founder of our empire, and the vindicator of our faith—of Cromwell, who made the name of Englishman respected as ever was that of ancient Roman—and the glories of Blenheim, and the laurels of Waterloo, were won along with Dutch allies, and against French foes. On one occasion alone, were we united with the French against the Hollanders ; and abroad or at home, in our foreign or our domestic relations, it is the darkest and the basest page in the tablets of our histories—I allude to the reign of Charles the Second. With a profligate, an unconstitutional, and a popish government at home, the name of England was dishonored abroad. The Dutch fleets swept the seas, our shipping was destroyed even upon the waters of the Thames, and for once in our history a foreign fleet arrived within a single tide of London bridge. Nor were we absolved from our shame, until we sought from persecuted Holland a Deliverer—(No idea can be conveyed of the enthusiasm with which this declaration was received)—from dishonor abroad and despotism at home. No war can be safe but such as is supported by the good-will of the people. I am assured from every private account—I see it in forced acknowledgment of the hireling press, who, however enslaved to the Government, are constrained to obey the still higher behests of the popular will, that in England there is a universal reclamation against this war—and, in Ireland—in Ireland, what is the feeling ? It has been said by a wise heathen, that a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle worthy of gods to witness. But a great and temperate and wise prince, struggling against unjust aggression—asserting with firmness, and not without moderation, the unquestionable rights of his subjects—supported by the sacrifices and cheered by the affections of a unanimous and devoted people, is a spectacle well worthy the admiration of mankind.

When the Protestants were persecuted for their faith—when they were driven from their habitation—when they were driven to the dreadful alternative of misery and debasement at home, or of sorrow and exile abroad—they recollect that their great Deliverer came from Holland. They look to their people as one people with themselves—that the Irish Protestant and the Dutch Protestant achieved the one victory at the plains of Aughrim and the waters of the Boyne; and although it should still please their Sovereign to continue this unprofitable and unhappy contest, they will still maintain to him the loyalty and devotion with which they have ever been characterized, and still lend their best efforts for the maintenance of his dignity and crown. It will be the part of a wise minister to recollect, that at a most dangerous period in the history of Ireland, when the bond of English connection has dwindled to a thread, when its only security is found in the attachment of the Protestants to English rule, that he advises a Sovereign to a war condemned by every thinking and educated individual of that persuasion; and with respect to the lower classes, revolting to the strongest prejudices and most powerful emotions of the heart.

XXXIX.—SPEECH OF GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.

TACITUS.

As often as I reflect on the origin of the war and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us. The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions, in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valor was a resource to look to, for we, the noblest of all the nations, and on that account placed in its inmost recesses, unused to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes ever inviolate from its hateful sight. We, the last of the earth, and of freedom, unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever

regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us, naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans : men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, they are avaricious ; is he poor, they are ambitious, the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretences, they call empire ; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

Do not believe the Romans have the same prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions ; they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection. Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment ; when you remove them, as fear ceases terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side ; no wives inflame the Romans ; no parents are there, to call shame on their flight ; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them shut in and bound into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers or wounds, alarm you. In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends ; the Britons will recognize their own cause ; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom ; the other Germans will desert them, as lately the Usipii have done. No objects of terror are behind them ; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies ; dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities. Here is a leader, an army ; there are tributes and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear forever, or instantly to avenge, lies in your arms. Go forth, then, into the field, and think of your ancestors and your descendants.

XL.—SPEECH OF AGRICOLA TO HIS ARMY IN BRITAIN.

TACITUS.

It is now, my fellow-soldiers, the eighth year of our service in Britain. During that time, the genius and good auspices of the Roman Empire, with your assistance and unwearied labor, have made the island our own. In all our expeditions, in every battle, the enemy has felt your valor, and by your toil and perseverance the very nature of the country has been conquered. I have been proud of my soldiers, and you have had no reason to blush for your general. We have carried the terror of our arms beyond the limits of any other soldiers, or any former general; we have penetrated to the extremity of the land. This was formerly the boast of vainglory, the mere report of fame; it is now historical truth. We have gained possession, sword in hand; we are encamped on the utmost limits of the island. Britain is discovered, and by the discovery conquered.

In our long and laborious marches, when we were obliged to traverse moors, and fens, and rivers, and to climb steep and craggy mountains, it was still the cry of the bravest amongst you, When shall we be led to battle? When shall we see the enemy? Behold them now before you! They are hunted out of their dens and caverns; your wish is granted, and the field of glory lies open to your swords. One victory more makes this new world our own; but remember that a defeat involves us all in the last distress. If we consider the progress of our arms, to look back is glorious; the tract of country that lies behind us, the forests which you have explored, and the estuaries which you have passed, are monuments of eternal fame. But our fame can only last, while we press forward on the enemy. If we give ground, if we think of a retreat, we have the same difficulties to surmount again. The success, which is now our pride, will in that case be our worst misfortune. Which of you would not rather die with honor, than live in infamy? But life and honor are this day inseparable; they are fixed to one spot. Should fortune declare against us, we die on the utmost limits of the world; and to die where nature ends, cannot be deemed inglorious.

In woods and forests, the fierce and noble animals attack the huntsmen and rush on certain destruction; but the

timorous herd is soon dispersed, scared by the sound and clamor of the chase. In like manner, the brave and warlike Britons have long since perished by the sword. The refuse of the nation still remains. They have not stayed to make head against you; they are hunted down; they are caught in the toils. Benumbed with fear, they stand motionless on yonder spot, which you will render forever memorable by a glorious victory. Here you may end your labors, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty.

XLI.—INVECTIVE AGAINST ÆSCHINES.

DEMOSTHENES.

WHEN you had obtained your enrolment among our citizens—by what means I shall not mention—but when you had obtained it, you instantly chose out the most honorable of employments, that of under-scrivener, and assistant to the lowest of our public officers. And when you retired from this station, where you had been guilty of all those practices you charge on others, you were careful not to disgrace any of the past actions of your life. No, by the powers!—you hired yourself to Simylus and Socrates, those deep-groaning tragedies, as they were called, and acted third characters. You pillaged the ground of other men for figs, grapes, and olives, like a fruiterer; which cost you more blows than ever your playing—which was in effect playing for your life; for there was an implacable, irreconcilable war declared between you and the spectators, whose stripes you felt so often and so severely, that you may well deride those as cowards who are inexperienced in such perils.

Take then the whole course of your life, Æschines, and of mine; compare them without heat or acrimony. You taught writing, I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed; you danced at the games, I presided over them: you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate: you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator: you broke down, I hissed: you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our

country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown? while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.

I have not fortified the city with stone, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbors, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defence. This is the rampart I have raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect: with these I fortified, not the Piræus and the city only, but the whole country. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed.

XLII.—RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WE preach to our congregations, sir, that a tree is known by its fruits. By the fruits it produces I will judge your system. What has it done for Ireland? New Zealand is emerging—Otaheite is emerging—Ireland is not emerging—she is still veiled in darkness—her children, safe under no law, live in the very shadow of death. Has your system of exclusion made Ireland rich? Has it made Ireland loyal? Has it made Ireland free? Has it made Ireland happy? How is the wealth of Ireland proved? Is it by the naked, idle, suffering savages, who are slumbering on the mud floor of their cabins? In what does the loyalty of Ireland consist? Is it in the eagerness with which they would range themselves under the hostile banner of any invader, for your destruction and for your distress? Is it liberty when men breathe and move among the bayonets of English soldiers? Is their happiness and their history anything but such a tissue of murders, burnings, hanging, famine, and disease, as never existed before in the annals of the world? This is a system which, I am sure, with very different intentions, and different views of its effects, you are met this day to uphold. These are the dreadful consequences, which those laws your

petition prays may be continued, have produced upon Ireland. From the principles of that system, from the cruelty of those laws, I turn, and turn with the homage of my whole heart, to that memorable proclamation which the head of our church—the present monarch of these realms—has lately made to his hereditary dominions of Hanover—*That no man should be subjected to civil incapacities on account of religious opinions.* Sir, there have been many memorable things done in this reign. Hostile armies have been destroyed, fleets have been captured, formidable combinations have been broken to pieces—but *this sentiment, in the mouth of a king*, deserves more than all glories and victories the notice of that historian who is destined to tell to future ages the deeds of the English people. I hope he will lavish upon it every gem which glitters in the cabinet of genius, and so uphold it to the world that it will be remembered when Waterloo is forgotten, and when the fall of Paris is blotted out from the memory of man.

Of the Catholic emancipation bill, I shall say, that it will be the foundation stone of a lasting religious peace; that it will give to Ireland not what it wants, but what it most wants, and without which no other boon will be of any avail.

When this bill passes, it will be a signal to all the religious sects of that unhappy country to lay aside their mutual hatred, and to live in peace, as equal men should live under equal law—when this bill passes, the Orange flag will fall—when this bill passes, the Green flag of the rebel will fall—when this bill passes, no other flag will fly in the land of Erin than that flag which blends the lion with the harp—that flag which, wherever it does fly, is the sign of freedom and of joy—the only banner in Europe which floats over a limited king and a free people.

XLIII.—SECURITIES FROM CATHOLIC IRELAND.

PHILLIPS.

Why is it that in the day of peace they demand securities from a people who in the day of danger constituted their strength? When were they denied every security that was

reasonable? Was it in 1776, when a cloud of enemies, hovering on our coast, saw every heart a shield, and every hill a fortress? Did they want securities in Catholic Spain? Were they denied securities in Catholic Portugal? What is their security to-day in Catholic Canada? Return—return to us our own glorious Wellington, and tell incredulous England what was her security amid the lines of Torres Vedras, or on the summit of Burrossa! Rise, libelled martyrs of the Peninsula!—rise from your “gory bed,” and give securities for your childless parents! No, there is not a Catholic family in Ireland, that for the glory of Great Britain is not weeping over a child’s, a brother’s, or a parent’s grave, and yet still she clamors for securities! Oh! Prejudice! where is thy reason! Oh! Bigotry! where is thy blush! If ever there was an opportunity for England to combine gratitude with justice, and dignity with safety, it is the present. Now, when Irish blood has crimsoned the cross upon her naval flag, and an Irish hero strikes the harp to victory on the summit of the Pyrenees. England—England! do not hesitate. This hour of triumph may be but the hour of trial; another season may see the splendid panorama of European vassalage, arrayed by your ruthless enemy, and glittering beneath the ruins of another capital—perhaps of London. Who can say it? A few months since, Moscow stood as splendid, as secure. Fair rose the morn on the patriarchal city—the Empress of her nation, the queen of commerce, the sanctuary of strangers; her thousand spires pierced the very heavens, and her domes of gold reflected back the sunbeams. The spoiler came; he marked her for his victim; and, as if his very glance were destiny, even before the night-fall, with all her pomp, and wealth, and happiness, she withdrew from the world! A heap of ashes told where once stood Moscow!

XLIV.—BLESSINGS OF EDUCATION.

PHILLIPS.

No doubt, you have all personally considered—no doubt, you have all personally experienced, that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a

heavenlier aspect than education. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave ; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament ; it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man ? A splendid slave ! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes ; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence ?

“ A mighty maze, and all without a plan ”

a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth, or ornament, or order. But light up within it the torch of knowledge, and how wondrous the transition ! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved ! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitious which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire, and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the sceptre of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame ? what extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire ? what animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence ? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds !

XLV.—WRONGS OF IRELAND.

GRATTAN.

HEREAFTER, when these things shall be history, your *Age* of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude : they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury ; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment : neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty ; I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of British chain clanking in his rags : he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted : and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live : and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him.

XLVI.—ON THE FUNERAL OF HENRIETTA.

BOSSUET.

IT is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony ; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of things : felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel ; a

—long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigned triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea-voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests,—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously reëstablished. Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomp and grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to private individuals to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—"Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lesson, ye rulers of the world!"

XLVII.—TRIAL OF THE CHURCH.

GILFILLAN.

THERE is coming upon the church a current of doubt, deeper far and darker than ever swelled against her before—a current strong in learning, crested with genius, strenuous yet calm in progress. It seems the last grand trial of the truth of our faith. Against the battlements of Zion a motley throng have gathered themselves together. Atheists, pantheists, doubters, open foes, secret foes, and bewildered friends of Christianity, are all in the field, although no trumpet has openly been blown, and no charge publicly sounded. There are the old desperadoes of infidelity—the last followers of Paine and Voltaire; there is the soberer and stolidor

Owen and his now scanty and sleepy troop ; then follow the Communists of France—a fierce but disorderly crew ; the commentators of Germany come, too, with pickaxes in their hands, crying, “Raze, raze it to its foundations !” Then you see the *garde mobile*—the vicious and the vain youth of Europe ; and on the outskirts hangs, cloudy and uncertain, a small but select band, whose wavering surge is surmounted by the dark and lofty crests of Carlyle and Emerson. “Their swords are a thousand”—their purposes are various ; in this, however, all agree, that historical Christianity ought to go down before advancing civilization. Sterling and some of his co-mates the merciful cloud of death has removed from the fields, while others stand in deep uncertainty, looking in agony and in prayer above.

While thus the foeman is advancing, what is Zion about ? Shame and alas ! her towers are well nigh unguarded ; her watchmen have deserted their stations, and are either squabbling in the streets with each other, or have fallen asleep. Many are singing psalms, few are standing to their arms. Some are railing at the enemy from the safest towers. The watchmen who first perceived the danger and gave the alarm, almost instantly fell back in death.

Shall, then, old and glorious battlements be trodden down ? Between the activity of their foes and the supineness of their friends, must they perish ? No ; vain is perhaps the help of man, but we, too, will look above. We will turn our eyes to the hills whence the aid is expected. Our grand hope as to the prospects of the world and the church has long lain in the unchanged and the unchangeable love of Christ. As long as his great, tremulous, unsetting eye continues, like a star, to watch her struggles as the eye of love the tossings of disease, we shall not fear. And whenever the time arrives for that “Bright and Morning Star” starting from his sphere to save his church, he will no longer delay his coming, whether in power or in presence. To save a city like Zion, there might fall the curtain of universal darkness. That curtain shall not fall, but there may, in lieu of it, burst the blaze of celestial light ; and who can abide the day of that appearing ?

XLVIII.—DUTY IN A TIME OF WAR.

CHALMERS.

LIFE is short, and its anxieties are soon over. The glories even of the conqueror will soon find their hiding-place in the grave. In a few years, and that power which appals the world will feel all the weakness of mortality—the sentence of all must pursue him—the fate of all must overtake him; he must divest himself of his glories and lie down with the meanest of his slaves—that ambition which aspires to the dominion of the whole earth, will at last have but a spot of dust to repose on—it will be cut short in the midst of its triumphs—it will sleep from all its anxieties, and be fast locked in the insensibility of death. There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

We live in a busy and interesting period. Every year gives a new turn to the history of the world, and throws a new complexion over the aspect of political affairs. The wars of other times shrink into insignificance when compared with the grand contest which now embroils the whole of civilized society. They were paltry in their origin—they were trifling in their object—they were humble and insignificant in their consequences. A war of the last generation left the nations of Europe in the same relative situation in which it found them; but war now is on a scale of magnitude that is quite unexampled in the history of modern times. Not to decide some point of jealousy or to secure some trifling possessions, it embraces a grander interest—it involves the great questions of Existence and Liberty. Every war is signalized with the wreck of some old empire, and the establishment of a new one—all the visions of romance are authenticated in the realities which pass before us—the emigration of one royal family, the flight and imprisonment of another, the degradation of a third to all the obscurity of private life—these are events which have ceased to astonish us because their novelty is over, and they are of a piece with those wonderful changes which the crowded history of these few years presents to our remembrance.

Let us rise in gratitude to Heaven that we stand aloof from this theatre of convulsions. Our security depends upon ourselves. No wisdom, no energy can save us, if we flinch from the cause of patriotism and virtue. The strength of a

country lies in the heart of its inhabitants. Let this be a day of fasting ; but we should remember that to fast is to repent, and to repent is to reform. It is not the visionary reform of political enthusiasts that I speak of—it is a reform of the lives and hearts of individuals—that reform which would settle the reign of integrity in the councils of our nation, and would settle the influence of piety among our families and cottages—that reform which would descend to your children, and secure the character of yet future ages—that reform of which every great man should give the example that every poor man should be proud to imitate—that reform which would reconcile all the orders of the community, and make them feel that they had but one cause and one interest—that reform which would banish prejudice and disaffection from the land, and bind to the throne of a beloved sovereign the homage of a virtuous and affectionate people.

XLIX.—ON THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

CICERO.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have trod amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy ; but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all those crimes, and of this long-ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate perhaps our fears and anxieties for a while, but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and vitals of the Republic : for as men oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and laboring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return on them with redoubled fury, in like manner this distemper which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will from his surviving associates soon assume a new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire ; let them separate themselves from the honest ; let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us : let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house ; to beset the tribunal

of the city prætor; to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city; in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of Roman knights, the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the Republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war; while thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Stator, the stay and prop of this empire, wilt drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villany.

L—A DEFENCE FROM IMPEACHMENT.

MARAT.

I SHUDDERED at the vehement and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged beyond the necessary point; in order that these movements should not forever fail, to avoid the necessity of their recommencement, I proposed that some wise and just citizen should be named, known for his attachment to freedom, to take the direction of them, and render them conducive to the great ends of public freedom. If the people could have appreciated the wisdom of that proposal, if they had adopted it in all its plenitude, they would have swept off, on the day the Bastille was taken, five hundred heads from the conspirators. Everything, had this been done, would now have been tranquil. For the same reason, I have frequently proposed to give instantaneous authority to a wise man, under the name of tribune, or dictator, —the title signifies nothing; but the proof that I meant to chain him to the

public service is, that I insisted that he should have a bullet at his feet, and that he should have no power but to strike off criminal heads. Such was my opinion ; I have expressed it freely in private, and given it all the currency possible in my writings ; I have affixed my name to these compositions ; I am not ashamed of them ; if you cannot comprehend them, so much the worse for you. The days of trouble are not yet terminated ; already a hundred thousand patriots have been massacred because you would not listen to my voice ; a hundred thousand more will suffer, or are menaced with destruction ; if the people falter, anarchy will never come to an end. I have diffused these opinions among the public ; if they are dangerous, let enlightened men refute them with the proofs in their hands ; for my own part, I declare I would be the first to adopt their ideas, and to give a signal proof of my desire for peace, order, and the supremacy of the laws, whenever I am convinced of their justice.

Am I accused of ambitious views ? I will not condescend to vindicate myself ; examine my conduct ; judge my life. If I had chosen to sell my silence for profit, I might have now been the object of favor to the court. What, on the other hand, has been my fate ? I have buried myself in dungeons ; condemned myself to every species of danger ; the sword of twenty thousand assassins is perpetually suspended over me ; I preached the truth with my head laid on the block. Let those who are now terrifying you with the shadow of a dictator, unite with me ; unite with all true patriots, press the assembly to expedite the great measures which will secure the happiness of the people, and I will cheerfully mount the scaffold any day of my life.

LI.—LIBERTY IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

ST. CHAMANS.

THE Revolution of 1830 has lighted anew the torch of experience on many controverted points, and I appeal with confidence upon them to the many men of good faith who exist among our adversaries. They seek like us the good of our common country, and the welfare of humanity ; they hold that in the charter there was too little political power

conferred upon the people. Let them judge now, for the proof has been decisive. They will find that on every occasion, without one exception, in which political power, unrestrained by strict limits, has been conferred upon the people, personal liberty has been destroyed : that the latter has lost as much as the former has gained. Reflect upon the fate of personal freedom under the democratic constitutions which promised the greatest possible extension of individual liberty. Was there liberty under the Constituent Assembly, for those who were massacred in the streets, and whose heads they carried on the ends of pikes ? Was there liberty for the seigniors whose chateaux they burnt, and who saved their lives only by flight ? Was there liberty for those who were massacred at Avignon, or whom the committee of Jacobins tore from the bosoms of their families to conduct to the guillotine ? Was there liberty for the king, who was not permitted to move beyond the barriers of Paris, nor venture to breathe the fresh air at the distance of a league from the city ? No ; there was liberty only for their oppressors : the only freedom was that which the incendiaries, jailers, and assassins enjoyed.

Since the Revolution of July, has there been any freedom for the clergy who do not venture to show themselves in the streets of Paris, even in that dress which is revered by savage tribes ; for the Catholics, who can no longer attend mass but at midnight ; for the Judges, who are threatened in the discharge of their duties by the aspirants for their places ; for the Electors, whose votes are overturned with the urns that contain them, and who return lacerated and bleeding from the place of election ; for the Citizens, arbitrarily thrust out of the National Guard ; for the Archbishop of Paris, whose house was robbed and plundered with impunity, at the very moment when the ministers confessed in the chambers they could allege nothing against him ; for the officers of all grades, even the generals expelled from their situations at the caprice of their inferiors ; for the Curates of churches, when the government, trembling before the sovereign multitude, closed the churches to save them from the profanation and sacking of the mob ; for the King himself, condemned by their despotism, to lay aside the arms of his race ? These evils have arisen from confounding personal with political liberty ; a distinction which lies at the foundation of these matters.

LII.—THE TRUE CONQUERORS.

BROUGHAM.

THERE is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with, than what is termed the "*march of intellect*;" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march—but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men, men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers everywhere abound, and are every day increasing. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages; in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul

in peace, performs his appointed course—awaits in patience the fulfilment of the promises, and resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.”

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LIH.—ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

WILBERFORCE.

I CANNOT but persuade myself that whatever difference of opinion there may have been, we shall this day be at length unanimous. I cannot believe that a British House of Commons will give its sanction to the continuance of this infernal traffic, the African slave-trade. We were for a while ignorant of its real nature; but it has now been completely developed, and laid open to view in all its horrors. Never was there, indeed, a system so big with wickedness and cruelty; it attains to the fullest measure of pure, unmixed, unsophisticated wickedness; and scorning all competition and comparison, it stands without a rival in the scene, undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence.

But I rejoice, sir, to see that the people of Great Britain, have stepped forward on this occasion, and expressed their sense more generally and unequivocally than in any instance wherein they have ever before interferred. I should in vain attempt to express to you the satisfaction with which it has filled my mind to see so great and glorious a concurrence, to see this great cause triumphing over all lesser distinctions, and substituting cordiality and harmony in the place of distrust and opposition. Nor have its effects amongst ourselves been in this respect less distinguished or less honorable. It has raised the character of Parliament. Whatever may have been thought or said concerning the unrestrained prevalence of our political divisions, it has taught surrounding nations, it has taught our admiring country, that there are subjects still beyond the reach of party. There is a point of elevation where we get above the jarring of the discordant elements that rattle and agitate the vale below. In our ordinary atmosphere, clouds and vapors obscure the air, and we are the

sport of a thousand conflicting winds and adverse currents ; but here, we move in a higher region, where all is pure, and clear, and serene, free from perturbation and discomposure—

“ As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm ;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Here, then, on this august eminence, let us build the temple of benevolence ; let us lay its foundation deep in truth and justice, and let the inscription on its gates be, “ peace and good-will towards men.” Here let us offer the first-fruits of our prosperity ; here let us devote ourselves to the service of these wretched men, and go forth burning with a generous ardor to compensate, if possible, for the injuries we have hitherto brought on them. Let us heal the breaches we have made. Let us rejoice in becoming the happy instruments of arresting the progress of rapine and desolation, and of introducing into that immense country the blessings of Christianity, the comforts of civilized, the sweets of social life. I am persuaded, sir, there is no man who hears me, who would not join with me in hailing the arrival of this happy period ; who does not feel his mind cheered and solaced by the contemplation of those delightful scenes.

LIV.—FUTILITY OF EFFORTS TO STAY REFORM.

SYDNEY SMITH.

I HAVE spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer, as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do

not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons—because I have not the slightest idea it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass, and a greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world—death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

LV.—PLEA OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ, IN "BARDELL *vs.* PICKWICK."

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr Bardell, after enjoying for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford. Sometime before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and

courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow; "Mr. Bardell was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany. I say systematic villany, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that

you will know how to value and how to appreciate them ; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down ; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy ; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors or commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—"How would you like to have another father?"

LVI.—THE SAME—CONTINUED.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Two letters^s have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervid, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties

into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first :—“Garraway’s. twelve o’clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.” Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious—“Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this very remarkable expression—“Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan!” The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed about a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeable to some preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen, it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his “alley tors” and his “commoneys” are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of “knuckle down,” and at tip-chesse, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in Goswell-street—Pickwick, who has choked up the

well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

LVII.—DEATH OF FOX.

SHERIDAN.

Upon that subject which must fill all your minds—upon the merits of that illustrious man, I shall, I can say but little. There must be some interval between the heavy blow that has been struck, and the considerations of its effect, before any one, and how many are there of those who have revered and loved Mr. Fox as I have done, can speak of his death with the feeling, but manly composure which becomes the dignified regret it ought to inspire. To you, however, gentlemen, it cannot be necessary to describe him—for you must have known him well. To say anything to you at this moment, in the first hours of your unburdened sorrows, must be unnecessary, and almost insulting. His image is still present before you—his virtue is in your hearts—his loss is your despair!

I have seen in one of the morning papers what are stated to have been the last words of this great man,—“I die happy;” then, turning to the dearest object of his affliction, “I pity you.” But had another moment been allowed him, and had the modesty of his great mind permitted it, well might he have expressed his compassion, not for his private friends only, but for the world—well might he have said, “I pity you! I pity England! I pity Europe! I pity the human race!” For to mankind at large his death must be a source of regret, whose life was employed to promote their benefits. He died in the spirit of peace, struggling to extend it to the world. Tranquil in his own mind, he cherished to the

last, with a parental solicitude, the consoling hope to give tranquillity to nations. Let us trust that the stroke of death, which has borne him from us, may not have left peace, and the dignified charities of human nature, as it were, orphans upon the world.

LVIII.—ON THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND

MILTON.

Now, sir, for the love of holy reformation, what can be said more against these importunate clients of antiquity, than she herself hath said? Whether, think ye, would she approve; still to doat upon immeasurable, innumerable, and therefore unnecessary and unmerciful volumes, choosing rather to err with the specious name of the fathers; or, to take a sound truth at the hand of a plain upright man, that all his days hath been diligently reading the holy scriptures, and thereto imploring God's grace, while the admirers of antiquity have been beating their brains about their ambones, their dyptichs, and menials? Now, he that cannot tell of stations and indictions, nor has wasted his precious hours in the endless conferring of councils and conclaves that demolished one another; although I know many of those that pretend to be great rabbies in these studies, have scarce saluted them from the strings and title-page, or, to give them more, have been but the ferrets and mousehunts of an index; yet what pastor or minister, how learned, religious, or discreet soever, does not now bring both his cheeks full blown with ænmenical and synodical, shall be counted a lank, shallow, insufficient man, yea, a dunce, and not worthy to speak about reformation of church discipline. But I trust they for whom God hath reserved the honor of reforming this Church, will easily perceive their adversaries' drift in thus calling for antiquity. They fear the plain field of the Scriptures; the chase is too hot; they seek the dark, the bushy, the tangled forest; they would imbush, they would plunge, and tumble, and think to lie hid in the foul weeds and muddy waters, where no plummet can reach the bottom. But let them beat themselves like whales, and spend their oil till they be dragged ashore. Though wherefore should the ministers give them so much line for shifts and delays? Wherefore should they not urge only the gos-

pel, and hold it ever in their faces like a mirror of diamond, till it dazzle and pierce their misty eyeballs? maintaining it the honor of its absolute sufficiency and supremacy inviolable; for if the Scripture be for reformation, and antiquity to boot, it is but an advantage to the dozen, it is no winning cast; and though antiquity be against it, while the Scriptures be for it, the cause is as good as ought to be wished, antiquity itself sitting judge.

LIX.—ATTACK ON ANTWERP.

WINDHAM.

WHAT did the military opinions amount to? Precisely nothing; and how could it be otherwise, seeing that the officers had no data whereon to found their opinions? Ministers, indeed, tell us that they had information from their spies, that there were so many men at Antwerp—so many at Lillo—and so many at Bergen-op-Zoom; but it must be recollected that it is the interest of spies to smooth the difficulties that lie in the way of their employers: and, independently of this consideration, how is it possible for spies to form an estimate of the amount of the small detachments which are scattered all over the country? It must also be recollected that a great part of the population of the country consists of men who have been accustomed to the use of arms; aye, sir, and who have seen fire too. The very sweepings of such a country would have been sufficient for the defence of Antwerp. But were ministers so very ignorant, as not to know that there are between twenty and thirty fortified towns, within a few days' march of Antwerp, and that each of these towns has its garrison? Nay, it is now known, that troops were sent even from Paris to Antwerp, before our devoted army reached the point where its difficulties were to commence. Did ministers think that troops of the enemy were immovable? The insane calculations of these dreamers remind me of a countryman, who, in directing a traveller across the Downs, told him, that he must travel three or four miles, and when he came to a flock of sheep he must turn to the right. But how if the sheep had changed their position before he got there? What would gentlemen say of Bonaparte, if, on receiving intelligence from his spies that

there were only seven or eight thousand troops near Portsmouth, he was to send an expedition of forty thousand men to take the place? would they not say that he was insane?

The noble lord, however, says, that it was intended to take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*. What must the enemy, sir, think of us, when they hear this stated? with what contempt and ridicule must they not treat us when they learn that the projector of this mighty expedition is acquainted with the terms of military science, without having the slightest idea of the meaning of these terms? Good God, sir, talk of *coup-de-main* with forty thousand men, and thirty-three sail of the line! Gentlemen might as well talk of *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery.

LX.—WHAT IS THE FRENCH REVOLUTION?

LAMARTINE.

WHAT, then, is the French Revolution? Is it, as the adorers of the past say, a great sedition of a nation disturbed for no reason, and destroying in their insensate convulsions, their church, their monarchy, their classes, their institutions, their nationality, and even rending the map of Europe? No! the Revolution has not been a miserable sedition of France; for a sedition subsides as it rises, and leaves nothing but corpses and ruins behind it. The Revolution has left scaffolds and ruins, it is true; therein is its remorse; but it has also left a doctrine; it has left a spirit which will be enduring and perpetual so long as human reason shall exist.

We are not inspired by the spirit of faction! No factions idea enters our thoughts. We do not wish to compose a faction—we compose opinion, for it is nobler, stronger, and more invincible. Shall we have, in our first struggles, violence, oppression and death? No, gentlemen! let us give thanks to our fathers—it shall be liberty which they have bequeathed to us, liberty which now has its own arms, its pacific arms, to develop itself without anger and excess. Therefore shall we triumph—be sure of it! and if you ask what is the moral force that shall bend the government beneath the will of the nation, I will answer you; it is the sovereignty of ideas, the royalty of mind, the Republic, the

true Republic of intelligence, in one word—opinion—that modern power whose very name was unknown to antiquity. Gentlemen, public opinion was born on the very day when Guttenberg, who has been styled the artificer of a new world, invented, by printing, the multiplication and indefinite communication of thought and human reason. This incomprehensible power of opinion needs not for its sway either the brand of vengeance, the sword of justice, or the scaffold of terror. It holds in its hands the equilibrium between ideas and institutions, the balance of the human mind. In one of the scales of this balance—understand it well—will be for a long time placed, mental superstitions, prejudices self-styled useful, the divine right of kings, distinctions of right among classes, international animosities, the spirit of conquest, the venal alliance of church and state, the censorship of thought, the silence of tribunes, and the ignorance and systematic degradation of the masses. In the other scale, we ourselves, gentlemen, will place the lightest and most impalpable thing of all that God has created—light, a little of that light which the French Revolution evoked at the close of the last century, from a volcano, doubtless, but from a volcano of truth.

LXI.—TRUE USE OF WEALTH.

ALISON.

GENTLEMEN, within two hours' journey from Glasgow are to be found combined,

“Whate'er Lorrain hath touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.”

The wealth is here, the enterprise is here, the materials are here; nothing is wanting but the hand of genius to cast these precious elements into the mould of beauty—the lofty spirit, the high aspirations which, aiming at greatness, never fail to attain it. Are we to be told that we cannot do these things; that, like the Russians, we can imitate but cannot conceive? It is not in the nation of Smith and of Watt,—it is not in the land of Burns and Scott,—it is not in the country of Shakspeare and Milton,—it is not in the empire of Reynolds and Wren, that we can give any weight to that argument.

Nor is it easy to believe that the same genius which has drawn in enchanting colors the lights and shadows of Scottish life, might not, if otherwise directed, have depicted, with equal felicity, the lights and shadows of Scottish scenery.

But we are not only moral and intellectual, we are active agents. We long after gratification—we thirst for enjoyment; and the experienced observer of man will not despise the subsidiary, but still important aid to be derived in the great work of moral elevation, from a due direction of the active propensities. And he is not the least friend to his species, who, in an age peculiarly vehement in desire, discovers gratifications which do not corrupt—enjoyments which do not degrade. But if this is true of enjoyments simply innocent, what shall we say of those which refine, which not only do not lead to vice, but exalt to virtue?—which open to the peasant, equally with the prince, that pure gratification which arises to all alike from the contemplation of the grand and beautiful in Art and Nature? We have now reached the point where such an election can no longer be delayed. Our wealth is so great, it has come on us so suddenly, it will corrupt if it does not refine; if not directed to the arts which raised Athens to immortality, it will sink us to those which hurled Babylon to perdition.

LXII.—YIELDING TO PUBLIC OPINION.

ALISON.

It is always in resisting, never by yielding to public opinion, that these great master-spirits exert their power. The conqueror, indeed, who is to act by the present arms of men; the statesman who is to sway by present measures the agitated masses of society, have need of general support. Napoleon said truly that he was so long successful, because he always marched with the opinions of five millions of men. But the great intellects which are destined to give a permanent change to thought—which are destined to act generally, not upon the present but the next generation—are almost invariably in direct opposition to general opinion. In truth, it is the resistance of a powerful mind to the flood of error by which it is surrounded, which, like the compression that

elicits the power of steam, creates the moving power which alters the moral destiny of mankind.

Was it by yielding to public opinion that Bacon emancipated mankind from the fetters of the Aristotelian philosophy? Was it by yielding to the Ptolemaic cycles that Copernicus unfolded the true mechanism of the heavens? Was it by yielding to the dogmas of the Church that Galileo established the earth's motions? Was it by yielding to the Romish corruptions that Luther established the Reformation? Was it by concession that Latimer and Ridley "lighted a flame which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished?" Was it by conceding to the long-established system of commercial restriction, that Smith unfolded the truths of the wealth of nations?—or by chiming in with the deluge of infidelity and democracy, with which he was surrounded, that Burke arrested the devastation of the French Revolution? What were the eloquence of Pitt, the arms of Nelson and Wellington, but the ministers of those principles which, in opposition to general opinion, he struck out at once, and with a giant's arm? "Genius creates by a single conception; in a single principle, opening, as it were, on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. The statuary conceives a statue at once, which is afterwards slowly executed by the hands of many."

LXIII.—DECLINE OF THE CELTIC RACE.

MICHELET.

IRELAND! Poor first-born of the Celtic race! So far from France, yet its sister, whom it cannot succor across the waves! The Isle of Saints—the Emerald Isle—so fruitful in men, so bright in genius!—the country of Berkeley and Toland, of Moore and O'Connell!—the land of bright thoughts and the rapid sword, which preserves, amidst the old age of this world, its poetic inspiration. Let the English smile when, passing some hovel in their towns, they hear the Irish widow chant the coronach for her husband. Weep! mournful country; and let France too weep, for degradation which she cannot prevent—calamities which she cannot avert! In vain have four hundred thousand Irishmen perished in the

service of France. The Scotch Highlanders will ere long disappear from the face of the earth ; the mountains are daily depopulating ; the great estates have ruined the land of the Gaul as they did ancient Italy. The Highlander will ere long exist only in the romances of Walter Scott. The tartan and the claymore excite surprise in the streets of Edinburgh ; they disappear—they emigrate ; their national airs will ere long be lost, as the music of the Eolian harp when the winds are hushed.

Behind the Celtic world, the old red granite of the European formation has arisen—a new world, with different passions, desires, and destinies. Last of the savage races which overflowed Europe, the Germans were the first to introduce the spirit of independence ; the thirst for *individual* freedom. That bold and youthful spirit—that youth of man, who feels himself strong and free in a world which he appropriates to himself in anticipation—in forests of which he knows not the bounds—on a sea which wafts him to unknown shores—that spring of the unbroken horse which bears him to the Steppes and the Pampas—all worked in Alaric, when he swore that an unknown force impelled him to the gates of Rome ; they impelled the Danish pirate when he rode on the stormy billow ; they animated the Saxon outlaws when under Robin Hood they contended for the laws of Edward the Confessor against the Norman barons. That spirit of personal freedom, of unbounded personal pride, shines in all their writings, it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. From the day when, according to the beautiful German fable, the '*Wargus*' scattered the dust on all his relations, and threw the grass over his shoulder, and resting on his staff, overleapt the frail paternal enclosure, and let his plume float to the wind—from that moment he aspired to the empire of the world. He deliberated with Attila whether he should overthrow the empire of the east or the west ; he aspired with England to overspread the western and southern hemispheres.

LXIV.—DISREGARD OF THE PAST.

TALFOURD.

I HAVE observed, with sorrow, a prevailing disregard of the past, and a desire to extol the present, or to expatiate in visionary prospects of the future. I fear this may be traced not so much to philanthropy as to self-love, which inspires men with the wish personally to distinguish themselves as the teachers and benefactors of their species, instead of resting contented to share in the vast stock of recollections and sympathies which is common to all. They would fain persuade us that mankind, created "a little lower than the angels," is now for the first time "crowned with glory and honor;" and they exultingly point to institutions of yesterday for the means to regenerate the earth. Some, for example, pronounce the great mass of the people, through all ages, as scarcely elevated above the brutes which perish, because the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic were not commonly diffused among them; and on the diffusion of these they ground their predictions of a golden age. And were there then no virtuous hardihood, no guileless innocence, no affections stronger than the grave, in that mighty lapse of years which we contemptuously stigmatize as dark? Are disinterested patriotism, conjugal love, open-handed hospitality, meek self-sacrifice, and chivalrous contempt of danger and of death, modern inventions? Has man's great birthright been in abeyance even until now? Oh, no! The Chaldæan shepherd did not cast his quiet gaze through weeks and years in vain to the silent skies. He knew not, indeed, the discoveries of science, which have substituted an immense variety of figures on space and distance, for the sweet influences of the stars; yet did the heavens tell to him the glory of God, and angel faces smile on him from the golden clouds. Book-learning is, perhaps, the least part of the education of the species. Nature is the mightiest and the kindest of teachers. The rocks and unchanging hills give to the heart the sense of a duration beyond that of the perishable body. The flowing stream images to the soul an everlasting continuity of tranquil existence. "The brave o'er-hanging firmament," even to the most rugged swain, imparts some consciousness of the universal brotherhood of those over whom it hangs.

LXV.—ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

TALFOURD.

THE liberality of genius is surely ill urged as an excuse for our ungrateful denial of its rights. The late Mr. Coleridge gave an example not merely of its liberality, but of its profuseness; while he sought not even to appropriate to his fame the vast intellectual treasures which he had derived from boundless research, and colored by a glorious imagination; while he scattered abroad the seeds of beauty and of wisdom to take root in congenial minds, and was content to witness their fruits in the productions of those who heard him. But ought we, therefore, the less to deplore, now when the music of his divine philosophy is forever hushed, that the earlier portion of those works on which he stamped his own impress—all which he desired of the world that it should recognize as his—is published for the gain of other than his children—that his death is illustrated by the forfeiture of their birthright? What justice is there in this? Do we reward our heroes thus? Did we tell our Marlborough's, our Nelson's, our Wellington's, that glory was their reward, that they fought for posterity, and that posterity would pay them? We leave them to no such cold and uncertain requital; we do not even leave them merely to enjoy the spoils of their victories, which we deny to the author; we concentrate a nation's honest feeling of gratitude and pride into the form of an endowment, and teach other ages what we thought, and what they ought to think, of their deeds, by the substantial memorials of our praise. Were our Shakspeare and Milton less the ornaments of their country. less the benefactors of mankind? Would the example be less inspiring, if we permitted them to enjoy the spoils of their peaceful victories—if we allowed to their descendants, not the tax assessed by present gratitude and charged on the Future, but the mere amount which that future would be delighted to pay—extending as the circle of their glory expands, and rendered only by those who individually reap the benefits, and are contented at once to enjoy and reward its author? But I do not press these considerations to the full extent; the Past is beyond our power, and I only ask for the present a brief reversion in the Future.

LXVI.—HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and the body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

LXVII.—TRUE POSITION OF NAPOLEON.

CORMENIN.

BUT let us try to see Napoleon as he will be seen by the sages of posterity.

He has reigned as reign all the powers of this world, by the

force of his principle. He has fallen as fall all the powers of this world, by violence and the abuse of that principle. Greater than Alexander, than Charlemagne, than Peter, and than Frederick, he has, like them, impressed his name upon his age. Like them, he was a lawgiver. Like them, he founded an empire. His universal memory lives beneath the tents of the Arab, and traverses with the canoes of the savage, the distant rivers of the Oceanic Islands. The people of France, so ready to forget, of a revolution which has overturned the world have retained but his name. The soldiers in their bivouac talk of no other captain, and when they pass through the cities their eyes rest upon no other image.

When the people accomplished the Revolution of July, the banner, all trampled in the dust, which was raised anew by the soldier working-men, extempore chiefs of the insurrection—this banner was the banner surmounted by the French eagle; it was the banner of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, rather than that of Jemappes and of Fleurus; it was the banner which was planted on the towers of Lisbon, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Rome, of Moscow, rather than that which floated above the federacy of the Champ-de-Mars; it was the banner which had been riddled with balls at Waterloo; it was the banner which the emperor held embraced at Fontainebleau while bidding farewell to his old guard; it was the banner which shaded at St. Helena the face of the expiring hero; it was, in one word, to say all, the banner of Napoleon!

But stop, for on the other hand I hear muttering a severer voice, and fear that history, in her turn, prepares her indictment against him, and

“He dethroned the sovereignty of the people. He was Emperor of the French Republic, and he became despot. He threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law. He incarcerated individual liberty in the state prisons. He stifled the freedom of the press under the gag of the censorship. He violated the trial by jury. He held in abasement and servitude the Courts, the Legislative Body, and the Senate. He depopulated the fields and the workshops. He grafted upon militarism a new nobility, which could not fail to become more insupportable than the ancient, because without the same antiquity, or the same prestiges. He levied arbitrary taxes. He meant there should be throughout the whole empire but one voice, his voice, but one law, his will.

Our capitols, our cities, our armies, our fleets, our palaces, our museums, our magistrates, our citizens; became his capitols, his towns, his armies, his fleets, his palaces, his museums, his magistrates, and his subjects. He drew after him the nation over the battle-fields of Europe, where we have left no other remembrance than the insolence of our victories, our carcasses, and our gold. In fine, after having besieged the forts of Cadiz, after having held the keys of Lisbon, and of Madrid, of Vienna and of Berlin, of Naples and of Rome; after having shaken the very pavements of Moscow beneath the thunder of his cannonading, he has rendered France less great than he found her—all bleeding of her wounds, dismantled, exposed, impoverished, and humbled.”

LXVIII.—QUALIFICATIONS FOR SOLDIERS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

You say these men interpret the Scriptures in an orthodox manner; and that they eat their God. Very likely. All this may seem very important to you, who live fourteen miles from a market-town, and, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable; and, in a theological sense, it is highly important. But I want soldiers and sailors for the state; I want to make a greater use than I now can do of a poor country full of men; I want to render the military service popular among the Irish; to check the power of France; to make every possible exertion for the safety of Europe, which in twenty years' time, will be nothing but a mass of French slaves; and then you, and ten thousand other such boobies as you, call out—"For God's sake, do not think of raising cavalry and infantry in Ireland! . . . They interpret the Epistle to Timothy in a different manner from what we do! . . . They eat a bit of wafer every Sunday, which they call their God!" . . . I wish to my soul they would eat you, and such reasoners as you are. What! when Turk, Jew, Heretic, Infidel, Catholic, Protestant, are all combined against this country; when men of every religious persuasion, and no religious persuasion; when the population of half the globe is up in arms against us; are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop exam-

ines a candidate for holy orders ? and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2d of Timothy ? You talk about the Catholics ! If you and your brotherhood have been able to persuade the country into a continuation of this grossest of all absurdities, you have ten times the power which the Catholic clergy ever had in their best days. Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, never thought of preventing the Protestants from fighting his battles ; and gained accordingly some of his most splendid victories by the talents of his Protestant generals. No power in Europe, but yourselves, has ever thought, for these hundred years past, of asking whether a bayonet is Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran ; but whether it is sharp and well-tempered. A bigot delights in public ridicule ; for he begins to think he is a martyr. I can promise you the full enjoyment of this pleasure, from one extremity of Europe to the other.

LXIX.—GRIEVANCES OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

MACKINTOSH.

WE are boldly challenged to produce our proofs ; our complaints are asserted to be chimerical ; and the excellence of our government is inferred from its beneficial effects. Most unfortunately for us—most unfortunately for our country, these proofs are too ready and too numerous. We find them in that “monumental debt,” the bequest of wasteful and profligate wars, which already wrings from the peasant something of his hard-earned pittance,—which already has punished the industry of the useful and upright manufacturer, by robbing him of the asylum of his house, and the judgment of his peers,—to which the madness of political Quixotism adds a million for every farthing that the pomp of ministerial empiricism pays,—and which menaces our children with convulsions and calamities, of which no age has seen the parallel. We find them in the black and bloody roll of persecuting statutes that are still suffered to stain our code ;—a list so execrable, that were no monument to be preserved of what England was in the eighteenth century but her Statute Book, she might be deemed to have been then still plunged

in the deepest gloom of superstitious barbarism. We find them in the ignominious exclusion of great bodies of our fellow-citizens from political trusts, by tests which reward falsehood and punish probity,—which profane the rights of the religion it pretends to guard, and usurp the dominion of the God they profess to revere. We find them in the growing corruption of those who administer the government,—in the venality of the House of Commons, which has become only a cumbrous and expensive chamber for registering ministerial edicts,—in the increase of a nobility degraded by the profusion and prostitution of honors, which the most zealous partisans of democracy would have spared them. We find them, above all, in the rapid progress which has been made in silencing the great organ of public opinion,—that Press, which is the true control over the ministers and parliaments, who might else, with impunity, trample on the impotent formalities that form the pretended bulwark of our freedom. The mutual control, the well-poised balance of the several members of our Legislature, are the visions of theoretical, or the pretext of practical politicians. It is a government, not of check, but of conspiracy,—a conspiracy which can only be repressed by the energy of popular opinion.

LXX.—DUTY OF ENGLAND TO ITALY.

MACKINTOSH.

ITALY is, perhaps, of all civilized countries, that which affords the most signal example of the debasing power of provincial dependence, and of a foreign yoke. With independence, and with national spirit, they have lost, if not talent, at least the moral and dignified use of talent, which constitutes its only worth. Italy alone seemed to derive some hope of independence from the convulsions which had destroyed that of other nations. The restoration of Europe annihilated the hopes of Italy :—the emancipation of other countries announced her bondage. Stern necessity compelled us to suffer the re-establishment of foreign masters in a greater part of that renowned and humiliated country. But as to Genoa, our hands were unfettered ; we were at liberty to be just, or if you will, to be generous. We had in our

hands the destiny of the last of that great body of Republics which united the ancient and the modern world,—the children and heirs of Roman civilization, who spread commerce, and with it refinement, liberty, and humanity over Western Europe, and whose history has lately been rescued from oblivion, and disclosed to our times, by the greatest of living historians. I hope I shall not be thought fanciful when I say that Genoa, whose greatness was founded on naval power, and which, in the earliest ages, gave the almost solitary example of a commercial gentry,—Genoa, the remnant of Italian liberty, and the only remaining hope of Italian independence, had peculiar claims—to say no more—on the generosity of the British nation. How have these claims been satisfied? She has been sacrificed to a frivolous, a doubtful, perhaps an imaginary, speculation of convenience. The most odious of foreign yokes has been imposed upon her by a free state,—by a people whom she never injured,—after she had been mocked by the re-appearance of her ancient government, and by all the ensigns and badges of her past glory. And after all this, she has been told to be grateful for the interest which the government of England has taken in her fate. By this confiscation of the only Italian territory which was at the disposal of justice, the doors of hope have been barred on Italy forever. No English general can ever again deceive Italians.

LXXI.—DEFENCE OF THE POET ARCHIAS.

CICERO.

HAD I not been convinced from my youth, by much instruction and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory and virtue, and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised, never should I have exposed myself to so many and so great conflicts for your preservation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the most worthless of men. But on this head books are full, the voice of the wise is full, antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obscurity. How many pictures of the bravest of men have the Greek and Latin

writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate ! But were pleasure only to be derived from learning, without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement ; for other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place ; but these give strength in youth and joy in old age ; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity ; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy ; at night they are company to us ; when we travel they attend us : and, in our rural retirements, they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

How often have I seen this Archias, my lords, without using his pen, and without any labor or study, make a great number of excellent verses on occasional subjects. How often, when a subject was resumed, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expression : while those compositions which he finished with care and exactness were as highly approved as the most celebrated writings of antiquity. And shall I not love this man ? Shall I not admire him ? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of my power ? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us that other branches of science require education, art, and precept ; but that the poet is formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated, as it were, by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice therefore that our Ennius bestows on poets the epithet of "venerable," because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the name of poet, then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts re-echo sounds ; savage beasts are often softened by music, and listen to its charms : and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry ? The praises of our fleet shall ever be recorded and celebrated for the wonders performed at Tenedos, where the enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain : such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those, therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name.

We beg of you, therefore, my lords, since in matters of

such importance not only the intercession of men but of gods is necessary, that the man who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those who have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity than to complain of your rigor.

LXXII.—SPEECH OF SHREWSBURY BEFORE QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

SCHILLER.

GOD whose wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice: this is not the time. In such a tumult, you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only; you are fearful now of the living Mary; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. *Tremble at the dead—the beheaded.* She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British; but when she is no more, they will revenge her. No longer will she then be regarded as the enemy of their faith; her mournful fate will cause her to appear as the granddaughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred, and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations: then will you see another England, another people! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen?

LXXIII.—MR. FOX AND THE EAST INDIA BILL.

BURKE.

THE author of the East India Bill, Mr. Fox, has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember, that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory : he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honor, under the burthen of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good ; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He can never exceed what he does this day.

I confess, I anticipate with joy the reward of those, whose whole consequence, power, and authority, exist only for the benefit of mankind ; and I carry my mind to all the people, and all the names and descriptions, that, relieved by this bill, will bless the labors of this parliament, and the confidence which the best House of Commons has given to him who the best deserves it. The little cavils of party will not be heard, where freedom and happiness will be felt. There is not a tongue, a nation, or a religion in India, which will not bless the presiding care and manly beneficence of this House, and of him who proposes to you this great work. Your names will never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness, in whatever language, or with whatever rites, pardon is asked for sin, and reward for those who imitate the Godhead in his universal bounty to his creatures. These honors you deserve, and they will surely be paid, when all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage, are swept into oblivion

LXXIV.—DETACHED EMPIRE.

BURKE.

THE last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance, in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution ; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point, is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged messengers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go and no farther." Who are you that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature ? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations, who have extensive empire ; and it happens into all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace ; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all ; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his centre, is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed, as you are in yours. She complies, too ; she submits ; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

LXXV.—TAXATION OF AMERICA.

BURKE.

LET us, sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive-revenue from thence ? If you do, speak out ;

name, fix, ascertain this revenue ; settle its quantity ; define its objects ; provide for its collection ; and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder—rob ; if you kill, take possession : and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you !

Again, and again, revert to your old principles—seek peace and ensue it—leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions ; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and their and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions, in contradiction to that good old mode, on both sides, be extinguished forever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade ; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burthen them with taxes ; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools ; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very sources of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, what will they take ? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery.

LXXVI.—THE RETURN OF PEACE.

JEFFREY.

WE are still too near the great image of Deliverance and Reform which the Genius of Europe has just set up before us, to discern with certainty its just lineaments, or construe the true character of the aspect with which it looks onward

to futurity ! We see enough, however, to fill us with innumerable feelings, and the germs of many high and anxious speculations.

The first and predominant feeling which rises on contemplating the scenes that have just burst on our view, is that of deep-felt gratitude and delight,—for the liberation of so many oppressed nations,—for the cessation of bloodshed and fear and misery over the fairest portions of the civilized world,—and for the enchanting, though still dim and uncertain prospect of long peace and measureless improvement, which seems at last to be opening on the suffering kingdoms of Europe. The very novelty of such a state of things, which could be known only by description to the greater part of the existing generation—the suddenness of its arrival, and the contrast which it forms with the anxieties and alarms to which it has so immediately succeeded, all concur most powerfully to enhance its vast intrinsic attractions. It has come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring, after the dreary chills of a long and interminable winter ; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished.

We have reason to hope, too, that the riches of the harvest will correspond with the splendor of this early promise. All the periods in which human society and human intellect have been known to make great and memorable advances, have followed close upon periods of general agitation and disorder. Men's minds, it would appear, must be deeply and roughly stirred, before they become prolific of great conceptions, or vigorous resolves ; and a vast and alarming fermentation must pervade and agitate the mass of society, to inform it with that kindly warmth, by which alone the seeds of genius and improvement can be expanded.

LXXVII.—GLORY OF HOLLAND AND IRELAND.

BOYTON.

THE history of the Dutch people dims indeed the lustre, while it transcends all that is marvellous in Spartan story. Subjects of the most powerful monarch of the day, the lord of

an eastern and western world, with treasures the most boundless, with armies the best disciplined, trained to war, and habituated to victory, and led by generals whose experience and skill have been the admiration of after times, they rose against their oppressors. Amid the sorest persecution, under trials, the mere recital of which would blanch the cheek, neither the violence of armed despotism, nor the cruelty of bigoted power, could subdue a people determined to be free; deeply impressed with the truths spread abroad at the period of the Reformation, when their souls were emancipated, their bodies could not be enslaved. In defence of that sacred principle which commands every being to worship his God as his conscience dictates, they rose upon their bigoted persecutors to a man. The same elastic principle which effected the national independence of Holland, spread wide its national prosperity—her fleets filled every harbor—her products supplied every market—the extent of her enterprise was circumscribed only by the limits of the globe—her whalers usurped the Arctic regions—her industry drew from the northern deeps treasures as abundant, and far more blessed than her persecutors could extract, under the lash of tyrants and amid the tears of slaves, from the exhaustless caverns of Potosi and Pern. The shores of three quarters of the globe were interspersed with her settlements—her establishments in the East were almost as numerous as the islands in the Indian Archipelago; and at some future period, when the present state of the habitable world shall have passed away, we know the great ones of the earth will pass away, and new states arise under His bidding, at whose command nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay. Suppose, when the great ones of the earth have sunk into oblivion, and that some philosopher or historian, or some one dedicated to antiquarian research some thousand years hence, shall find the names of Holland and Ireland affixed to regions distant from the parent country by a semi-circumference of the globe—when he finds in the nomenclature of geography a monument of their language, he will naturally inquire, what a wondrous country must this have been—her population, how numerous—her territory, how extensive—her climate, how favorable—her soil, how fruitful—and if there be any old almanac in those days, and a reference is made to it, how surprised will he be to find this countless people to have been less than two millions of souls, and this extensive territory not much larger than an English

county ! Perhaps, too, he may question the fidelity of the poet, who describes the industry of this surprising people as encroaching upon the ocean, and creating a sphere for its labors by that firm connected bulwark, which

“Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o’er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom’d vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail ;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.”

LXXVIII.—APPARITIONS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ARE we not Spirits, shaped into a body, into an Appearance ; and that fade away again into air, and Invisibility ? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact : we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions ; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity ; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of love and faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls ? And again, do we not squeak and gibber (in our discordant screech-owlish debates and recriminations) ; and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful ; or uproar, and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home ; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day ? Where now is Alexander of Macedon ; does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him ; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must ? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns ? Was it all other than the veriest Spectre Hunt ; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away ? Ghosts ! There are well nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

So has it been from the beginning, and so it will be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form

of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission *appears*. What Force and Fire is in earth he expends ; one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow ;—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious *mankind* thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in ; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence ?—O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“ We are such stuff”

As Dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep !”

LXXIX.—THE LANDED INTEREST.

D'ISRAELI.

IT is a fact, a well-known fact, that the spirit of the lauded interest is deeply moved, and whether they have foundation for their feelings or not, I would not recommend any minister to treat them with contempt. I fear the notion is of old standing, that the landed interest may be treated with impunity. It was a proverb of Walpole's, that they could be fleeced with security ; and I observe that at no time was the landed interest treated more unjustly than when demagogues were denouncing them as an oligarchical usurpation. But, sir, I think this may be a dangerous game, if you be outraging justice. It is true you may trust to their proverbial loyalty. Trust to their loyalty, but do not abuse it. I dare

say, it may be said of them, as it was said three thousand years ago, that the agricultural class is the least given to sedition. It is true, I doubt not, that the Englishman, in his plains and dales, is in this respect as the Greeks were in their islands and continents. You should also remember that the ancestors of these men were the founders of your liberty—the men who fought and died for justice. You may rely upon it, that the spirit which refused to pay ship-money is not to be trifled with. Their conduct has exhibited no hostile feeling, notwithstanding the political changes that have occurred during late years, and the apparent diminution of their power. They have inscribed a homely sentiment on their banners; but one, if I mistake not, which touches the heart, and convinces the minds of Englishmen—"Live and let live."

You, the leading spirits of the manufacturing interest, have openly declared your opinion, that if there was not an acre of land cultivated in England, the country would not be in a worse condition, and you have joined in open chorus in announcing that England would monopolize the trade of all countries, and become the workshop of the world. Your systems, then, and those of the agricultural body, are directly contrary. They invite union; they believe that national prosperity is only produced by the welfare of all. You would wish to achieve an isolated splendor; a solitary magnificence; but, believe me, when I say that, if you succeed in your wishes you will be an exception in the history of mankind. It will be a departure from the principles which have hitherto governed society, if you can maintain that prosperity which you desire, without the possession of that permanence and stability which territorial influence can alone insure. I see no reason, though you may for a moment flourish after their destruction, though our ports may be filled with your shipping, though your factories smoke on every plain, though your forges may flame in every city, I see no reason why you should form an exception to that which history has recorded. I see no reason, why you should not fade with the Syrian, and moulder with the Venetian palaces. Rely upon it, you will find in the landed interest the best and the surest foundation upon which to build enduring prosperity; you will find in that interest, a consoler in your troubles, a champion in your dangers, and a counsellor in your adversity.

LXXX.—VINDICATION FROM DISHONOR.

EMMET.

LET no man dare when I am dead to charge me with dishonor ; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views ; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad ; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor ; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it ? No, God forbid !

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave : my lamp of life is nearly extinguished : my race is run : the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom ! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence !—Let no man write my epitaph : for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rejoice in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character ; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

LXXXI.—REMOVAL OF THE TROOPS FROM BOSTON.

CHATHAM.

WHEN your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America ; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract ; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts ; they must be repealed—you will repeal them ; I stake my reputation on it—I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted station, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness ; for that is your true dignity, to act prudence and justice. That you should first concede is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power. It reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of parliament, and by a demonstration of amicable dispositions towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measure. Foreign war hanging over your head by a slight and brittle thread. France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors ; with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown ; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing : I will not say that the king is betrayed ; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

LXXXII.—YOU CANNOT CONQUER AMERICA.

CHATHAM.

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known : no man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you cannot conquer America. Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected ; and what was it ? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation then ? We do not know the worst ; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss, of the northern force ; the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. He was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and, with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant place of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects

to the shambles of a foreign prince ; your efforts are forever vain and impotent : doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder ; devoting them and their positions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty ! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never !

LXXXIII.—DAYS OF DESOLATION.

ALISON.

THIS inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days ; to the unrestrained indulgence of passion, succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held families together ; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilization and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution : from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery stream of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne were destroyed ; the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way : and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rights proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope ; marriage no longer received a benediction ; sickness was left without consolation ; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose ; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The grass grew in the churches of every parish in France ; the dead without a blessing were thrust into charnel-houses ; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate ; and infancy untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgences of life were to commence.

LXXXIV.—INDULGENCES TO THE CATHOLICS.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WHAT amuses me the most is, to hear of the *indulgences* which the Catholics have received, and their exorbitance in not being satisfied with those indulgences : now if you complain to me that a man is obtrusive and shameless in his requests, and that it is impossible to bring him to reason, I must first of all hear the whole of your conduct towards him ; for you may have taken from him so much in the first instance, that, in spite of a long series of restitution, a vast latitude for petition may still remain behind.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense ; by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about an hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer ; the next year, the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense), were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom ; and (as the manner of our nature is), it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner ; the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to resign it ; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water ; till, at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest.

Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal : " Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs ? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread ? How thankful you were for cheese parings ? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding ? And now with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to the table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer : there are not more than half-a-dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves ; the rest has been thrown open to you with the utmost profusion ; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal, are ours ; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them."

LXXXV.—SAFETY ONLY IN THE REPUBLIC.

LAMARTINE.

For my part, I see too clearly the series of consecutive catastrophes I should be preparing for my country, to attempt to arrest the avalanche of such a Revolution, on a descent where no dynastic force could retain it without increasing its mass, its weight, and the ruin of its fall. There is, I repeat to you, a single power capable of preserving the people from the danger with which a revolution, under such social conditions, menaces them, and this is the power of the people ; it is entire liberty. It is the suffrage, will, reason, interest, the hand and arm of all—the Republic !

Yes, it is the Republic alone which can now save you from anarchy, civil and foreign war, spoliation, the scaffold, the decimation of property, the overthrow of society and foreign invasion. The remedy is heroic, I know, but, at crises of times and ideas like these in which we live, there is no effective policy but one as great and audacious as the crisis itself. By giving, to-morrow, the Republic in its own name to the people, you will instantly disarm it of the watchword

of agitation. What do I say? You will instantly change its anger into joy, its fury into enthusiasm. All who have the Republican sentiment at heart, all who have had a dream of the Republic in their imaginations, all who regret, all who aspire, all who reason, all who dream, in France,—Republicans of the secret societies, Republicans militant, speculative Republicans, the people, the tribunes, the youth, the schools, the journalists, men of hand and men of head,—will utter but one cry, will gather round their standard, will arm to defend it, but will rally, confusedly at first, but in order afterwards, to protect the government, and to preserve society itself behind this government of all ;—a supreme force which may have its agitations, never its dethronements and its ruins ; for this government rests on the very foundations of the nation. It alone appeals to all. This government only can maintain itself, this alone can govern itself ; this only can unite, in the voices and hands of all, the reason and will, the arms and suffrages, necessary to serve not only the nation from servitude, but society, the family relation, property and morality, which are menaced by the cataclysm of ideas which are fermenting beneath the foundations of this half-crumbled throne. If anarchy can be subdued, mark it well, it is by the Republic ! If communism can be conquered, it is by the Republic ! If revolution can be moderated, it is by the Republic ! If blood can be spared, it is by the Republic ! If universal war, if the invasion it would perhaps bring on as the reaction of Europe upon us, can be avoided, understand it well once more, it is by the Republic. This is why, in reason and in conscience, as a statesman, before God and before you, as free from illusion as from fanaticism, if the hour in which we deliberate is pregnant with a revolution, I will not conspire for a counter-revolution. I conspire for none—but if we must have one, I will accept it entire, and I will decide for the Republic !

LXXXVI.—ATTACHMENT OF A PEOPLE TO THEIR RELIGION.

SYDNEY SMITH.

If the great mass of the people, environed as they are on every side with Jenkenson's, Percevals, Mellvilles, and other

perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood; this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred to his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences, are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six-hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man, if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece, where the Turks are masters.

LXXXVII.—SPEECH OF ICILIUS TO THE ROMANS.

ALFIERI.

LISTEN to my words, O people of Rome! I who heretofore have never been deceitful, who have never either betrayed or sold my honor; who boast an ignoble origin, but a

noble heart ! hear me. This innocent free maid is daughter of Virginius. At such a name, I see your eyes flash with resplendent fire. Virginius is fighting for you in the field : think on the depravity of the times ; meanwhile, exposed to shame, the victim of outrage, his daughter remains in Rome. And who outrages her ? Come forward, O Marcus ! show yourself. Why tremble you ? He is well known to you ; the last slave of the tyrant Appius and his first minister—of Appius the mortal enemy of every virtue—of Appius the haughty, stern, ferocious oppressor, who has ravished from you your freedom, and, to embitter the robbery, has left you your lives. Virginia is my promised bride ; I love her. Who I am, I need not say ; some one may perhaps remind you I *was* your tribune, your defender ; but in vain. You trusted rather the deceitful words of another than my free speech. We now suffer in common slavery, the pain of your delusion. Why do I say more ? The heart, the arm, the boldness of Icilius is known to you not less than the name. From you I demand my free bride. This man does not ask her ; he styles her slave—he drags her, he forces her. Icilius or Marcus is a liar ; say, Romans, which it is.

LXXXVIII.—VISIONS OF JOAN OF ARC AND BISHOP OF
BEAUVAIS.

DE QUINCEY

BISHOP of Beauvais ! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torments ; both sink together into sleep ; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, Bishop and Shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her

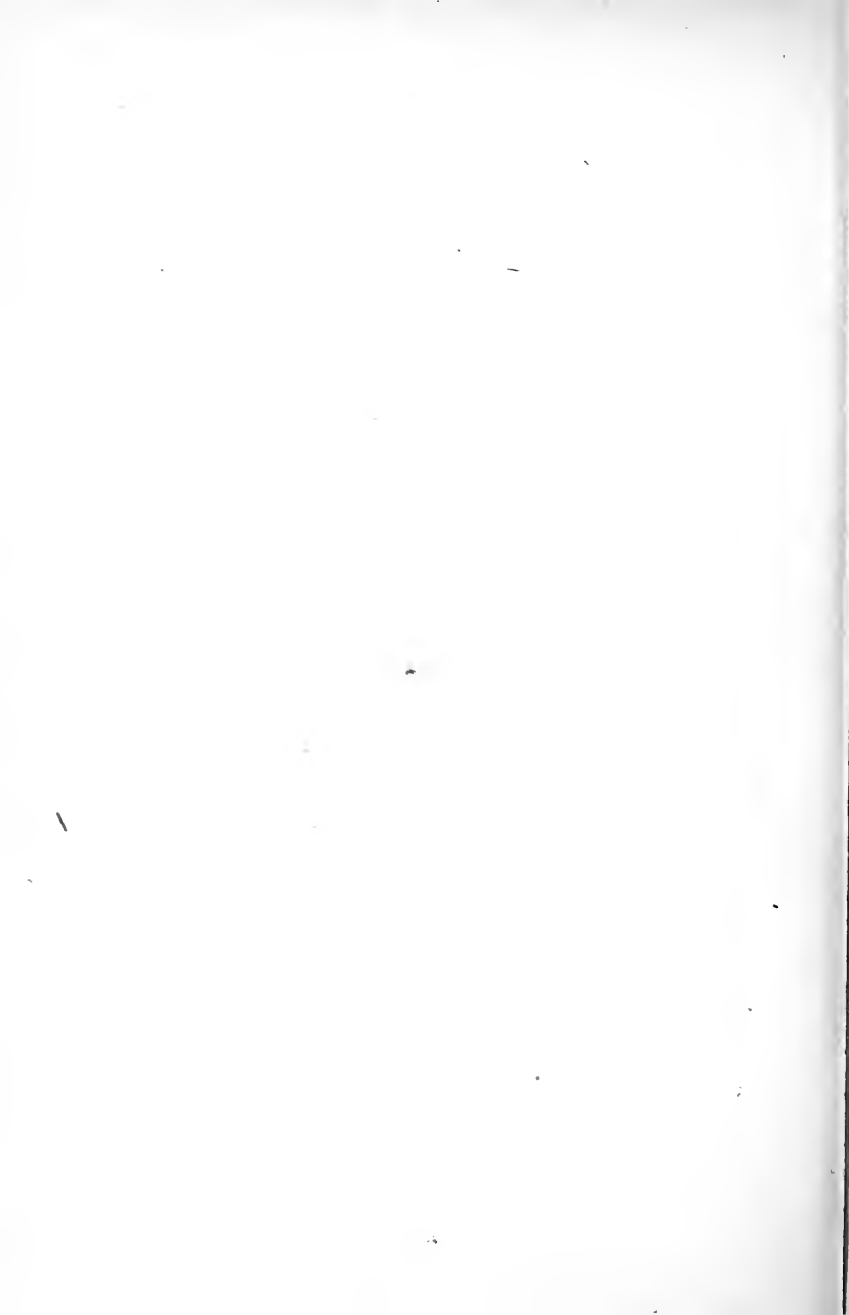
duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With these, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm was drawing off. The blood, that she was to reckon for, had been exacted; the tears, that she was to shed in secret, had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

LXXXIX.—THE SAME—CONTINUED.

DE QUINCEY.

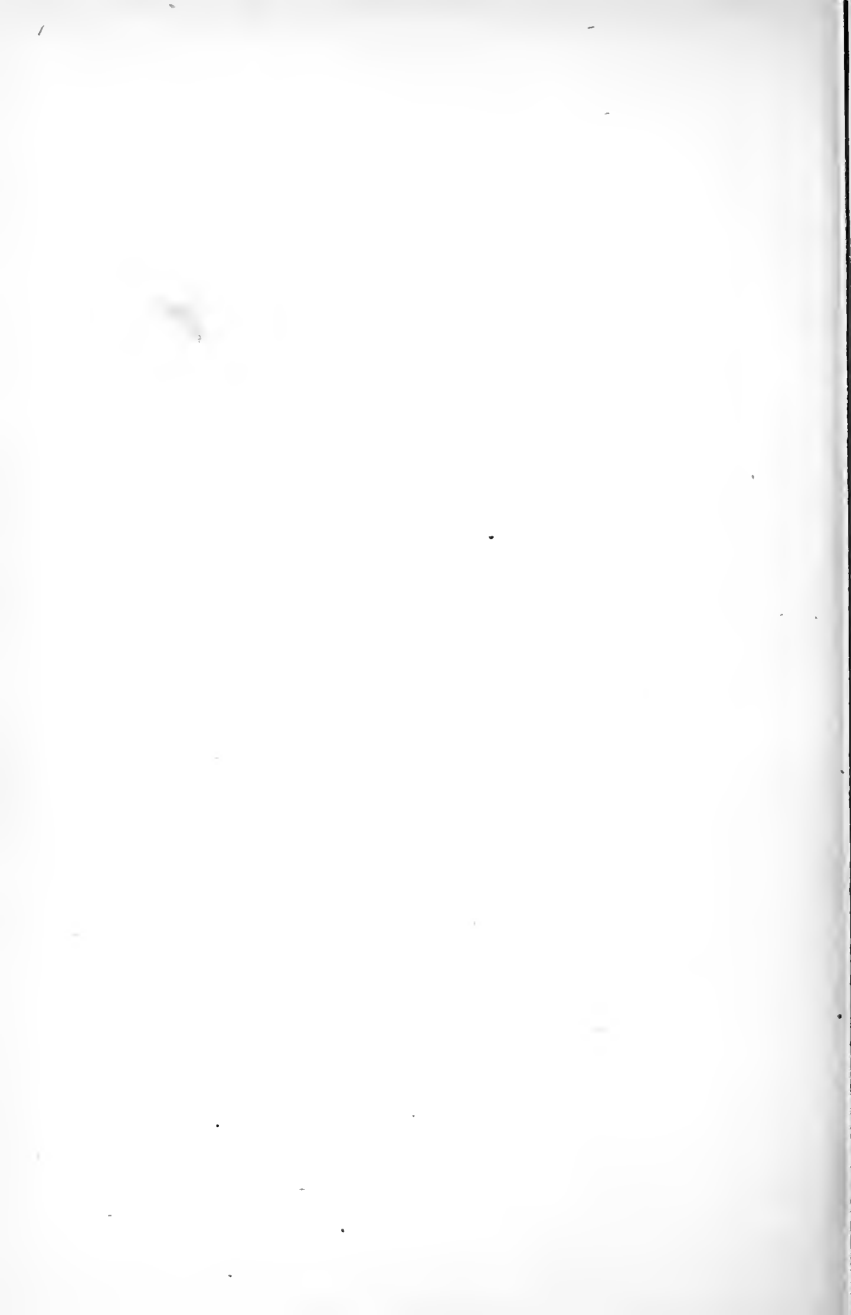
BISHOP of Beauvais! because the guilt-burthened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, Bishop, that you, also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy—the fountain of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop,

you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, Bishop, well! Oh, mercy, what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the Bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his laboring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling; towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely Cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting; the mighty audience is gathered, the court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is going to take his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas, the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity. but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rhéims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the Shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you: yes, Bishop, *she*—when heaven and earth are silent.



PART II.

SELECTIONS OF POETRY.



SELECTIONS OF POETRY.



I—SEAWEED.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragments of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted.
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of truth,
From the dashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

II.—THE WINDS.

W. C. BRYANT.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago ;
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;
Ye rolled the round white clouds through depths of blue ;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew ;
Before you the Catalpa's blossoms flew,
Slight blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound ;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To escape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
The harvest's field becomes a river's bed ;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray ;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

III.—THE STEAMBOAT.

O. W. HOLMES.

SEE how yon flashing herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves !
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heap'd and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With elashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by!
When seas are silent and serene
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
The flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrow'd sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;—
And many a foresail scoop'd and strain'd,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!
An hour, and whirl'd like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire ;
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O, think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day !

IV.—DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

ALFRED B. STREET.

In a dark and dungeon room
Is stretched a tawny form,
And it shakes in its dreadful agony
Like a leaf in the autumn storm.
No pillar'd palmetto hangs
Its tuft in the clear, bright air,
But a sorrowing group, and the narrow wall,
And a smouldering hearth is there.

For his own green forest-home
He had struggled long and well,
But the soul that had breasted a nation's arms
At the touch of a fetter, fell.
He had worn wild freedom's crown
On his bright unconquered brow
Since he first saw the light of his beautiful skies :
It was gone forever now !

But in his last dread hour,
Did not bright visions come ?
Bright visions that shed a golden gleam
On the darkness of his doom :
They calm'd his throbbing pulse,
And they hung on his muttering breath :
The spray thrown up from life's frenzied flood
Plunging on to the gulf of death.

The close walls shrank away ;
Above was the stainless sky,
And the lakes with their floating isles of flowers
Spread glittering to his eye.
O'er his hut, the live-oak spread
Its branching gigantic shade,
With its dots of leaves and its robes of moss
Broad blackening on the glade.

But a sterner sight is round,
Battle's wild torrent is there,
The tomahawk gleams and the red blood streams,
And the war-whoops rend the air.
At the head of his faithful band
He peals forth his terrible cry,
And he fiercely leaps 'mid the slaughter'd heaps
Of the foe that but fought to die.

One gasp—and the eye is glazed
And still is the stiff'ning clay,
The eagle soul of the chief had pass'd
On the battle's flood away.

V.—RHYME OF THE RAIL.

J. G. SAXE.

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different 'stations'
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same

High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together !

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall ;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small ;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien ;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news ;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues ;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar ;
Gentlemen in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles grow thicker,
Wonder what they mean ?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine !

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers ;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From ' Association !'

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks ;

Roguish-looking fellow
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger !

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis ;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me ;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking !

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket ;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely !

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale ;
Bless me ! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail !

VI.—LORD OF BELMONT TOWER.

W. M. PRAED.

WHERE foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
Many a ruin wan and gray
O'erlooks the cornfield and the vine,
Majestic in its dark decay.

Among their dim clouds long ago
 They mocked the battles that raged below,
 And greeted the guests in arms that came
 With hissing arrow and scalding flame :
 But there is not one, of the homes of pride,
 That frown on the breast of the peaceful tide,
 Whose leafy walls more proudly tower
 Than these, the walls of Belmont Tower.

Where foams and flows the glorious Rhine,
 Many a fierce and fiery lord
 Did carve the meat and pour the wine
 For all that revelled at his board.
 Father and son, they were all alike,
 Firm to endure, and fast to strike ;
 Little they loved but a Frau or a feast,
 But there was not one in all the land
 More trusty of heart, or more stout of hand,
 More valiant in field, or more courteous in bower,
 Than Otto, the Lord of Belmont Tower.

VII.—A SONG OF THE WAR.

G. II. M'MASTER.

In their ragged regimentals,
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon shot ;
 When the files
 Of the isles [rampart
 From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the [drummer,
 Unicorn,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the
 Through the morn !

But with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires ;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires ;
 As the swift
 Billows' drift
Drove the dark battle breakers o'er the green sodded acres
 Of the plain,
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
 Cracking again !

Now like smiths at their forges
Labored red Saint George's
 Cannoniers,
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce discordant metre
 Around their ears ;
 Like the roar
 On a shore,
Rose the Horse Guards' clangor, as they rode in roaring anger
 On our flanks ;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks !

And the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder cloud ;
His broad-sword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing,
 Trumpet loud ;
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden'd at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death !

VIII.—PRESS ON.

FROM A VALEDICTORY POEM.

N. P. WILLIS.

WE shall go forth together. There will come
 Alike the day of trial unto all,
 And the rude world will buffet us alike.
 Temptation hath a music for all ears ;
 And mad ambition trumpeteth to all ;
 And the ungovernable thoughts within
 Will be in every bosom eloquent ;—
 But when the silence and the calm come on,
 And the high seal of character is set,
 We shall not all be similar. The flow
 Of lifetime is a graduated scale ,
 And deeper than the vanities of power,
 Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
 A standard measuring its worth for Heaven.
 The pathway to the grave may be the same,
 And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
 With his bow'd head, shall bear him company.
 Decay will make no difference, and death,
 With his cold hand, shall make no difference ;
 And there will be no precedence of power,
 In waking at the coming trump of God :
 But in the temper of the invisible mind,
 The godlike and undying intellect,
 There are distinctions that will live in ~~heaven~~,
 When time is a forgotten circumstance !

The soul of man
 Createth its own destiny of power ;
 And as the trial is intenser here,
 His being hath a nobler strength in heaven

What is its earthly victory ? Press on !
 For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on !
 For it shall make you mighty among men ;
 And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
 Ye shall look down on monarchs. O press on
 For the high ones and powerful shall come
 To do you reverence : and the beautiful
 Will know the purer language of your brow,

And read it like a talisman of love !
Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought ;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven !
Press on !—"for in the grave there is no work,
And no device."—Press on ! while yet ye may !

IX.—ALNWICK CASTLE.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave !
Still sternly o'er the castle's gate
Their house's lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours ;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene.
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katharine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Wild roses by the abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom :
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A Templars' knightly tomb.

He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
 On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
 Where the cross was damp'd with his dying breath,
 When blood ran free as festal wine,
 And the sainted air of Palestine
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees"
 Those giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here ;
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
 The Norman's curfew-bell.

X.—QUIN AND FOOTE.

ANONYMOUS.

As Quin and Foote,
 One day walked out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood
 They chatting stood,
 Hard by the village-pound.

Foote from his poke
 A shilling took,
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,
 In a short space
 Within this place
 I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground,
 Within the pound,
 The shilling soon was thrown :
 "Behold," says Foote,
 "The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one."

“ I wonder not,”
Says Quin, “ that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that’s the way
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound.”

XI.—THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE quality of mercy is not strain’d ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless’d ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
’Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above his scepter’d sway,
It is enthroned in the heart’s of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s
When mercy seasons justice.

XII.—FROM HENRY V.

SHAKSPEARE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there’s nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor’d rage ;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded* base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !

XIII.—SLEEP.

SHAKSPEARE.

———SLEEP, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why, rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case or a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamors, in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest, and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

* Worn.

XIV.—SOLILOQUY OF MACBETH.

SHAKESPEARE.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off :
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

XV.—VENICE AND AMERICA.

BYRON.

OH Venice, Venice ! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations, o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea !

If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
 What should thy sons do?—anything but weep:
 And yet they only murmur in their sleep.
 In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep,
 Is with the dashing springtide foam
 That drives the sailor shipless to his home,
 Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,
 Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.
 Oh! agony—that centuries should reap
 No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
 Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
 And even the Lion all subdued appears,
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes—One great clime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeathed—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand

Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still forever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins.
 Damn'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering :—better be
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

XVI.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.

BYRON.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire
 And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

XVII.—LYCIDAS. A MONODY.

MILTON.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and has not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

But Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled arc
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of him that walked the waves ;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
 They entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

XVIII.—THE HOUR OF DEATH.

FELICIA HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale ?—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death !

XIX.—THE LOVED DEAD.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE most loved are they,
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
 In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
 And gentle hearts rejoice
 Around their steps!—till silently they die,
 As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye,
 And the world knows not then,
 Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!
 Yet these are they that on the souls of men
 Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,
 The long-remembered dead!

XX.—THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams,
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

XXI.—MARY'S GHOST.

THOMAS HOOD.

TwAS in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

“O William dear ! O William dear !
My rest eternal ceases ;
Alas ! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute ;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bou'd your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse :
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can :
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
My William, we must part !
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They haven't left an atom there,
Of my anatomie."

XXII.—BATTLE OF REAL' AN DUINE.

WALTER SCOTT.

AT once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
 Had pealed the banner cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broad-swords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in their rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood?
 —“Down, down,” cried Mar, “your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!”
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levelled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.
 —“We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.”
 Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broad-sword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each target was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hunted them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;

I heard the broad sword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank—
 " My banner-men, advance !
 " I see," he cried, " their column shake—
 Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance !"

The horsemen dashed among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom ;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where was Roderick then !
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was pour'd ;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain's sword.
 As Brocklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring lim,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass ;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XXIII.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the north,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havock did not slack,
'Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsmore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died
With the gallant good Riou :

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

XXIV.—ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story !—
 In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago !
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak !—for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear its tune !
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with their bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?—
 Was Cheops, or Cephrenes architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?—
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?—
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason,—and forbidden,
 By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade :
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest ;—if so, my struggles
 Are in vain,—for priestcraft never owns its juggles !

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Hath hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass,—

Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,—
 Or doff'd thine own, to let Queen Dido pass,—
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch, at the great temple's dedication!

I need not ask thee, if that hand, when arm'd,
 Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled?
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
 Antiquity appears to have begun
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
 How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
 And the great deluge still had left it green!—
 Or was it then so old that history's pages
 Contain'd no record of its early ages?

XXV.—THE PRESS.

ELLIOTT

God said—"Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold
 And cried—" 'Tis day! 'tis day!"
 "Hail, holy light!" exclaim'd
 The thunderous cloud that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose in crimson dress'd
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
 And blushing, murmur'd—"Light!"
 Then was the skylark born;
 Then rose the embattl'd corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad !—
 Lo, trees and flowers all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the *mind* of man !
 By the swart artisan !
 By God, our sire !
 Our souls have holy light within—
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night from this bless'd hour,
 The night of minds is gone !
 "The Press !" all lands shall sing ;
 The Press, the Press we bring
 All lands to bless :
 O pallid Want ! O Labor stark !
 Behold, we bring the second ark !
 The Press ! the Press ! the Press !

XXVI.—THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

O. W. HOLMES.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

 They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laughed as I would die ;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

 I call'd my servant, and he came ;
 How kind it was of him,
 To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb !

"There to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
The fifth ; his waistband split ;
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

XXVII.—HORATIUS.

T. B. MACAULAY.

It stands in the Comitium
Plain for all folks to see ;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee ;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;

And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.
 And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north-winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;
 When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;
 When the good man mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatins kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

 XXVIII.—JOAN OF ARC.

JOHN STERLING.

BATTLE's blast is fiercely blowing,
 Clarions sounding, coursers bounding,
 Pennons o'er the tumult flowing,
 Host on host the eye astounding,
 Wave on wave that sea confounding,
 And in headlong fury going,
 Mounted kingdoms wildly dashing,
 Lance to lance, and steed to steed ;
 Now must haughtiest champions bleed,

And a myriad swords are flashing,
Loud on shield and helmet clashing ;
Ne'er had men such noble spoil
On this broad and bloody soil.
As the storms a forest crushing,
Oaks of thousand winters grind,
So the iron whirl is rushing,
Shouts before, and groans behind.
Still amid the dead and dying,
All in shatter'd ridges lying,
Pride, revenge, and youthful daring,
And their cause and country's name,
Drive them on with sweep unsparing,—
Naught for life and all for fame !
Still above the surge of battle
Breathes the trump its fated gale,
And the hollow tambours rattle
Chorus to the deadly tale.
Still is Joan the first in glory,
Still she sways the maddening fight,
Kindling all the flames of story,
With an unimagined might.
Squadrons furious close around her,
Still her blade is waving free ;
Sword nor lance avails to wound her,—
Terror of a host is she.
Heavenly guardian, maiden wonder !
Long shall France resound the day
When thou earnest clad in thunder,
Blasting thy tremendous way.

XXIX.—NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

E. BARRET BROWNING.

NAPOLEON ! years ago, and that great word,
Compact of human breath in hate and dread
And exultation, skyed us overhead—
An atmosphere, whose lightning was the sword,
Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down
In burnings, by the metal of a crown.

Napoleon ! Foemen, while they cursed that name,
 Shook at their own curse ; and while others bore
 Its sound, as of a trumpet, on before,
 Brass-fronted legions followed, sure of fame--
 And dying men from trampled battle-sods,
 Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.

Napoleon ! sages with high foreheads droop'd,
 Did use it for a problem ; children small
 Leapt up as hearing in 't their manhood's call .
 Priests bless'd it from their altars, overstoop'd
 By meek-eyed Christs,—and widows with a moan
 Breathed it, when questioned why they sate alone.

Napoleon ! 'twas a high name lifted high !
 It met at last God's thunder,—sent to clear
 Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
 And open a clear sight beyond the sky
 Of supreme empire ! This of earth's was done—
 And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

The kings crept out—the people sate at home,—
 And finding the long-advocated peace
 A pall embroider'd with worn images
 Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom,—
 Gnawed their own hearts, or else the corn that grew
 Rankly, to bitter bread, on Waterloo !

A deep gloom center'd in the deep repose—
 The nations stood up mute to count their dead—
 The bearer of the name which vibrated
 Through silence,—trusting to his noblest foes,
 When earth was all too gray for chivalry --
 Died of their mercies 'midst the desert sea.

O wild St. Helen ! very still she kept him,
 With a green willow for all pyramid,
 Stirring a little if the low wind did,—
 More rarely, if some pilgrim overwept him
 And parted the lithe bows, to see the clay
 Which seem'd to cover his for judgment day :

Nay ! not so long ! France kept her old affection,
 As deeply as the sepulchre the corse,—
 And now, dilated by that love's remorse
 To a new angel of the resurrection,
 She cried, " Behold, thou England, I would have
 The dead thou wottest of, from out that grave."

* * * * * O fair town
 Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down,

And run back in the chariot marks of time,
 When all the people shall come forth to meet
 The passive victor ; death-still in the street
 He rode through 'mid the shouting and bell-chime
 And martial music,—under eagles which
 Dyed their ensanguined beaks at Austerlitz !

Napoleon ! he hath come again—borne home
 Upon the popular ebbing heart,—a sea
 Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
 Majestically moaning. Give him room !
 Room for the dead in Paris ! Welcome solemn
 And grave-deep, 'neath the cannon-moulded column !

Napoleon ! Once more the recover'd name
 Shakes the old casements of the world ! and we
 Look out upon the passing pageantry,
 Attesting that the dead makes good his claim
 To a Gaul grave,—another kingdom won—
 The last—of few spans—by Napoleon !

XXX.—THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

I HAVE read in some old marvellous tale,
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghostly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave,

And, when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghostly fears are dead.

XXXI.—ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

SHAKSPEARE.

I COME to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man
He hath brought many captives to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

XXXII.—THE SAME—CONTINUED.

SHAKESPEARE.

—Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ;
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they were wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is :
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend : and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on :
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know :
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, then were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

XXXIII.—UNION.

ANONYMOUS.

THE blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright
Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the lakes of
Maine ;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by the dark At-
lantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic
breast ;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow entwined with
gorgeous flowers !

From where Columbia laughs to meet the smiling western wave,
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave ;

And from the steaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of a nation's Past thrills through a kindred blood !

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's gory
height,
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing
fight ?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly
waves ?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's
tomb ?

Or could you meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm re-
pose ?

YE DARE NOT ! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree :
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea ;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern
shore,
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's
waters roar !

XXXIV.—THE BANNER OF MURAT.

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

FOREMOST among the first,
And bravest of the brave !
Where'er the battle's fury burst,
Or roll'd its purple wave,—
There flashed his glance, like a meteor,
As he charged the foe afar ;
And the snowy plume his helmet bore
Was the banner of Murat !

Mingler on many a field
Where rung wild Victory's peal !
That fearless spirit was like a shield—
A panoply of steel ;

For very joy in a glorious name
 He rush'd where danger stood ;
 And that banner-plume, like a winged flame,
 Stream'd o'er the field of blood !

His followers loved to gaze
 On his form with a fierce delight,
 As it tower'd above the battle's blaze,
 A pillar 'midst the fight ;
 And eyes look'd up, ere they closed in death,
 Through the thick and sulphury air—
 And lips shriek'd out with their parting breath,
 " The lily plume is there !"

A cloud is o'er him now—
 For the peril-hour hath come—
 And he stands with his high, unshaded brow
 On the fearful spot of doom !
 Away ! no screen for a soldier's eye—
 No fear his soul appals :
 A rattling peal, and a shuddering cry,
 And bannerless he falls !

XXXV.—THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
 Feebly and cold, the morning light
 Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
 As if it loathed the sight.
 Reclining on his strawy bed
 His hand upholds his drooping head—
 His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
 Unshorn, his gray, neglected beard ;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done ?
 Has murder stain'd his hands with gore ?
 Not so : his crime's a fouler one :
God made the old man poor !

For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
On Concord's field and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument uprear'd to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
The prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

XXXVI.—THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice :—yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;

The venerable woods ; rivers that move
 In majesty ; and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green ; and pour'd round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
 Are but the solemn decorations all,
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;
 Or loose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there ;
 And millions in those solitudes since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth, and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, as he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent hall of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

XXXVII.—MARMION'S DEPARTURE.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE train from out the castle drew ;
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu :—
 “ Though something I might plain,” he said,
 “ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
 “ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open to my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, how'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer,
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—“ This to me !” he said,—
 “ An 'twere not for thy hoary head,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head !
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He, who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
 And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !
 And if thou said'st I am not peer,
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland, or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !”

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashy hue of age :
 Fierce he broke forth :—" And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall ?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !—
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder ho .
 Let the portenllis fall."
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The poulderous gate behind him rung :
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XXXVIII.—A DEATH-BED.

JAMES ALDRICH

HER suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away,
 In statue-like repose.
 But when the sun, in all its state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise !

XXXIX.—"TO ARMS."

PARK BENJAMIN.

AWAKE ! arise, ye men of might !
 The glorious hour is nigh,—
 Your eagle pauses in his flight,
 And screams his battle-cry.
 From North to South, from East to West :
 Send back an answering cheer,

And say farewell to peace and rest,
And banish doubt and fear.

Arm ! arm ! your country bids you arm !
Fling out your banners free—
Let drum and trumpet sound alarm,
O'er mountains, plain and sea.

March onward from th' Atlantic shore,
To Rio Grande's tide—
Fight as your fathers fought of yore !
Die as your fathers died !

Go ! vindicate your country's fame,
Avenge your country's wrong !
The sons should own a deathless name,
To whom such sires belong.

The kindred of the noble dead
As noble deeds should dare :
The fields whereon their blood was shed,
A deeper stain must bear.

To arms ! to arms ! ye men of might ;
Away from home, away !
The first and foremost in the fight
Are sure to win the day !

XL.—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE are the birds that sang
A hundred years ago ?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago ?—
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon—
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smile, the lover's sigh,
That were, so long ago ?

Who peopled all the city's street
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
Another's hurt—
Where, O where, are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That were so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who, whilst living, oft-times wept,
A hundred years ago?
By other men
They knew not then
Their lands are tilled,
Their homes are filled—
Yet Nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as to-day,
A hundred years ago!

XLI.--THE COLD WATER-MAN.

J. G. SAXE.

It was an honest fisherman
I knew him passing well,—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish,—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove 'a bite!'

All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog ;

With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to 'hook !'

To charm the fish he never spoke,—
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line !

And many a gudgeon of the pond
If they could speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
A mighty 'taking way !'

Alas ! one day this fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't 'keep the log !'

'Twas all in vain with might and main
He strove to reach the shore—
Down—down he went to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before !

The moral of this mournful tale,
To all is plain and clear,—
That drinking habits bring a man
Too often to his bier ;

And he who scorns to 'take the pledge,'
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold water-man at last !

XLII.—A SEA FOG.

CRABBE.

WHEN all you see through densest fog is seen ;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand ;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or, half conceal'd, some figure at the stern ;
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast ;
While the stern boatman grows his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.
'Tis pleasant then to view the nets float past,
Net after net, till you have seen the last ;
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchored ship,
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as laboring for the shore ;
Those measured tones with which the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.

XLIII.—FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

BOWLES.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight—
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light,
His corse in earth we laid.

"Peace to the dead" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave ;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust !"

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Stream'd as we paced the stone ;

The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men,
Were gazing from the stalls :

'Tis gone ! again, on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only, by the torch, we traced
Our shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air,
Without, blew long and loud ;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he—slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor—
No name, no trace appears—
And when we closed the sounding door
We thought of him with tears.

XLIV.—THE FOUR ERAS.

ROGERS.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky ;
The bees have hummed their noon-tide harmony ;
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound :
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their pray'r,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :

And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled.
 "'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
 Soon issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy has been ;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

XLV.—THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. PATTEN.

BLAZE, with your serried columns !
 I will not bend the knee ;
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low ;
 And when it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow.

I've scared ye in the city,
 I've scalped ye on the plain ;
 Go, count your chosen where they fell
 Beneath my leaden rain !
 I scorn your proffered treaty ;
 The pale face I defy ;
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
 And " BLOOD !" my battle-cry.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
 Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;
 And, struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam.
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear ;—
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warns ye, " Come not here !"

I loathe ye with my bosom,
 I scorn ye with mine eye ;
 And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath
 And fight ye till I die !
 I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
 I ne'er will be your slave ;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
 Till I sink beneath the wave.

XLVI.—THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

BRYAN W. PROCTOR.

HARK—to the sound !
 Without a trump, without a drum
 The wild-eyed, hungry millions come,
 Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
 Each from his separate place of pain,
 In a blackened stream,
 Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
 And all who can no more endure ;
 Like a demon's dream !

Starved children with their pauper sire,
 And laborers with their fronts of fire,
 In angry hum,
 And felons, hunted to their den,
 And all who shame the name of men,
 By millions come.

The good, the bad, come hand in hand,
 Link'd by that law which none withstand :
 And at their head
 Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
 But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
 Of “ *Bread !—Bread !* ”

———To-night the poor
 (All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
 And wine will run
 In floods, and rafters blazing bright
 Will paint the sky with crimson light
 Fierce as the sun ;

And plate carved round with quaint device
 And cups all gold will melt, like ice
 In Indian heat !
 And queenly silks, from foreign lands
 Will bear the stamps of bloody hands
 And trampling feet :

And *murder*—from his hideous den
 Will come abroad and talk to men,
 Till creatures born
 For good (whose hearts kind pity nursed)
 Will act the direst crimes they cursed
 But yester-morn.

XLVII.—THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

THOMAS H. BAYL

UPON the hill he turn'd
 To take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village-church
 And the cottage by the brook ;
 He listened to the sounds,
 So familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword,
 And wip'd away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf
 Which flutter'd in the breeze ;
 She breathed a prayer for him,
 A prayer he could not hear,
 But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot,
 Oh, do not deem him weak ;
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek ;
 Go watch the foremost rank
 In danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there
 Has wiped away a tear.

XLVIII.—LEONIDAS.

GEORGE CROLY.

SHOUT for the mighty men
 Who died along this shore,—
 Who died within this mountain's glen !
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on valor's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day,
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ !

Shout for the mighty men,
 Who on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear—
 Like the roused elements,
 Let loose from an immortal hand,
 To chasten or to crush a land !

But there are none to hear ;
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 Leonidas ! no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now :
 No warrior makes the warrior's grave
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by man
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

XLIX.—BYRON.

POLLOCK.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
 And open'd new fountains in the human heart.
 Where fancy halted, wearying in her flight
 In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
 And soar'd untrodden heights, and seemed at home
 Where angels bashful look'd. Others, though great
 Beneath their argument seem'd struggling whiles ;
 He from far descending, stoop'd to touch
 The loftiest thought ; and proudly stoop'd, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With nature's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
 And with all her glorious majesty.
 He laid his hand upon " the ocean's mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary locks ;
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
 And with the thunder talk'd, as friend to friend ;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
 Which as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance seem'd :
 Then turn'd and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.

L.—THE DROWNED MARINER.

E. OAKES SMITH.

A MARINER sat on the shrouds one night,
 The wind was piping free ;
 Now bright, now dimm'd was the moonlight pale,
 And the phospor gleam'd in the wake of the whale,
 As it flounder'd in the sea ;
 The scud was flying athwart the sky,
 The gathering winds went whistling by,
 And the wave, as it tower'd, then fell in spray,
 Look'd an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

 Wild the ship rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
 And holdeth by the shroud ;
 And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
 The gaping deep the mariner sees,
 And the surging heareth loud.
 Was that a face looking up at him ;
 With its pallid cheek and its cold eyes dim ?
 Did it beckon him down ? Did it call his name ?
 Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

 The mariner look'd, and he saw with dread,
 A face he knew too well ;
 And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
 And its long hair out on the wave was spread,—
 Was there a tale to tell ?
 The stout ship rock'd with a reelino' speed,—
 And the mariner groaned, as well.
 For ever down as she plunged on her side,
 The dead face gleam'd from the briny tide

 Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past :
 A voice calls loud for thee :
 There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last ;
 The plunging ship on her beams is cast,—
 O, where shall thy burial be ?
 * * * * * * * *

 Alone in the dark, alone as the wave,
 To buffet the storm alone ;
 To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
 To struggle, and feel there is none to save !
 God shield thee, helpless one !

e stout limbs yield, for their strength is past ;
 ie trembling hands on the deep are cast ;
 ie white brow gleams a moment more,
 hen slowly sinks,— the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hush'd to sleep,
 Where the sea its dirge shall swell ;
 Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
 And the rose-lipp'd shell its music keep ;
 There thou shalt slumber well.
 The green and the pearl lie heap'd at thy side ;
 They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
 From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
 As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed ;
 The mother and child are there :
 The fervent youth and the hoary head,
 The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe, with its silken hair :
 As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
 And the tranquil lights on their features play :
 And there is each cherish'd and beautiful form,
 Away from decay, and away from the storm.

LI.—THE PERI'S BOON.

THOMAS MOORE.

DOWNWARD the PERI turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.
 "Live," said the conqu'rer, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear."
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well ;
The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell !

Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before his free-born spirit fled !

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
My welcome gift at the Gates of Light

Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,

It would not stain the purest rill,

That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !

Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,

A boon, an offering, heaven holds dear,

'Tis the last libation Liberty draws,

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

LII.—THE BARDS.

T. B. READ.

WHEN the sweet day in silence hath departed,
And twilight comes, with dewy, downcast eyes,
The glowing spirits of the mighty-hearted
Like stars around me rise.—

Spirits whose voices pour an endless measure,
Exhaustless as the founts of glory are ;
Until my trembling soul, o'erswept with pleasure,
Throbs like a flooded star.

Old Homer's song, in mighty undulations,
Comes surging, ceaseless, up the oblivious main ;—
I hear the rivers from succeeding nations
Go answering down again :—

Hear Virgil's strain in changeful currents startling,
And Tasso's sweeping round through Palestine ;

And Dante's deep and solemn river rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

I hear the iron Norseman's numbers ringing
Through frozen Norway, like a herald's horn ;
And like a lark hear glorious Chaucer singing
Away in England's morn.

In Rhenish halls I hear the Pilgrim lover
Weave his wild story to the wailing strings,
'Till the young maiden's eyes are brimming over,
Like the sweet cup she brings.

And hear from Scottish hills the soul's unquiet,
Pouring in torrents their perpetual lays,
As their impetuous mountain runnels riot
In the long rainy days :—

The world-wide Shakspeare, the imperial Spenser,
Whose shafts of song o'er top the angel's seats ;—
While delicate, as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats !

Nor these alone ; for, through the growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy lies—
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies.

I see the beauty which her light impartest !
I hear the masters of our native song !
The gentle-hearted Allston, poet-artist ;
And Dana wild and strong.

And he, whose soul like angel harps combining,
Anthem'd the solemn "Voices of the night."
I see fair Zophiel's radiant spirit shining,
Pale intellectual light.

And Brainard, Sands, whose sweet *memento mori*
Their own songs chime like melancholy bells,
And him who chanted Melanie's sad story
Along the Cascatelles.

And Bryant, in his own broad kingdom mildly
Walking by streams, through woods and summer fields ;
And iron-handed Whittier, when he wildly
The fiery falchion wields !

LIII.—DEATH OF ORISKA.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who is yon woman in her dark canoe,
Who strangely toward Niagara's fearful gulf
Floats on unmoved ?

Firm and erect she stands,
Clad in such bridal costume as befits
The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge
Of her embroidered mantle, flecked with gold,
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,
As though the spirit of that dread abyss,
In terrible sublimity, had quelled
All thought of earthly things.

Fast by her side
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lips,
Half bleached with terror, steals the frequent sound
Of "Mother ! Mother !"

But she answereth not ;
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,
The death-song of her people. High it rose
Above the tumult of the tide that bore
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,
And held his breath with awe.

Her song grew faint,—
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasped him close.
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftuess drove
On toward the unfathomed gulf, and the chill spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.

And thus they took
 Their awful pathway to eternity.
 One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
 Just when it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge,
 And at the foot of this most dire abyss
 One flitting gleam—bright robe—and raven tress—
 And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,—
 Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
 Sounding their epitaph !

LIV.—ANNIE CLAYVILLE.

ALICE CARY.

VERY pale lies Annie Clayville ;
 Still her forehead, shadow-crowned,
 And the watchers hear her saying,
 As they softly tread around :
 " Go out, reapers, for the hill-tops
 Twinkle with the summer's heat ;
 Lay out with your swinging cradles
 Golden furrows of ripe wheat !
 While the little laughing children
 Lightly mixing work with play,
 From beneath the long green winrows,
 Glean the sweetly scented hay ;
 Let your sickles shine like sunbeams
 In the silver flowing rye ;
 Ears grow heavy in the cornfields
 That will claim you by-and-by.
 Go out, reapers, with your sickles,
 Gather home the harvest store !
 Little gleaners, laughing gleaners,
 I shall go with you no more !"

Round the red moon of October
 White and cold the eve-stars climb,
 Birds are gone, and flowers are dying ;
 'Tis a lonesome, lonesome time.
 Yellow leaves along the woodland
 Surge to drift ; the elm-bough sways,

Creaking at the homestead window
All the weary nights and days ;
Dismally the rain is falling,
Very dismally and cold.
Close, within the village grave-yard,
By a heap of freshest ground,
With a simple, nameless head-stone,
Lies a low and narrow mound ;
And the brow of Annie Clayville
Is no longer shadow-crowned.
Rest thee, lost one ! rest thee calmly,
Glad to go where pain is o'er,
Where they say not, through the night-time,
“ I am weary ! ” any more.

LV.—LITTLE KINDNESSES.

TALFOURD.

—In the sharp extremities of fortune
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarine juice
Renews the joy of life in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted-hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

LVI.—THE SPIRIT OF MY SONG.

METTA V. FULLER.

TELL me—have you ever met her—
Met the spirit of my song—
Have her wave-like footsteps glided
Through the city's worldly throng ?
You will know her by a wreath,
Woven all of starry light,
That is lying 'mid her hair—
Braided hair as dark as night.

A short band of radiant summers
Is upon her forehead laid,
Twining half in golden sunlight,
Sleeping half in dreamy shade ;
Five white fingers clasp a lyre,
Five its silvery fingers wake,
And bewildering to the soul
Is the music that they make.

Though her glances sleep like shadows,
'Neath each fallen, silken lash,
Yet, like aught that wakes resentment,
They magnificently flash.
Though you loved such dewy dream-light,
And such glance of sweet surprise,
You could never bear the scorn
Of those proud and brilliant eyes.

There's a bright and winning cunning
In her bright lip's crimson hue,
And a flitting tint of roses
From her soft cheek gleaming through ;
Do you think that you have met her ?
She is young, and pure and fair,
And she weaves a wreath of starlight
In her braided, ebony hair.

Often at her feet I'm sitting,
With my head upon her knee,
While she tells me dreams of beauty
In low words of melody.

And, when my unskilful fingers
Strive her silvery lyre to wake,
She will smooth my tresses, smiling
At the discord which I make.

But of late days I have missed her—
The bright being of my love,
And perchance she's stolen pinions
And has floated up above.
Tell me—have you ever met her—
Met the spirit of my song—
Have her wave-like footsteps glided
Through the city's worldly throng?

LVII.—POCAHONTAS.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim :—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung ;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

“ Unbind him !” gasped the chief,
“ It is your king's decree !”
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.

'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm
 Hope's star to man grows dim,
 An angel kneels in woman's form,
 And breathes a prayer for him.

LVIII.—A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

WM. MOTHERWELL.

STately trees are growing,
 Lusty winds are blowing,
 And mighty rivers flowing
 On, forever on.

As stately forms were growing,
 As lusty spirits blowing,
 And as mighty fancies flowing
 On, forever on ;—
 But there has been leave-taking,
 Sorrow and heart-breaking,
 And a moan, pale-Echo's making,
 For the gone, forever gone !

Lovely stars are gleaming,
 Bearded lights are streaming,
 And glorious suns are beaming
 On, forever on.
 As lovely eyes were gleaming,
 As wondrous lights were streaming,
 And as glorious minds were beaming
 On, forever on ;—
 But there has been soul-sundering,
 Wailing and sad wondering ;
 For graves grow fat with plundering
 The gone, forever gone !

We see great eagles soaring,
 We hear deep voices roaring,
 And sparkling fountains pouring
 On, forever on.
 As lofty minds were soaring,
 As sonorous voices roaring,
 And as sparkling wits were pouring
 On, forever on ;—

But, pinions have been shedding,
 And voiceless darkness spreading,
 Since a measure Death's been treading
 O'er the gone, forever gone !

Everything is sundering,
 Every one is wondering,
 And this huge globe goes thundering
 On, forever on ;—
 But, 'mid this weary sundering,
 Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
 And this huge globe's rude thundering
 On, forever on,
 I would that I were dreaming
 Where little flowers are gleaming,
 And the long green grass is streaming
 O'er the gone, forever gone !

LIX.—THE DEPARTED.

PARK BENJAMIN

THE departed ! the departed !
 They visit us in dreams,
 And they glide above our memories,
 Like shadows over streams ;—
 But when the cheerful lights of home
 In constant lustre burn,
 The departed—the departed
 Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful !
 How dreamless is their sleep,
 Where rolls the dirge-like music
 Of the ever tossing deep,—
 Or where the hurrying night-winds
 Pale Winter's robes have spread
 Above the narrow palaces,
 In the cities of the dead !

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
 Still on me sweetly fall !
 Their tones of love I faintly hear
 My name in sadness call.
 I know that they are happy
 With their angel plumage on ;
 But my heart is very desolate,
 To think that they are gone.

LX.—SEVENTY-SIX.

W. C. BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung
 When, through the fresh awakened land,
 The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
 And to the work of warfare strung
 The yeoman's iron hand !

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
 And ocean mart replied to mart
 And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
 Pealed far away the startling sound
 Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain river swift and cold ;
 The borders of the stormy deep,
 The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
 Grew quick with God's creating breath,
 And, from the sods of grove and glen,
 Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
 To battle to the death.

Already had the strife begun ;
 Already blood on Concord's plain
 Along the springing grass had run,
 And blood had flowed at Lexington,
 Like brooks of April rain.

That death stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

LXL—THE HURRICANE.

W. C. BRYANT

LORD of the winds ! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky !
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane !

And lo ! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails ;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come ;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast ; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale ,
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To elasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
 The dust of the plains to the middle air :
 And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
 Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud !
 You may trace its path by the flashes that start
 From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
 As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
 And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

LXII.—DEATH OF HARRISON.

N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!
 Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
 Are there spirits more blest than the "Planets of Even,"
 Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
 No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
 But rising, still rising, when passing away?
 Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
 God speed into heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
 Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
 He is look'd for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
 The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
 The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
 Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;—
 But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
 In a church-yard far off stands his beckoning bier.

He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
 As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
 The arrow to earth and the foam to the shore—
 Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er—
 But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
 He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
 In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
 'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
 It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!

As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass—with his sword—to the presence of God!

What more? Shall we on, with his ashes? Yet, stay!
He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day!
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land—
The bright gold of thousands has pass'd through his hand—
Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
Nor jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
No trappings?—no horses?—what had he, but now?
On!—on with his ashes!—HE LEFT BUT HIS PLOUGH!
Brave old Cincinnatus! Unwind ye his sheet!
Let him sleep as he lived—with his purse *at his feet*!

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children, and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepp'd to the sky!

LXIII.—THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an ale-house on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.
The landlord's daughter filled their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
 A Swabian raised his hand,
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
 "Long live the Swabian land !
 The greatest kingdom upon earth
 Cannot with that compare ;
 With all the stout and hardy men
 And the nut brown maidens there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
 And dashed his beard with wine ;
 "I had rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Swabian land of thine !
 The goodliest land of all this earth,
 It is the Saxon land !
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon !"
 A bold Bohemian cries ;
 "If there's a heaven upon this earth,
 In Bohemia it lies.
 There the tailor blows the flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain gorge and bourne."

* * * * *

And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
 There lies the happiest land !"

LXIV.—HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

TAKE thy banner ! May it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
 When the battle's distant wail
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,

When the clarion's music thrills
 To the hearts of these lone hills,
 When the spear in conflict shakes,
 And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner ! and beneath
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
 Guard it !—till our homes are free !
 Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
 In the dark and trying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner ! But, when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquished warrior bow,
 Spare him !—By our holy vow,
 By our prayers and many tears,
 By the mercy that endears,
 Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
 Spare him !—as thou wouldst be spared !

Take thy banner !—and if e'er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

LXV.—THE RED FISHERMAN.

W. M. PRAED

THE abbot was weary as abbot could be,
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree :
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
 Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

“ Oh, ho ! oh, ho !

Above, below !

Lightly and brightly they glide and go ;
 The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;

Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He look'd to the left and he look'd to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run,
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one!

All alone by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legg'd stool
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double,
Sunken in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivell'd that tawny skin,
'Till it hardly cover'd the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashion'd and form'd long ages ago
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you look'd on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

LXVI.—SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIGNIOR ANTONIO, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:

You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys ; You say so ;
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
 With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say thus,——
Fair sir ; you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ?

LXVII.—SPEECH OF ROBESPIERRE.

COLERIDGE.

ONCE more befits it that the voice of Truth,
 Fearless in innocence, though leagner'd round
 By envy and her hateful brood of hell,
 Be heard amid this hall ; once more befits
 The patriot whose prophetic eye so oft
 Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
 Of deadliest import.

Soul of my honor'd friend !
 Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
 Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
 I urged the cause of justice, stripp'd the mask
 From faction's deadly visage, and destroy'd
 Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurl'd down
 Hebert and Rousin, and the villain friends
 Of Danton, foul apostate ! thou who long
 Mark'd Treason's form in Liberty's fair garb,
 Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
 Omnipotence ! but I, it seems, am false !
 I am a traitor too ! I—Robespierre !

I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
 Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them !
 Who dares accuse me ? who shall dare belie
 My spotless name ? Speak, ye accomplices band,
 Of what am I accused ? of what strange crime
 Is Maximilian Robespierre accused
 That through this hall the buzz of discontent
 Should murmur ; who shall speak ?

LXVIII.—MORNING MEDITATIONS.

THOMAS HOOD.

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while night and larks are flying,
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy
 By half, as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly ?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 They smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime ;
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of thyme

To me Dan Phœbus and his cars are naught,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about,
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl—
 What then—if I prefer my pillow dear
 To early *pearl* ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And grumbling for a season, quaintly begs—
 Wherefore should miser rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs.

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser, Mr. Grey has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
Well—he died young.

With chairwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup,
But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be
All up—all up.

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
'Till something to the stroke of noon ;
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a *spoon*.

LXIX.—THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN ANXIOUS MOTHER AND A POLICEMAN AT THE
WORLD'S EXHIBITION.—FROM PUNCH.

ANONYMOUS.

“Good policeman, tell me, pray
Has my daughter passed this way ?
You may know her by her bonnet,
Yellow shawl, and brooch upon it,
Far and near I’ve sought the girl ;
I have lost her in the whirl :
Do you think she yonder goes,
Where the Crystal Fountain flows ?”

"Ma'am," says he, "on this here ground,
 Whatsomdever's lost is found ;
 Rest quite heasy in your mind,
 I your daughter soon will find !
 Though she's got to forrin lands,
 Hicy-burys or Hegypt's sands,
 Still, depend on't, soon she goes
 Where the Crystal Fountain flows !

“ Perhaps Italian h’art attracts
Her, or them there flowers in wax.
May be she has got hup stairs
In among they heasy chairs ;
And like Gu’liver is sleeping,
Where them Lillipushum’s creeping :
But she’ll wake, and then she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows !

“ Yet, good ma’am, I should explain,
She may stop a bit in Spain ;
Smelling of them Porto snuffs,
Looking at the Turkish stuffs,
Or if warm, a Chiny fan,
Offered by the Tartar man,
Will refresh her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows !

“ She may see the silver things,
Little watches, chains and rings ;
Or may-hap, ma’am, she may stray,
Where the monster horgans play ;
Or the music of all sorts,
Great and small pianny ferts,
May detain her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows !

“ Or she may have gone in hope
Of a patent hēvelope
To take home,—and if she’s able,
Try to see the Roman table ;
Or insist on one peep more,
At the sparkling Koh-hi-nore ;
Then, the chance is, on she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows !”

“ Well, policeman, certainly
You’re the man to have an eye
Over such a place as this,
And to find a straying Miss !
Pray, good man, my daughter tell,
When she hears them ring the bell,
I shall find her, if she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows !”

LXX.—SONG OF STEAM.

GEO. W. CUTTER.

WHEN I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze ;
When I saw the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil he faintly bore,
As constant he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were out-stripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! They found me at last ;
They invited me forth at length ;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength ;
Oh ! then you saw a wondrous change
On earth and the ocean wide,
Whence now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er,
The mountains steep decline ;
Time—space have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine !
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The Ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep,
Cower, trembling, at my voice.

I carry the wealth and the lord of the earth,
The thoughts of the godlike mind,
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depth of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day ;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade ;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made ;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I curry, I spin, I weave ;
And all the doings I put in print,
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"—
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands ;
Be sure of your curb and rein ;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

LXXI.—STORMING OF MONTEREY.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years, if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where the strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those towers wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We were not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey.

LXXII.—ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

J. G. WHITTIER.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come they
near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
hear

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls ;
Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God have mercy on their
souls !"

Who is losing ? who is winning ?—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers ! Look, Ximena, look once
more :

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe, man, foot and
horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Ah ! the smoke has
rolled away ;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there the troop of Minon
wheels ;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their
heels."

"Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat and now advance !
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
lance !

Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot to-
gether fall ;
Like a ploughshare in its fallow, through them ploughs the
Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
ful on :

"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who
has won."

"Alas ! alas ! I know not, friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living ; pray, my sisters, for them
all !"

"Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting : Blessed Mother save
my brain !

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall, and
strive to rise ;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our
eyes !”

Look forth once more, Ximena ! “ Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death
behind ;
- Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the wounded
strive ;
Hide your faces, holy angels ! oh, thou Christ of God, for-
give !”

Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool, gray
shadows fall ;
Dying brothers, fighting demons—drop thy curtain over all !
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon’s lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and
lacking food ;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman bless’d them in a strange and North-
ern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father ! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden
flowers ;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air !

LXXIII.—ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES.

THOMAS MOORE.

Ay—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,
 From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
 That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war
 Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a clond, through their beautiful vales,
 Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—
 Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
 From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore !

Let their fate be a mock-word, let men of all lands,
 Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
 When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands,
 Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driv'n,
 Base slaves ! let the whet of their agony be,
 To think—as the Doom'd often think of that heav'n
 They had once within reach—that they *might* have been
 free.

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit, that breathed
 Th' fresh hour of the olden time, whisper'd about ;
 And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,
 But waited one conquering cry, to flash out !

When around you the shades of your mighty in fame,
 Filicajas and Petrarchs seem'd bursting to view,
 And their words, and their warnings, like tongues of bright
 flame

Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you !

Oh shame ! that in such a proud moment of life,
 Worth the hist'ry of ages, when had you but hurl'd
 One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
 Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world.

That then—oh ! disgrace upon manhood—ev'n then
 You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath ;

Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.

It is strange, it is dreadful ;—shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er;"—
If there lingers one spark of her life, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

LXXIV.—FORGIVE AND FORGET.

M. F. TUPPER.

WHEN streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel, or God, can declare
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped ;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget ? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live :
Then how shall it be ? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
—And mind shall be partner with heart,
• While thee to thyself I bid Conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art ;

Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
 How vast is that infinite debt !
 Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times
 Been swift to forgive and forget !

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
 For thou art injurious too,—
 Count not their sum till the total is told,
 For thou art unkind and untrue :
 And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
 Now mercy with justice is met,
 Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
 Nor learn to forgive and forget ?

Yes, yes ; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
 Be quick to receive him, a friend ;
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
 Hot coals,—to refine and amend ;
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
 As a nurse on her innocent pet,
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
 And whisper, Forgive and forget.

LXXV.—ROBERT BURNS.

J. MONTGOMERY.

WHAT bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
 Can with the Bard compare,
 Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
 As ever child of air !

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS
 For whim or pleasure change ;
 He was not one, but all by turns ;
 With transmigration strange !

The Blackbird, oracle of spring
 When flow'd his moral lay ;
 The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
 Capriciously at play :

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm ;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom ;
The Halcyon, in the calm :

In "auld kirk Alloway," the owl
At witching time of night ;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein ;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train :

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still :
But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire, kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove ;
But more than all beside was he
The Nightingale in love.

Oh, had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

LXXVI.—OLD IRONSIDES.

O. W. HOLMES.

AYE, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;—
The meteor of the ocean air,
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale !

LXXVII.—THE LAST LEAF.

O. W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,—
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

LXXVIII.—THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

J. G. SANE.

In ancient times, I've heard my grandam tell,
 Young maids were taught to read, and write, and spell;
 (Neglected arts ! once learned by rigid rules
 As prime essentials in the 'common schools.')

Well taught beside in many a useful art
 To mend the manners and improve the heart;
 Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy wheel,
 To ply the shuttle and to twirl the reel,
 Could thrifty tasks with cheerful grace pursue,
 Themselves 'accomplished,' and their duties too.
 Of tongues, each maiden had but one, 'tis said,
 (Enough, 'twas thought to serve a ladies' head.)
 But that was ENGLISH,—great and glorious tongue;
 That CHATHAM spoke, and MILTON, SHAKSPEARE, sung;
 Let thoughts, too idle to be fitly dressed
 In sturdy Saxon, be in French expressed;
 Let lovers breathe Italian,—like, in sooth,
 Its singers, soft, emasculate, and smooth;
 But for a tongue, whose ample powers embrace
 Beauty and force, sublimity and grace,
 Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,
 And formed alike for eloquence and song,
 Give me the ENGLISH,—aptest tongue to paint
 A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,
 To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,
 To lash the oppressor, and to soothe the oppressed,
 To lend fantastic Humor freest scope,
 To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,
 Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,
 And Wit his merriest whims and keenest stings !

LXXIX.—MONODY ON SAMUEL PATCH.

ROBERT C. SANDS.

TOLL for SAM PATCH ! SAM PATCH, who jumps no more,
 This or the world to come. SAM PATCH is dead !
 The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore
 Of dark futurity, he would not tread.
 No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed ;
 Nor with decorous woe, sedately stepp'd
 Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed ;—
 The mighty river, as it onward swept,
 In one great, wholesale sob, his body drown'd and kept.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such
 Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,
 And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,
 Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.
 Alas for SAM ! Had he aright preferr'd
 The kindly element, to which he gave
 Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard
 That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,
 Nor sung 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for the brave

Death or Victory

Was his device, “and there was no mistake,”
 Except his last ; and then he did but die,
 A blunder which the wisest men will make.
 Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,
 To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,
 And down into the coil and water-quake
 To leap, like MAIA's offspring, from the skies—
 For this, all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,
 Though still the rock primeval disappears,
 And nations change their bounds—the theme of wonder
 Shall SAM go down the cataract of long years ;
 And if there be sublimity in tears,
 Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed
 When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears
 Lest by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,
 That he was all a hoax, and that his pluck had fled.

But, ere he leap'd, he begg'd of those who made
 Money by his dread venture, that if he
 Should perish, such collection should be paid
 As might be pick'd up from the "company"
To his mother. This, his last request, shall be—
 Though she who bore him ne'er his fate should know—
 An iris, glittering o'er his memory,
 When all the streams have worn their barriers low,
 And, by the sea drunk up, forever cease to flow.

Therefore it is consider'd, that SAM PATCH
 Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme ;
 His name shall be a portion in the batch
 Of the heroic dough, which baking Time
 Kneads for consuming ages,—and the clime
 Of fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
 Shall tell of him ; he dived for the sublime,
 And found it. Thou, who with the eagle's wing,
 Being a goose, wouldst fly,—dream not of such a thing !

LXXX.—THE WAR CROSS.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE cross, thus formed, he held on high,
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke.
 "Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low !
 Deserter of his chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
 But from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."—
 He paused—the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look,
 On high their native brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;
 And first, in murmur low,

Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

“Woe to the traitor, woe!”

Ben-an’s gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar—
They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

LXXXI.—SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.

SHAKSPEARE.

WAS ever woman in this humor woo’d ?
Was ever woman in this humor won ?
I’ll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart’s extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,
Stabb’d in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter, and a lovelier gentleman,—
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right loyal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp’d the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward’s moiety ?
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body ;
 Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

LXXXII.—MATHEW LEE.

R. H. DANA.

Who's sitting on that long, black ledge,
 Which makes so far out in the sea ;
 Feeling the kelp-weed on its edge ?
 Poor, idle Mathew Lee !
 So weak and pale ? A year and little more,
 And bravely did he lord it round this shore !

And on the shingles now he sits,
 And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
 Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
 And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
 Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
 The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

He views the ships that come and go,
 Looking so like to living things.
 O ! 'tis a proud and gallant show
 Of bright and broad-spread wings,
 Making it light around them as they keep
 Their course right onward through the unsounded deep

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
 Their backs in long and narrow line
 The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
 And send the sparkling brine
 Into the air ; then rush to mimic strife—
 Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life—

But not to Lee. He sits alone ;
No fellowship or joy for him.
Borne down by woe, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye. O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore ;
Scarce seen the running breakers ;—list
Their dull and smother'd roar !
Lee hearkens to their voice.—“ I hear, I hear
Your call.—Not yet !—I know my time is near !”

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plainting song ;
Its tones come winding up the heights,
Telling of woe and wrong ;
And he must listen, till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

In thick dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below—and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

But he no more shall haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit him down,
Watching the swaying weeds ;—another day,
And he'll have gone far hence that dreadful way.

LXXXIII.—THE SEVEN AGES.

SHAKSPEARE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :

And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
 His fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

LXXXIV.—AMBITION.

N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT is *ambition*? 'Tis a glorious cheat !
 Angels of light walk not so dazlingly
 The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd mine
 Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones
 Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
 It hath no features. In its face is set
 A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
 It looks a god, but it is like *himself* !
 It hath a mien of empery, and smiles
 Majestically sweet—but how like *him* !
 It follows not with fortune. It is seen
 Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
 It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
 And lifts his humble window, and comes in.

The narrow walls expand, and spread away
 Into a kingly palace, and the roof
 Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
 The ceiling with rich blazonry, and write
 His name in burning letters over all.
 And ever, as he shuts his wilder'd eyes,
 The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
 A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
 Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
 Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
 He is its slave henceforth ! His days are spent
 In chaining down his heart, and watching where
 To rise by human weakness. His nights
 Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
 His kindred are forgotten or estranged ;
 Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye ;
 His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
 Half to scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
 That was a daily blessing but to see,
 His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
 Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
 Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless *man* !

LXXXV.—THE CONTRAST.

ALFRED B. STREET.

A LAKE is slumbering in the wild-wood depths,
 Picturing naught upon its polish'd glass
 But the long stretching and contracting shades
 That change as change the hours : its sullen tones
 Blending but with the forest's daylight songs
 And midnight howlings o'er the leafy waste,
 Curls a light thread of smoke—a hunter's fire ;
 And 'mid the lilies' floating golden globes,
 Spangling the margin, where the ripples play
 And melt in the silver, rocks his bark canoe.

A few years circle by. The talisman
 Of toil has waved above this forest-scene.
 Rich meadows, spotted with dense waving woods,
 Slope to the sun-lit surface of the lake,

Whose plashings mingle with the village-din,
A rural low and bleat. Where curl'd that smoke,
Glitter white walls, and cluster roofs of men,
With terraced gardens, leaning to the wave,
Religion rearing spires, and Learning domes,
To the bright skies that arch this Eden-spot.
The rude canoe has vanish'd, but swift keels
Wave joyous o'er the smiling, sparkling flood
That lies in calm obedience at the feet
Of those that freed it from its dungeon-shades.

LXXXVI.—THE PILGRIM'S FUNERAL.

JOHN H. BRYANT.

It was a wintry scene,
The hills were whitened o'er,
And the chill north-winds were blowing keen
Along the rocky shore.

Gone was the wood-bird's lay,
That the summer forest fills,
And the voice of the stream has pass'd away
From its path among the hills.

And the low sun coldly smil'd
Through the boughs of the ancient wood,
Where a hundred souls, sire, wife, and child
Around a coffin stood.

They raised it gently up,
And, through the untrodden snow,
They bore it along, with a solemn step,
To a woody vale below.

And grief was in each eye,
As they moved towards the spot.
And brief, low speech, and tear and sigh
Told that a friend was not.

When they laid his cold corpse low
In its dark and narrow cell,
Heavy the mingled earth and snow
Upon his coffin fell.

Weeping, they pass'd away,
And left him there alone,
With no mark to tell where their dead friend lay,
But the mossy forest stone.

When the winter storms were gone,
And the strange birds sung around,
Green grass and violets sprung upon
That spot of holy ground.

And o'er him giant trees
Their proud arms toss'd on high,
And rustled music in the breeze
That wander'd through the sky.

When these were overspread
With the hues that Autumn gave,
They bow'd them in the wind, and shed
Their leaves upon his grave

These woods are perish'd now,
And that humble grave forgot,
And the yeoman sings, as he drives his plough
O'er that once sacred spot.

Two centuries are flown
Since they laid his cold corpse low,
And his bones are moulder'd to dust, and strown
To the breezes long ago.

And they who laid them there,
That sad and suffering train,
Now sleep in dust,—to tell us where,
No letter'd stones remain.

Their memory remains,
And ever shall remain,
More lasting than the aged fane
Of Egypt's storied plain.

LXXXVII.—MARCH.

ARTHUR C. COXE.

MARCH—march—march !
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho ! how they step,
Going down to the dead !
Every stride, every tramp,
Every footfall is nearer ;
And dimmer each lamp,
As darkness grows drearer ;
But ho ! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread ;
But ho ! how they step,
Going down to the dead !

March—march—march !
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho ! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead !
How they whirl—how they trip,
How they smile—how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
Going down to the valley ;
Oh-ho, how they march,
Making sounds as they tread ;
Ho-ho, how they skip,
Going down to the dead !

March—march—march !
Earth groans as they tread !
Each carries a skull ;
Going down to the dead !
Every stride—every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder ;
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder ;
But ho ! how he steps
With a high-tossing head,
That clay-cover'd bone,
Going down to the dead.

LXXXVIII.—THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell :—
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the withered beech-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun ;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one :—
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing,
Now its blighted green are strewing
With a mantled dun

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din is made.
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the elifted rock's bare height—
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim, uncertain light :—
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wide its heavy burden sailing,
Deepens as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare :—

Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven—
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
All is blackness there.

LXXXIX.—MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

JOHN NEAL.

THERE are harps that complain to the presence of night,
To the presence of night alone—
In a near and unchangeable tone—
Like winds, full of sound, that go whispering by,
As if some immortal had stoop'd from the sky.
And breathed out a blessing—and flown!

Yes! harps that complain to the breezes of night,
To the breezes of night alone;
Growing fainter and fainter, as ruddy and bright
The sun rolls aloft in his drapery of light,
Like a conqueror shaking his brilliant hair
And flourishing robe, on the edge of the air!
Burning crimson and gold
On the clouds that unfold,
Breaking onward in flame, while an ocean divides
On his right and his left—So the Thunderer rides,
When he cuts a bright path through the heaving tides,
Rolling on, and erect, in a charioting throne!

Yes! strings that lie still in the gushing of day,
That awake, all alive, to the breezes of night.
There are hautboys and flutes too, forever at play,
When the evening is near, and the sun is away,
Breathing out the still hymn of delight.
These strings by invisible fingers are play'd—
By spirits, unseen, and unknown,
But thick as the stars, all this music is made;
And these flutes, alone,
In one sweet dreamy tone,
Are ever blown,
Forever and forever.

The livelong night ye hear the sound,
Like distant waves flowing round
In ringing caves, while heaven is sweet
With crowding tunes, like halls
Where fountain-music falls,
And rival minstrels meet.

XC.—MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers ; like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously : and all
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave !
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head ; when shall it wave
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow ;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem ; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die :
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee !

Oft, from life's wither'd bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless your weeping child;
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
O, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

XCI.—"PASSING AWAY."

JOHN PIERPONT.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens, and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no ; it was not a fairy's shell.

Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear ;

Nor was it the tongue of a silvery bell,

Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,

As I lay in my dream ; yet was it a chime .

That told of the flow of the stream of time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,

And a plump little girl, for a pendulum swung ;

(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring

That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing ;))

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,

And, as she enjoy'd it, she seem'd to say,

“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

O, how bright were the wheels, that told

Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow !

And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,

Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo ! she had changed ;—in a few short hours

Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,

That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung

This way and that, as she, dancing, swung

In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,

That told me she was soon to be a bride ;—

Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,

In the same sweet voice I heard her say,

“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade

Of thought, or care, stole softly over,

Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,

Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush

Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;

And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,

That marched so calmly round above her,

Was a little dimm'd,—as when evening steals

Upon noon's hot face : Yet one couldn't but love her,

For she looked like a mother, whose first babe lay

Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day ;—

And she seem'd in the same silver tone to say,

“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While yet I look'd, what a change there came !

Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan :
 Stooping and staid'd was her wither'd frame,

Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept,
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless crone,—
 (Let me never forget till my dying day
 The tone or burden of her lay.)—

“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

XCII.—SHAKSPEARE ODE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

God of the glorious lyre !
 Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
 While JOVE's exalting choir
 Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
 Come ! bless the service and the shrine
 We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
 When Havoc led his legions forth,
 O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyer spread :
 In dust the sacred statue slept,
 Fair Science round her altar wept,
 And Wisdom cowl'd his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
 The raven veil of night was torn,
 When, through golden clouds descending,
 Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
 Till Avon rolled, all sparkling to thy sight !

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
 Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel stray'd.

Lighting there, and lingering long,
 Thou didst teach the bard his song ;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
 And round his brow a garland curl'd ;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
 And bade him wake and warm the world !

Then SHAKSPEARE rose !
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And, lo ! a new creation glows !
 There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance ;
 Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
 And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
 Waking Laughter's merry swell,
 Arm in arm, with fresh-eyed Wit,
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
 Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
 Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
 Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young love, with eye of tender gloom,
 Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
 Where his plighted victims lie—
 Where they met, but met to die :
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
 Through the dewy arbor peeping,
 Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
 To youth's devoted tale is listening,
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening, [spot.
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy

XCIII.—THE IVY AND THE WINE.

PHILIP J. BAILEY.

WELL might the thoughtful race of old
 With ivy twine the head
 Of him they hail'd their god of wine, —
 Thank God ! the lie is dead :
 For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
 To decorate decay,
 And spreads its dark, deceitful pall
 To hide what wastes away.
 And wine will circle round the brain—
 As ivy o'er the brow,
 Till what could once see far as stars
 Is dark as death's eye now.
 Then dash the cup down ! 'tis not worth
 A soul's great sacrifice :
 The wine will sink into the earth,
 The soul, the soul,—must rise.

XCIV.—DESTRUCTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

PHILIP J. BAILEY.

'Tis earth shall lead destruction ; she shall end.
 The stars shall wonder why she comes no more
 On her accustomed orbit, and the sun
 Miss one of his eleven of light ; the moon,
 An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,
 Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not ;
 No more shall morn, out of the holy east,
 Stream o'er the amber air her level light ;
 Nor evening, with the spectral fingers, draw
 Her star-sprent curtain round the head of earth ;
 Her footsteps never thence again shall grace
 The blue sublime of heaven. Her grave is dug.
 I see the stars, night-clad, all gathering
 In long and dark procession. Death's at work.
 And, one by one, shall all you wandering worlds,

Whether in orb'd path they roll, or trail,
In an inestimable length of light,
Their golden train of tresses after them,
Cease ; and the sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven,
Be left in burning solitude. The stars,
Which stood as thick as dew-drops on the fields
Of heaven, and all they comprehend shall pass.
The spirits of all worlds shall all depart
To their great destinies.

XCV.—MAZEPPA.

BYRON.

'BRING forth the horse !'—the horse was brought ;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught ;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led :
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong ;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away !—away !—and on we dash !—
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away !—away !—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on :
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away !—away !—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after

A moment from that rabble rout :
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse, but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed :
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days :
There is not of that castle-gate,
Its drawbridge and portecullis' weight,
Stone bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left ;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall :
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was :
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank :
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XCVI.—UNIVERSALITY OF POETRY.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL

THE world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons in a choir
Forever charming, and forever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean, resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingleing with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to heaven.

XCVII.—GREECE.

BYRON.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,

(Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd, yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy,
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

 XCVIII.—FAME.

BYRON.

WHAT is the end of fame ? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper ;
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor ;

For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill ;
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of man ? old Egypt's king,
Cheops, erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid ;
But somebody or other, rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid.
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

XCIX—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

THOMAS HOOD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms :
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot !"

The army surgeons made him limbs :
Said he,—"They're only pegs :
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs !"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs ;
Began to take them off !

"O, Nelly Gray ! O, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform !"

Said she, " I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I shall never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

" Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now !"

" O, false and fickle Nelly Gray ;
I know why you refuse :—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !

" I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;
But, now, a long farewell !
For you will be my death ;—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* !"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line !

C.—THE HAT REGAINED.

REJECTED ADDRESSES

PAT JENNINGS in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one to settle in the two.

How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight ?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
 "Thank you," cries Pat ; "but one won't make a line."
 "Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
 A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
 Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
 Up soars the prize ! The youth with joy unfeigned,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

CL.—CAPTURE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

ANONYMOUS.

WHY need I tell of the affray,
 The dreadful deeds of that famed day ;
 Of the bright field o'erspread
 With the down-trodden knights and grooms,
 Helms, turbans, spears, and dripping plumes,
 The dying and the dead.
 Of Spain's loud war-note rising o'er
 The wild, shrill *lelies* of the Moor,
 Of wail and feeble moan,
 Of shout that loud of triumph told,
 Of taunting laugh and fiend-like yell,
 And curse, and stifled groan ;
 Crescent, and Cross, and banner rent,
 Lance, scimitar together blent,
 Of ringing plate and steel,
 Of splintered corselet, battered casque,
 Of those that scorned their lives to ask,
 Beat down by hoof and heel.

Upon the tottering walls of strife,
 Christian and Moslem, life for life,
 Vengeance for vengeance due.
 Of woman's shriek and startling cry,
 Rising and blending fearfully
 With oath and imprecation high,
 The din of battle through ;
 While shattered tower gave back again
 The echo of each warlike strain,
 " Strike for Castile ! St. James for Spain !"
 " Allah ! il Allah, hu !"
 Of deadly thrusts, and rain-like blows,
 Of steeds without their riders, those
 Unheeded left to die ;
 Of death-cold brow and deep gashed breast,
 A bloody scarf and dented crest,
 Blanched lip and glassy eye !
 Why tell of these ; enough to say,
 For Ferdinand 'twas a glorious day :
 The Moor was conquered in the fight ;
 The Christian banner waved that night
 Above the city's lofty walls ;
 The Spaniard trod the Alhambra halls ;
 The blow was struck, the deed was done,
 Grenada from the Moslem won.

CII.—THE SEER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I HEAR the far-off voyager's horn,
 I see the Yankee's trail ;
 His foot on every mountain pass,
 On every stream his sail.
 He's whittling round St. Mary's falls,
 Upon his loaded wain ;
 He's leaving on the pictured rocks
 His fresh tobacco stain.

 I hear the mattock in the mine,
 The axe stroke in the dell,
 The clamor from the Indian lodge,
 The Jesuit's chapel bell.

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs ;
The war-chiefs with their painted bows,
And crest of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves ;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.
By forest, lake, and waterfall,
I see the pedlar's show—
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be ;
The first low wash of waves that soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm ;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.
Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its music and its mind.

And western still, the star, which leads
The New World in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain-chain.
The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way ;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray.

CIII.—EVENING.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

'Twas sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve
Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.
Never did brighter glories greet the eye,
Low in the warm and ruddy western sky :

Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold
More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.
Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast
Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem'd to rest,
Like golden islets scatter'd far and wide,
By elfin skill in fancy's fabled tide,
Where, as wild eastern legends idly feign,
Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.
Others, like vessels gilt with burnished gold,
Their flitting, airy way are seen to hold,
All gallantly equipp'd with streamers gay,
While hands unseen, or chance directs their way ;
Around, athwart, the pure ethereal tide,
With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide,
Gay as the bark where Egypt's wanton queen
Reclining on the deck was seen,
At which as gazed the uxorious Roman fool,
The subject world slipped from his dotard rule.
Anon, the gorgeous scene begins to fade,
And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade ;
The haze of gathering twilight nature shrouds,
And pale, and paler wax the changeful clouds.
Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm ;
The silent dews of evening dropp'd like balm ;
The hungry night-hawk from his lone haunt hies,
To chase the viewless insect through the skies ;
The bat began his lantern-loving flight,
The lonely whip-poor-will, our bird of night,
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,
His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear ;
The buzzing beetle forth did gaily hie,
With idle hum, and careless, blundering eye ;
The little trusty watchman of pale night,
The firefly, trimm'd anew his lamp so bright,
And took his merry airy circuit round
The sparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound,
Where blossom'd clover, bathed in palmy dew,
In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing grew.

CIV.—MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY.

BYRON.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man : and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsars' chambers and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

CV.—THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

HEBER.

I SEE them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play ;
 Their lofty deeds and daring high
 Blend with the notes of victory.
 And waving arms, and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the mellow light :
 They're lost—and gone, the moon is past,
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast ;
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still
 The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The elashing horn—they come, they come ;
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep
 In long and glittering files they sweep.
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their softened chorus meets the ear ;
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way ;
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;
 With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
 And elashing horn, they come, they come.

CVI.—THE GUERILLA.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THOUGH friends are false, and leaders fail,
 And rulers quake with fear ;
 Though tamed the shepherd in the vale,
 Though slain the mountaineer ;
 Though Spanish beauty fill their arms,
 And Spanish gold their purse—
 Sterner than wealth's or war's alarms
 Is the wild Guerilla's course.

No trumpets range us to the fight :
 No signal sound of drum
 Tells to the foe, that, in their night,
 The hostile squadrons come.

No sunbeam glitters on our spears,
No warlike tramp of steeds
Gives warning—for the first that hears
Shall be the first that bleeds.

The night-breeze calls us from our bed,
At dew-fall forms the line,
And darkness gives the signal dread
That makes our ranks combine :
Or should some straggling moonbeam lie
On copse or lurking hedge,
'Twould flash but from a Spaniard's eye,
Or from a dagger's edge.

'Tis clear in the sweet vale below,
And misty on the hill ;
The skies shine mildly on our foe,
But lour upon us still.
This gathering storm shall quickly burst
And spread its terrors far,
And at its front we'll be the first,
And with it go to war.

CVII.—I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

THOMAS HOOD

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !

The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The liburnam on his birth-day—
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
 When I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing ;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

CVIII.—EARTH'S ANGELS.

ANONYMOUS.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
 To visit earth as in days of old ?
 The times of sacred writ, and ancient story ;
 Is heaven more distant, or is earth more cold ?

Oft have I watched, when sunset clouds, receding,
 Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
 To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
 Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars, in distant chillness,
 Were calmly burning, listened late and long :
 But nature's pulse beat on, with solemn stillness,
 Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before that ONE grew dim ?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison ?
Or where exulting martyrs raised the hymn ?

And are they all within their veil departed ?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now ;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below—
Though harps are wanted, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow—
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread—
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubt not, for their spirits knew their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth ;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one, whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast ;
The blandishment of ease and wealth withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And, looking up with meek and love-lent duty ;
I called her angel, and he called her wife.

Oh, many a spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That, when the veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

CIX.—ADDRESS TO SPAIN.

BYRON.

AWAKE, ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !
 Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries ;
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plunage in the skies :
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar :
 In every peal she calls—"Awake ! arise !" —
 Say is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore ?

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote ;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ? the fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high :—from rock to rock
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe,
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
 Restless it rolls, now fix'd, now anon
 Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;
 For on this morn three potent nations meet,
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honor'd fools !
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay !
Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

THE END.



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